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REPORT  
OF THE  
Royal Society of Literature,  
20, HANOVER SQUARE, W.  
AND  
LIST OF FELLOWS.  
1909.

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# Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom.

Founded in 1825 by H.M. King George the Fourth.

## Patron.

1901. *HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.*

## COUNCIL AND OFFICERS FOR 1909-10.

### President.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, F.R.S.

### Vice-Presidents.

SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B., V.-P.S.A.  
J. S. PHENÉ, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A.  
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.  
REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., F.S.A.  
M. H. SPIELMANN, ESQ., F.S.A.  
THE RIGHT HON. LORD COLLINS, LL.D., D.C.L.  
S. H. BUTCHER, ESQ., M.P., D.LITT.  
E. H. PEMBER, ESQ., K.C., M.A.  
W. J. COURTHOPE, ESQ., C.B., D.LITT.  
G. W. PROTHERO, ESQ., D.LITT.

### Council.

PERCY W. AMES, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A.  
REV. CANON BEECHING, M.A., D.LITT.  
THE VEN. ARCHDEACON BEVAN, M.A.  
THE RIGHT HON. LORD BURGHCLERE, M.A.  
W. L. COURTNEY, ESQ., M.A., LL.D.  
JAMES CURTIS, ESQ., F.S.A.  
PROFESSOR M. A. GEROTHWOHL, D.LITT.  
EDMUND GOSSE, ESQ., M.A., LL.D.  
EMANUEL GREEN, ESQ., F.S.A.  
MAURICE HEWLETT, ESQ.  
H. M. IMBERT-TERRY, ESQ.  
PROF. J. W. MACKAIL, M.A., LL.D.  
LAURIE MAGNUS, ESQ., M.A.  
PHILIP H. NEWMAN, ESQ., R.B.A., F.S.A.  
R. INIGO TASKER, ESQ.  
THE BARON DE WORMS, F.S.A.

### Officers.

Treasurer.—SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B.

Hon. Foreign Secretary.—REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., F.S.A.

Secretary and Librarian.—PERCY W. AMES, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A.

Auditors.—{ ROBERT W. RAMSEY, ESQ.  
                  { DAVID TOLLEMACHE, ESQ.

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# Royal Society of Literature.

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## ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

MAY 26TH, 1909.

IN the absence of THE EARL OF HALSBURY,  
*President*, SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B., *Vice-  
President*, took the Chair.

THE Notice convening the Meeting was read  
by the Secretary. The Minutes of the Anni-  
versary Meeting of 1908 were read and signed.  
The following was presented as the—

## REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

THE Council of the Royal Society of Literature have the honour to report that since the last Anniversary Meeting, held on April 29th, 1908, there have been the following changes in,

and additions to, the number of Fellows of the Society.

They have to announce the loss by death of—

LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY.

JOB CAUDWELL, ESQ.

PROFESSOR J. CHURTON COLLINS.

H. C. CORKE, ESQ.

GEORGE MEREDITH, ESQ., O.M.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MOON, ESQ.

REV. CHARLES TAYLOR, D.D.

And by resignation of—

SIDNEY LEE, ESQ., D.Litt.

MISS A. E. MAXWELL.

On the other hand, they have to announce the election as Ordinary Fellows of—

REV. P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

J. MARTIN HARVEY, ESQ.

MAJOR MARTIN HUME, M.A.

REV. J. ARBUTHNOT NAIRN, Litt.D., B.D.

ALFRED WILLIAM OKE, ESQ., B.A., LL.M., F.S.A.

G. C. WILLIAMSON, ESQ., D.Litt.

Since the last Anniversary Meeting the following “Transactions” have been issued to the Fellows: Vol. xxviii, parts ii, iii, and iv; vol. xxix, part i.

The Balance-sheet for 1908, showing the financial state of the Society, after being laid on the table for the information of the Fellows, is printed with this Report as follows :

Royal Society of Literature.

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CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1908.

Dr.

To Balance forward	...	...	...	£	s.	d.
Dividends on Investments	...	...	...	334	19	6
Entrance Fees and Donation	...	...	...	208	13	2
Subscriptions	...	...	...	28	7	0
Sale of Publications	...	...	...	333	18	3
				12	9	0
By Rent and House Charges	...	...	...			
Salaries and Commissions	...	...	...			
Stationery and Postages	...	...	...			
Printing	...	...	...			
Library	...	...	...			
Amount placed on Deposit	...	...	...			
Donation to Royal Literary Fund	...	...	...			
Balance—Cash at Bank and in hand...	...	...	...			
				£918	6	11

Vouchers produced.

Examined and found correct.

*May 19th, 1909.*

D. TOLLEMACIE,  
ROBT. W. RAMSEY,



# BALANCE-SHEET, DECEMBER 31ST, 1908.

<i>Liabilities.</i>	£	s.	d.	<i>Assets.</i>	£	s.	d.
To Amount owing for Rent	...	...	57	By Investments—			
Entrance Fees and Donation received in 1908	...	...	10	£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock, 1931	...	...	0
Dr. Richards' Fund at date, viz.—	...	...	28	£1659 2s. 11d. Queensland 4 per cent. Stock, 1924	...	198	0
Principal as estimated, and accumulated interest, brought forward	£25 11	2	4	£1690 11s. 6d. London County 3½ per cent. Stock	...	1737	19
Interest received in 1908	...	78	7	£2119 10s. Canada 4 per cent. Stock, 1904	...	1720	3
Sales of Publications	...	10	0	...	2161	17	10
Increased value of Investments	13	5	0	Cash at Bankers and Deposit	...	...	5818
Balance, being surplus at 31st Dec., 1908			26 12 15	Stock of Publications (as estimated)	...	...	0
			63 05 1	Dr. Richards' Fund, Investments, and Cash—	...	...	322
				£500 Consols	...	420	0
				£1800 Metropolitan 3½ per cent. Stock	...	1854	0
				£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock	...	198	0
				Cash at Bankers	...	170	15
					2642	15	0
					£9033	13	4

Examined and found correct according to Messrs. Coutts & Co.'s Statement of the Consols and Inscribed Stocks in their possession.

May 19th, 1909.

D. TOLLEMACHE,  
ROBT. W. RAMSEY.

The following Papers have been read before the Society since the last Anniversary Meeting :

I. April 29th, 1908. Emanuel Green, Esq., F.S.A., Member of Council, in the chair. A Paper entitled *Suggestions for Improving the Literary Style of Scientific Memoirs*, contributed by Francis Galton, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.R.S.L., was read by E. H. Pember, Esq., K.C.

II. May 27th, 1908. The Duke of Northumberland, K.G., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Plutarch as an Essayist* was read by Louis C. Purser, Esq., Litt.D.

III. June 24th, 1908. Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The Friends in Shakespeare's Sonnets* was read by Mrs. Charlotte Carmichael Stopes.

IV. October 28th, 1908. James Curtis, Esq., F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Fate and the Tragic Sense* was read by W. L. Courtney, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S.L.

V. November 25th, 1908. The Right Hon. Lord Collins, Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Mr. George Greenwood's Re-statement*

*of the Shakespeare Problem* was read by the Rev. Canon Beeching, D.Litt., F.R.S.L.

VI. January 27th, 1909. The Rev. H. G. Rosedale, D.D., F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Byron and Carlyle* was read by Laurie Magnus, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.L.

VII. February 24th, 1909. E. H. Pember, Esq., K.C., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Some Spanish Influences in Elizabethan Literature* was read by Major Martin Hume, M.A., F.R.S.L.

VIII. March 24th, 1909. Philip H. Newman, Esq., R.B.A., F.S.A., Member of Council, in the chair. A Paper on *Literary Martyrdoms* was read by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.S.L.

IX. April 28th, 1909. S. H. Butcher, Esq., M.P., D.Litt., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Robert Browning's Debt to Classical Literature* was read by the Rev. J. Arbuthnot Nairn, Litt.D., B.D., F.R.S.L.

The following lectures have also been delivered before the Society:

October 21st, 1908. *Milton's Knowledge of*

*Music*, by W. H. Hadow, Esq., Mus.Bac., M.A.

November 4th, 1908. *Milton's Shorter Poems*, by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, Esq., M.A., Hon. F.R.S.L.

November 18th, 1908. *Milton and the Liberty of the Press*, by Wm. E. A. Axon, Esq., LL.D.

December 2nd, 1908. *On the Conception and Treatment of Satan in 'Paradise Lost' and the 'Inferno,'* by E. H. Pember, Esq., M.A., K.C.

December 17th, 1908. *Milton and the Grand Style*, by Professor G. Saintsbury, D.Litt.

January 6th, 1909. *Milton: His Religion and Polemics, Ecclesiastical as well as Theological*, by the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, D.D.

January 20th, 1909. *Paradise Regained*, by Professor E. Dowden, D.C.L., Litt.D. Also *The Royal Society of Literature and the Study of Milton*, by Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B.

These lectures, with *A Note on Milton in Hungary*, by Professor Vambéry, and an article on *Four Portraits of Milton*, by Dr. Williamson, and an *Introduction* by the Secretary, who

organised the lectures and edited the volume, have been published and issued to the Fellows.

The Secretary, acting also as Librarian R.S.L., has drawn up the following report of donations to the Library of the Society since the last Anniversary. These are classified under the several headings of Governments or Societies, Home, Colonial, and Foreign; Public Institutions, and Individual Donors.

#### SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

##### *Home.*

ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Journal to date.

EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION.—Journal to date.

MANCHESTER GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Journal to date.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.—Proceedings.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.—Proceedings and Transactions.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Geographical Journal to date.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Proceedings.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON.—Proceedings to date. *Archæologia*, Vol. LX, Part II.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHEOLOGY.—Proceedings to date.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—Calendar.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—Archives Classified Papers, 1606–1741.

#### GOVERNMENTS.

##### *Colonial.*

NEW ZEALAND.—From the Registrar-General. Statistics of the Colony of New Zealand. Official Year Book, 1908.

CANADA.—From the Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior. *Canada's Fertile Northland*, Ottawa, 1907.

#### SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

##### *Colonial.*

CANADA, DOMINION OF.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.—Proceedings and Transactions, and General Index.  
—— Geological Survey, Annual Reports, N.S., with Maps.

—— General Index to Reports, 1885–1906.

AUSTRALIA.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—Journal and Proceedings.

NEW ZEALAND.—NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE.—Transactions and Proceedings. From Sir James Hector, Director Colonial Museum of New Zealand.

*Foreign.*

BELGIUM.—SOCIÉTÉ DES BOLLANDISTES.—*Analecta Bollandiana*.

DENMARK.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES, COPENHAGEN.—*Mémoires*, N.S.

FRANCE.—LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ D'AIX.—*Annales de la Faculté de Troit des Lettres*.

ITALY.—ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, TURIN.—*Atti*, continued to date. *Memorie*, vol. lviii.

——— ROYAL LOMBARD INSTITUTE, MILAN.—*Rendiconti*, 8°. Ser. ii continued to date.

RUSSIA.—IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, ST. PETERSBURG.—*Bulletins*.

SPAIN.—UNIVERSIDAD, *Anales de la*.

SWEDEN.—ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF UPSALA.—*Scenskt Anonym-och Pseudonym-Lexikon*. By LEONARD BYGDEN. Lejonkulans Dramer II Psyche.

The Society has received the following from individual donors :

ASTLEY, REV. J. DUKINFIELD, Litt.D., *Author*.—Pre-historic Archaeology and the Old Testament.

——— Roche Abbey, Yorkshire.

——— Castleacre.

——— Scandinavian Motifs.

- ASTLEY, REV. J. DUKINFELD, Litt.D., *Author*.—A Group of Norman Founts in North-West Norfolk.
- The Saxon Church at Bradford-on-Avon.
- Bury St. Edmunds, London, 1907.
- The Housing Problem in the Country.
- Lindisfarne Priory, Northumberland.
- ERÖDI, DR. BÉLA, *Author*.—Education in Hungary.
- FELBERMAN, LOUIS, *Author*.—Short Outline of History of Hungary.
- FOGAZZARO, ANTONIO, *Author*.—La Poesie.
- FRANCE, ANATOLE, *Author*.—L'Ile des Pingouins.
- GINEVER, ILONA, *Author*.—Alexander Petöfi.
- GYULAI, PROFESSOR AUGUSTUS, *Author*.—Shakespeare in Hungary.
- Bibliography of English Authors' Works translated into Hungarian Language.
- HUGHES, AMELIA, *Author*.—James Villa Blake as Poet.
- LOTI, PIERRE, *Author*.—La Mort de Philae.
- NEWCOMBE, L., *Acting Librarian, Mocatta Library*.—Catalogue of the Library of Frederic David Mocatta.
- The Jews of Spain and Portugal and the Inquisition. By F. D. Mocatta.
- PEMBER, E. H., K.C., *Author*.—The Voyage of the Phocaeans.
- Adrastus of Phrygia.
- The Finding of Pheidippides and other poems.
- Jephthah's Daughter and other poems.



PEMBER, E. H., K.C., *Author*.—*Er of Pamphylia and other poems.*

——— *The Death-Song of Thamyras and other poems.*

RAYMOND, GEORGE LANSING, *Author*. — *Ballads and other Poems*, New York and London, 1908.

——— *A Life in Song*, New York and London, 1908.

——— *The Aztec God and other Dramas*, New York and London, 1908.

——— *The Psychology of Inspiration.*

VEDEL, VALDEMAR, *Author*. — *Ridderromantiken i Fransk og Tysk Middelalder.*

THE EDITOR.—*Revue de Hongrie.*

THE REGISTRAR OF THE INSTITUTE OF CHEMISTRY.—*Official Chemical Appointments.*

THE EDITOR.—*The Architectural and Topographical Record.*

The thanks of the Society are due to the respective Editors and Proprietors of the following Journals for presentation copies: The *Athenæum* and the *Edinburgh Review* to date.

The Council has purchased for the Library The Term Catalogues, 1668–1709 A.D., A Contemporary Bibliography of English Literature

in the Reigns of Charles II, James II, William and Mary, and Anne. Edited by Professor Edward Arber, F.S.A. Three vols, 4to, London, 1903.

The subscription has been continued to the New English Dictionary.

The list of names recommended by the outgoing Council as the Officers and Council for 1909-10 having been submitted to ballot, the scrutineer, Dr. J. W. Knipe, reported that the House List was unanimously adopted by the meeting. The list will be found *ante*, on the leaf facing the commencement of the Report.

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## HON. FOREIGN SECRETARY'S REPORT.

DURING the past year new and important names have been added to the list of Honorary Foreign Fellows of the Society.

ERNST VON WILDENBRUCH, Berlin W. 10, and Weimar,  
Hon. Dr. of Jena.

*Chief works.*—Lieder und Balladen; das edle Blut;  
Claudia's Garten; die Danaide; Francesca von Rimini;

unter der Geißel; das schwarze Holz; lachendes Land; Lukrezia; Sedan; Neid; der Meister von Tanagra; der Fürst von Verona; das neue Gebot; Gewitternacht; Harold; der Junge von Hennersdorf; die Karolinger; die Tochter des Erasmus; Väter und Söhne; and many others. (Since deceased.)

ADOLF HARNACK, Berlin, W. 15, Professor of Church History at the Berlin University, General Director of the Royal Library, Fellow of the Akademie der Wissenschaften at Amsterdam, Berlin, Gothenburg, Munich, Naples, Rome and Stockholm, Hon. Fellow of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, the Society of Historical Theology (Oxford), the American Society of Church History, etc., Commander of the Order of the Prussian Crown, Knight of the Order of the Red Eagle III Class, etc.

*Chief works.*—Ausgabe der Apostolischen Väter; Lehrbuch der Dogmengeschichte, 3 vols.; Geschichte der altchristlichen Literatur, 3 vols.; das Wesen des Christentums; Beiträge zur Einleitung in das Neue Testament, 3 vols.; Geschichte der Kaiserlichen Preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften, 4 vols.; Geschichte der Mission und Ausbreitung des Christenthums in den drei ersten Jahrhunderten, 2 vols.; etc.

PAUL HEYSE, Munich, Dr. Phil., Novelist.

*Chief works.*—Kinder der Welt; Im Paradiese; Merlin; Die Geburt der Venus; Hadrian; Cölberg; Hans Lange; Don Juans Ende; Maria von Magdala; etc., etc.

FELIX LIEBERMANN, Bendler Strasse 10, Berlin, W. 10, Hon. D.C.L. Oxford, Hon. LL.D. Cambridge, Corresponding Member of the Bavarian Academy, Munich, of the Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften, Göttingen, and of the Royal Historical Society, London; etc.

*Chief works.*—Monumenta Germaniae Historica, vols. 27 and 28; Quadripartitus; Leges Anglorum saec. XIII in Londoniis collectae; Leges Henrici; Gesetze der Angelsachsen, etc.

JACQUES ANATOLE FRANCE, Villa Said, Paris XVIe, Member of French Academy, Legion of Honour.

*Chief works.*—Le crime de Sylvestre Bonnard; la rôtisserie de la reine Pédauque; la lys rouge; l'étui de nacre; Balthazar; etc.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON, Aulestad, nr. Faaberg, Norway, Nobel Prize for Literature, poetic and literary work recognised by the Norwegian Parliament.

*Chief works.*—En Hanske; over Oeone; Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg; Geografi og Kjoerlighed; Magnhild; Stöv; det flager i Byen og paa Havnen; paa Guds Veie; Laboremus; paa Storhove; Daglanmet; Mary; Maria Stuart i Scotland; Leonarda.

FRIDTJOF NANSEN, Lysaker, nr. Christiania, Norway, Dr. Phil., Christiania, D.Sc., D.C.L., Ph.D., F.R.G.S., Member of the Royal Norwegian Society of Sciences, Correspondent of the Academy of Science, Paris, etc.

*Chief works.*—The First Crossing of Greenland; Eskimo Life; Farthest North; The Norwegian North Polar Expedition, 1893–1896, Scientific Results; Norway and its Union with Sweden; Northern Waters; etc.

JOHAN ERNST WELHAVEN SARS, Lysaker, nr. Christiania, Norway, Member of the Royal Society of Science, Christiania, Member of the Royal Commission for the Publication of Original Texts on Norwegian History; Professor of History at Christiania.

*Chief works.*—Udsigt over den norske Historie; Norges Politiske Historie, 1815-1885, etc.

It is, however, with great regret that I have to record the death of Professor Wildenbruch, only a few months after he had been enrolled as a Foreign Fellow of this Society. The following is an extract from a letter which I received from an intimate friend of his, almost immediately after his death :

“ He was glad to belong to the Royal Society of Literature. When I saw him last he expressed his delight at having received your splendid books . . . there was no sickness, no sinking of the mind ; his left hand got lame, but he was glad he was able to go on writing with his right hand . . . A fortnight afterwards, within a quarter of an hour, he passed away.”

I also regret to record the loss of M. Gaston Boissier, Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie

Français, and of Dr. Richard Pischel. The latter died suddenly while on an important visit to India for literary purposes. In the name of the Royal Society of Literature, I wrote to condole with the families of our deceased Fellows and received letters of thanks in return. Shortly before Dr. Pischel left Europe, I received a letter from him regretting that he was unable to come to London owing to the work he had on hand, and also informing me of the recent important discovery of an unknown Indo-European language, in the heart of central Asia, to which he gave the name of "Tocharisch." This is peculiarly interesting in connection with the discovery of at least one new language by Dr. M. A. Stein, during his recent exploration into Central Asia. Dr. Pischel, however, seems to have been of opinion that the two languages have no relation to each other.

My attention has also been drawn to a valuable work by M. Winterwitz, entitled 'Geschichte der Indischen Literatur,' the first volume of which has lately been published.

And in connection with this branch of literature I would mention a recent book by Leopold von Schroeder, called 'Mysterium und mimus im Rigveda.'

Professor Diels brings under my notice a literary magazine called 'die Internationale Zeitschrift.' Its originator was the late Dr. Althoff, Minister of Public Instruction, one of the most distinguished of recent times. His aim was to bring into closer touch, literary men of all nations, by reporting all German and International efforts, and by publishing articles by representatives of different nations, in their own language.

Last year I reported the production by Professor Diels, of the first part of a series of works on 'Zuckungs-Literatur des Okzidents und Orients.' On November 5th, 1908, Dr. Diels presented a second instalment to the Berlin Academy. After alluding to an early Greek text in the St. Petersburg Library and its copies, he proceeds to give a most interesting comparison between the folk-lore of several races, especially relating to the twitching and

itching of the various parts of the human body, and the indication which they have been supposed to give of future events. Russian and Slav Literature seems richest in this kind of folklore, specimens of which he gives. Roumanians and Arabs come next in order, Hebrew and Indian Literature follow, whilst German, English and French have preserved far fewer of such writings. From a somewhat cursory study of the matter, it would seem that there is a curious general similarity shown in the meanings attributed to each sensation, though there are MSS. which take exactly the opposite view. The itching of the right hand, for instance, means wealth and prosperity in all except one Slav, and two German MSS., whilst the burning of the right ear is invariably a good sign except in one German MS.

Professor Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff's 'History of Greek Literature,' forms one of the volumes of a large and noteworthy work entitled 'Kultur der Gegenwart.' Among other important volumes of this work, are one on 'Philosophy,' one on 'Theology since the



Reformation,' and one on 'Oriental Literature.' This work is not unlike a Danish one of similar nature, called 'Verdens Culturen,' an older and shorter work, but containing many excellent articles.

A valuable book called 'Erlebnis und Gedicht,' has been written by Wilhelm Dilthey, an aesthetic historical work; his illustrations are taken from German works and poets. The same author has also brought out a book on Hegel's 'Jugendentwicklung,' from documents in the Berlin Academy, which he has enlarged and corroborated in consequence of discoveries amongst Hegel's papers, by his pupil Nohl.

The great legal writer, L. Mitteis, has just published a work in one volume, entitled 'Romanisches Privatrecht bis auf die Zeit Diokletians,' which bids fair to rank as the best authority extant on the subject.

G. Schmoller has published at Stuttgart, a book with the attractive title 'Volkswirtschaftslehre,' which has received many expressions of appreciation; whilst the two best known writers on aesthetics, Johannes Volkelt

and Theodor Lipps, have been hard at work on their own subject, though writing from somewhat different points of view.

Our Fellow, Dr. Jacob Wille, has brought out a short study on 'Humanitarianism in the Pfalz.' It contains a very interesting and detailed history of the influence of the Italian Renaissance on German thought and studies, and of the different effect the movement had on German minds from that produced in Italy. He traces the humanitarian movement from Peter Luder to Johann von Dalberg, Rudolf Agricola, Conrad Pickel or Celtes, Johannes Trithemius, Adam Werner von Themar and many others, up to Jacob Micyllus, who taught at Heidelberg from 1533 to 1537.

A very able paper was read last July by Professor Alois Brandl, before the Berlin "Akademie," on "The Beginnings of Autobiography in England." He particularly alludes to Bede and Cynewulf, at a later date Lanfranc and Giraldus, Cambrensis, and Richard Rolle.

For such readers as are interested in the

work and personality of the poet-philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, an important publication has been brought out by Professor Raoul Richter. The book is entitled 'Ecce Homo.' Nietzsche himself had already prepared it for the press before his last illness, but owing to various circumstances, its publication has only just become possible. The book is in the nature of an autobiography, and gives the origin of the different works of Nietzsche. It is of great psychological interest on account of its appreciation of spiritual writing, more particularly of the peculiar state of poetic ecstasy which took possession of Nietzsche when writing many of his works, 'Zarathustra' for example.

Our Foreign Fellow, Professor Godefroid Kurth, on the occasion of his leaving the University of Liège, was presented with two volumes under the title 'Mélanges Godefroid Kurth,' containing notably a study in English by Mr. Hamelius, on 'The Rhetorical Structure of Layamon's Verse,' and also a study by Mr. Bang on 'Les Sources du Volpone de Jonson.' Besides these the volumes contain articles on

Irish literature by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville and M. Tournour.

But perhaps one of the most noteworthy books published in Belgium during the last year, is one by Fernand Sèverin, who after Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, is the first of the Belgian poets. The harmony and almost classic elegance of his poetry, combined with great nobility of inspiration, place him in the first rank. His book of poems, just published, (a collection of all the poems he has written), greatly enriches Belgian literature, whilst in the 'Benedictine Review,' vol. xxv, there is a lengthy and extremely recondite article on the ancient topography of Mont-Cassein from the pen of Dr. Germain Morin.

Mrs. Drachmann-Benzon, the sister of the late Holger Drachmann, Fellow of this Society, has written a powerful and learned book on the erotic relations of Michael Angelo.

In Denmark, too, a critical work on French Materialism has appeared, by Dr. Paul Levin. And Professor Rønering has written two volumes of a great work of Grundtoig, the

famous poet, thinker and priest, who during the past century so greatly influenced the Danish people. A book has appeared this year in that country on Danish Humanism, entitled 'Erasmus,' by Professor Andersen. It is part of a great work on the spirit of the Danish people as expressed in their literature, and how it was affected by foreign influences.

Our Foreign Fellow, Professor Abel Lefranc, has recently produced a series of studies on 'Maurice de Guérin and his Unpublished Works.' He has also brought out a work entitled 'The Church and the Theatre in the 17th Century.'

In Italy a good deal of stir and criticism has been caused during the last few years by a work by Guglielmo Ferrero, called 'Grandezze e Decadenze di Roma,' the fifth volume of which appeared in 1907, and publication is still going on. It has already been translated into many languages. Some of the chapters of the last volume were read as lectures at the Sorbonne, Paris, and had extraordinary success. The Minister of Public Instruction presented the cross of the Legion of Honour to Ferrero. At

the same time the professors of ancient history in Italy, express themselves very severely against the author. Criticisms of his work have appeared in the 'English Historical Review' and in the 'Révue Historique.' Another book which is attracting a good deal of attention in Italy, is 'La Storia di Venezia nella Vite Private,' by Pompeo Molmenti, in three volumes, splendidly illustrated. Horatio Brown is translating it into English.

Professor Giralamo Vitelli has brought out a publication called 'I papiri greco,' in the Att. dell'Academie di Lincei, Rome, which is much praised in Germany by competent professors.

The Istituto Storia Italiano, Rome, has some interesting publications, especially 'I diplomati des Re d'Italia,' by Professor Schiaparelli, and 'Regesta Chartarum Italiae.'

M. Trabalba has published a 'History of Italian Grammar,' which is the result of wide learning and of a finely critical mind.

The sixth volume of Adolfo Ventari's 'History of Art' appeared a few months ago.

Our own Fellow, Antonio Fogazzaro, has just

brought out a complete edition of his poems under the title of 'Le Poesie,' some of which have not been published before. He has presented a copy of this work to our Society. Other works of interest recently published in Italy are: 'Dante, e la Francia,' by Farinelli, 'Fresdis e minii del Dugento,' by Novati, and the eighteenth volume of the complete works of Giosuè Carducci, under the title of 'Archeologie poetica.'

There have been many interesting publications in Portugal, from which the following may be selected: 'Ceramica Portuguesa,' a very fine book and the only complete one on Portuguese ceramic art; 'Memoria Sobre Fernão Mendes Quito,' by C. Ayres; 'A Marqueza de Alorna,' by Olga de Moraes Sarmiento; 'Thezouro do Rei de Ceilão,' 'Duarte Galvão e sua Familia,' by Souza Viterbo.

From the many excellent Novels published during the last year on the continent, I would mention some by our own Foreign Fellows. Dr. Peter Rosegger has brought out two, 'Die Försterbuben' and 'Alpensommer.' From the same

country we have two historical novels by Frau Baronin Handel Mazzetti, another by Hans Rudolf Bartsch, and a Viennese novel by Emil Erte.

M. Pierre Loti has sent us a copy of his last book, 'La Mort de Philae,' and from M. Anatole France we have received 'L'Ile des Pingouins,' a curious and novel piece of imaginative work.

A novel by Jacob Wassermann called 'Kaspar Hauser,' has been brought to my notice as one of unusual interest. The subject matter is 'How does a Man act who begins Life as a Youth and not as a Child? and How do those act amongst whom such a Man Comes?' The author first presents to this youth, a mystic, who sees in him a wonderful being come from heaven; next an honest citizen, who treats him as he would any other nice youth of his day; and lastly, a pedantic schoolmaster as his tutor, who sees dissimulation and deceit in all the unusual things he does. The author has in this, closely followed the historical documents relating to the well-known foundling, so that his novel is almost like a biography.



An Italian novel well spoken of, is 'L'Amore di Loredova,' by M. Vuccoli.

M. d'Annuncio has written a tragedy called 'La Nave,' which has been much discussed as a dramatic work, but everywhere have been recognised the quality of style and the richness of language that are always admired in this author's works.

In connection with the Milton Tercentenary, we received an interesting paper from Professor Vambéry, on 'Milton in Hungarian Literature.'

Dr. Valdemar Vedel also referred to Milton's influence on Danish Literature.

I had both the honour and pleasure last summer of representing the Fellows of the Society at the tercentenary celebrations in connection with the University of Oviedo. I can only speak in the highest terms of the courtesy I received in that progressive Spanish town, teeming with anthropological and antiquarian interests. The history of Oviedo has been written by the Rector (Professor Dr. Canella) in a most comprehensive form, and I was no little gratified to find that our Fellow,

Professor Altamira, occupied so high a position in the appreciation of his countrymen.

The very extensive correspondence which is now established with writers all over Europe is, indeed, a hopeful indication, and cannot fail to be productive of much advantage to all persons concerned.

I feel much gratified, not only with the assistance given me, but more by the interest evinced by the members of the Council in everything that concerns men of letters outside England.

## ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS, 1909.

BY SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B.,

*Vice-President and Treasurer.*

THIS is, I think, the eleventh occasion on which I have had the honour of representing our noble President at an annual meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, and of offering to the Fellows a few observations by way of an anniversary address. On every such occasion the first thought to which the mind turns is the memory of those who in past years have taken an active part with us in the work of the Society but have been removed from us by death. Dr. Phené and myself are now the senior Vice-Presidents of the Society, and I turn back to the list of 1892, when we were the junior Vice-Presidents, and find on it the names of Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Charles Nicholson, Sir Collingwood Dickson, Sir Charles Newton, the late Duke of Northumberland, and other men of distinction. Our present list shows, how-

ever, that the Society has not failed to find men worthy to supply their places.

The Rev. Charles Taylor, D.D., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, was elected a Fellow of the Society in 1883, and served as Vice-President from 1889 till his death, which occurred on August 12th, 1908. He was born in London, May 27th, 1840. As a boy he excelled in classics, composition, map-drawing, mathematics, and divinity, and won many prizes at the Grammar School of St. Marylebone and All Souls, and also at King's College School. In 1858 he went into residence at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he remained for fifty years. In 1862 his name appeared in the Second Class Classical Tripos and also as Ninth Wrangler. In 1863 he obtained a First Class in the Theological Examination, and in the following year was elected a Fellow of his College. From January 1st, 1887, to January 1st, 1889, he was Vice-Chancellor of the University. In 1891 he was acting President of the Statutory International Congress of Orientalists held in London. He was joint editor

of the 'Messenger of Mathematics' 1862-87, and published numerous works on geometrical conics. He was recognised in Europe and America as a master of Rabbinic learning. He contributed to the 'Dictionary of Bible and Christian Biography,' the 'Journal of Philology,' the 'Journal of Theological Studies,' the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica,' the 'Jewish Quarterly Review,' etc. Physically he was always active, and in his young days was a vigorous oarsman and mountaineer. He made the first ascent of Monte Rosa from Macugnaga, and was elected a member of the Alpine Club in 1873. In 1897 he was elected a member of the Athenaeum Club under the rule of that club which secures the annual introduction of persons of distinguished eminence.

The marked reserve of our late Vice-President may have concealed from those who did not know him well his genial qualities, his hospitality, his sense of humour, his complete freedom from small animosities and from vanity. Those who have sat with him on our Council, or who have met him on other boards, will have noticed

his business abilities, his scrupulous accuracy, and unfailing courtesy.

Among numerous instances of his generosity may be mentioned his presenting his official stipend as Vice-Chancellor for the purpose of adorning the new buildings of the University Library with nine statues, and his gift to the University of the Taylor-Schechter Collection of Hebrew MSS. His gifts to his college were constant and his name is to be found in very many subscription lists. When, in 1894, a proposal was made to found a small dining club in connection with the Royal Society of Literature, he was the first to encourage the idea, and he held the office of President of the Colquhoun Club from 1894 to 1907 and frequently presided at its gatherings. The members of the Club and of the Council will miss his kindly and dignified presence in the Chair.

Mr. George Washington Moon, who died on March 11th in the present year, was elected an Ordinary Fellow in 1859 and an Honorary Fellow in 1884. He was born in London on June 15th, 1823, and was therefore in his eighty-

sixth year at the time of his death. He served on the Council for some years previous to 1884, and read the following papers to the Society : "Common Errors in Speaking and Writing," February 24th, 1875, "What is Poetry?" April 23rd, 1879.

His publications include 'The Dean's English' (a criticism of Dean Trench's 'The Queen's English'), 'The Revisers' English,' 'Elijah the Prophet,' an epic poem in twelve cantos, and several volumes of verse. He was editor of the thirteenth edition of 'Men and Women of the Time.'

John Churton Collins, M.A., Litt.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Birmingham, was elected an Honorary Fellow in 1899. He was born at Bourton in Gloucestershire, March 26th, 1848, and was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and Balliol College, Oxford. He was widely known as a University Extension lecturer, as a critic, and an advocate for the recognition of literature as distinguished from philology at the universities. He was the author of a large

number of essays and commentaries on literature as well as original works, and contributed extensively to many magazines. He lectured before the Society on June 12th, 1901, on "Some Curiosities of Criticism."

I have to thank our indefatigable Secretary, Dr. Ames, for kindly preparing for me the foregoing notices; and I have now to submit a few words of my own relating to other deceased Fellows.

Although Sir John Evans ceased to be a member of the Society more than twenty years ago, and during the years that he had previously belonged to it had not taken any active part in its work or contributed papers to our 'Transactions,' yet as he occasionally attended our meetings I cannot pass over the name of so distinguished a man without a word of regret at his loss. His present successor in the office of President of the Society of Antiquaries, Dr. C. H. Read, has pronounced in his recent anniversary address to his Society an eulogium upon our common friend, with every word of which I agree. He died on May 30th, 1908, in



his eighty-sixth year, having held with distinction every variety of office, public, scientific, and antiquarian, having been President of the British Association, of the Numismatic Society, of the Geological Society, and of the Anthropological Institute (as well as of the Society of Antiquaries), and for many years Treasurer of the Royal Society.

The Right Hon. William Amhurst, Baron Amherst of Hackney, eldest son of the late William George Tyssen Tyssen-Amhurst, of Hackney and Didlington Hall, Norfolk, was born in 1835. At the time of his death he was the oldest member or "Father" of the Royal Society of Literature, having become a life member so long ago as the year 1861.\* In the early years of his membership, when he was known as Mr. Tyssen-Amhurst, he took great interest in the Society's proceedings, and in April, 1866, was elected a member of the Council. He was again elected in 1868, 1869,

\* This distinction is now held by the Baron de Worms, F.S.A., for many years a Vice-President of the Society, who was elected a Fellow in 1862.

and 1870, and in 1872 and 1873, also in 1875, 1877, and several subsequent years. He was elected a member of the Athenaeum Club in 1867, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries on May 26th, 1870. His kinsman, Mr. John Robert Daniel-Tyssen, had been a member of that Society since June 21st, 1838, and was a respected Vice-President of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society. Both of them took much interest in the antiquities of Hackney, where Lord Amherst was Lord of the Manor, and Mr. Daniel-Tyssen, who had long been one of the officials of the estate, had collected a large number of books and manuscripts illustrating its history, which are now fitly housed in the Free Library of the parish. Mr. Tyssen-Amhurst was created a peer in 1892 by the title of Baron Amherst of Hackney, by way of distinction from the titles of Earl and Baron Amherst, created in 1826 for another branch of the family. As his Lordship had no male issue, Her late Majesty was graciously pleased to direct that the peerage should descend by special remainder to his

eldest daughter, Mary Rothes Margaret, Lady William Cecil, who is now, in her own right, Baroness Amherst of Hackney. Another of his Lordship's daughters, the Hon. Alicia Tyssen-Amherst, is a distinguished amateur of gardening, and author of a charming and authoritative work on that subject, as well as of a paper on a fifteenth century treatise on gardening in the 54th volume of 'Archæologia.' The late Lord had good taste and great knowledge in matters of literature and art, and had collected at Diddlington Manor many artistic treasures and a fine library, including a number of Caxtons. It must have been, therefore, with deep regret that he gave directions for the sale of his library on the discovery that he had been robbed of an enormous sum by a confidential agent. It may, indeed, be inferred that this deplorable event shortened his life. His Lordship died suddenly from heart failure on January 16th, 1909. The older members of the Council of this Society have him in their recollection as a colleague of high culture, dignified courtesy, and sound judgment. His public

record as a scholar, a philanthropist, and an antiquary, is known to all.

As to Mr. George Meredith, I need add nothing here to the public tributes that have been offered to his memory, including that of His Majesty the King, who had bestowed upon Mr. Meredith the Order of Merit, beyond the statement that he had been an Honorary Member of the Society since 1894, and that when it was recently resolved to renew the practice of from time to time recognising literary eminence by the award of the Society's gold medal, it was at once agreed that the first of such medals should be offered to George Meredith.

Delays have been interposed by the time required for the preparation of a suitable design, and thus it is that the intention of the Society has not been carried out, but the resolution remains on our minutes as testimony of the Society's appreciation of him. A letter written on Mr. Meredith's behalf stated that he was greatly touched by the Society's intention.

Another great name in English literature, that of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, can-

not be passed over without mention on this occasion, though he did not belong to our body. He was, however, one of those whom we recommended to the Swedish Academy for the Nobel prize for literature. After the death of Tennyson it was not doubted that Swinburne was our greatest living poet. It was my good fortune to make his personal acquaintance in those youthful days when he gave to the world some of his finest work.

I pass with this brief notice two names so illustrious as those of George Meredith and Algernon Swinburne, not from want of appreciation of them, but because their career has been already dealt with at so much length in the ordinary sources of information that I need not here enlarge upon it.

I wish to add a word on a subject which has lately caused deep feeling in many minds; I mean the untimely death of Mr. John Davidson. I had met him as a fellow-member of the Authors' Club, and looked upon him as a man of fine character and great ability. Direct evidence of his death and of the cause of it has

not been found—and it may be that he still survives—but there is a probability not far short of certainty that he has died by his own hand, and that the moving cause of the hopelessness which led to the rash act was disappointment at the meagre rewards of literature and at the want of public appreciation of his work.

In the presence of so sad an event, one's thoughts go back to the high motives which inspired the founders of this Society, when they adopted as one of its purposes the functions of leading public opinion on questions of literary merit, of bestowing honorary distinction on authors who would otherwise have failed to obtain public patronage, of having regard rather to the literary merits of a work than to its commercial possibilities. That in which the publisher could not see his remuneration we were to take up.

These aspirations, after a noble mission, were brought vividly to our memory the other day when our Hon. Foreign Secretary, Dr. Rose-dale, laid before us the result of his researches into what I may call the pre-history of the Society, that period during which our founder,

Bishop Burgess, was “meeting the obstacles opposed to the formation of the Society with his characteristic perseverance,” before the final shape was given to it by the submission to the King and the approval by him of the Constitution and Regulations.

I do not ignore the many difficulties that surround any practical attempt to give effect to these high functions. Those difficulties have been present to our minds for many years, and have been the theme of the enemy’s blasphemies even since the time of Macaulay. Our learned colleague, Mr. Pember, has given the matter much consideration, and has outlined a plan which is now being elaborated by himself and the officers of the Society, and will in due course be discussed by the Council.

The subject is one that is attracting attention in other quarters. A writer in ‘The Author,’ which is the organ of the Incorporated Society of Authors, asks : “ Is there nothing else for it but to adopt the miserable present-day standard of ‘ nothing but what pays ’ in literature as in all else ? ” Another writer in the same

periodical urges that more could and should be done to encourage and assist the struggling beginner, whose failure to obtain a hearing for his work is due to its unpopular character and not to any intrinsic demerit. The writer of this letter adduces his own experience as a case in point. At the age of twenty-six he issued privately, at his own expense, a slim booklet of poems, and sent it for review to several publications. Some did not even insert its name on their weekly list of books received. One noticed it with encouragement. Private letters from experts spoke well of it. The total gross receipts from sales were £12 1s. 6*d*. I cannot help thinking that this particular young author was more than usually fortunate.

He says, in effect: "La Société des Gens de Lettres awards several prizes yearly. Why not arrange to crown annually the one, two, or three best works, according to subject—poetry, fiction, or belles-lettres? The painter's picture, though unsold, is not unseen; its acceptance in a gallery is based on its artistic and not on its selling qualities. The unrecognised author has



no opportunity given him in the present condition of public taste under the purely commercial considerations that rule the book-market."

I will not proceed further with the discussion of a most difficult question, on which the Society may or may not find itself in a position to take action. I have a more agreeable duty before me in referring to the actual work of the past year, and in the first place to the commemoration of the tercentenary of the birth of John Milton by the delivery and publication of a series of Memorial Lectures, illustrated by a facsimile of a portrait by Jonathan Richardson, and by three other portraits of John Milton at the ages of 10, 21, and 62. We have to thank our old Fellow, whom we are now glad to see once more in our ranks, Dr. G. C. Williamson, for his description of these portraits, and we have to thank many eminent Fellows and Honorary Fellows, new and old, for their contributions to this volume of articles on various phases of Milton's life and works, on which they are able to write with all the authority of special knowledge and special study.

It used to be the invariable custom to introduce into the Anniversary Address an appreciation of the papers read during the year. I am loth to be neglectful of any of the established customs of the Society, but of late years Dr. Ames has so well organised the publication of our 'Transactions' that nearly all the papers read during the year are in your hands, and I think I may therefore be excused any detailed description of them. The list of them which is given in the Report of the Council may be referred to as indicating the debt we owe to many distinguished Fellows for communications alike instructive, entertaining, and original. That with which Mr. Francis Galton honoured us at our last Anniversary has borne practical fruit, for it has been communicated to numerous scientific societies, and met with cordial acceptance from several of them.

On the motion of Mr. Emanuel Green, seconded by Sir Archibald Geikie, a vote of thanks was passed unanimously to Sir Edward Brabrook for his Address and conduct in the chair.

## FELLOWS OF THE SOCIETY.

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The sign † indicates an Honorary Fellow. c = a Compounder.

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Year of  
election.

1894. †HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
1899. ROBERT VICKERY ALLEN, Esq., A.C.P., F.E.I.S.,  
Guilden Morden, Royston, Hertfordshire.
1878. cPERCY WILLOUGHBY AMES, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.,  
*Secretary and Librarian*, 71, Lewisham Park,  
S.E.; and Authors' Club.
1905. DAVID ANDERSON-BERRY, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.E.,  
23, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
1907. SIR WILLIAM REYNELL ANSON, Bt., D.C.L., M.P.,  
Warden of All Souls College, Oxford; and  
Athenæum Club.
1902. REV. HUGH JOHN DUKINFIELD ASTLEY, M.A.,  
Litt.D., East Rudham Vicarage, King's Lynn,  
Norfolk.
1903. †THE RIGHT HON. LORD AVEBURY, D.C.L., LL.D.,  
F.R.S., 6, St. James's Square, S.W.; High  
Elms, Down, Kent; and Athenæum Club.
1868. WILLIAM E. A. AXON, Esq., LL.D., 3, Albany  
Road, Southport.

Year of  
election.

1901. REV. ALBERT BAGE, Ph.B., 5, Rhodes Street,  
Halifax.
1904. FREDERIC WILLIAM BANKS, Esq., Beau Morice  
Chambers, 2, Garden Court, Middle Temple ;  
87, Eccleston Square. S.W.; Junior Consti-  
tutional Club.
1903. †REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A., J.P., Rector of Lew-  
Trenchard, Lew-Trenchard House, N. Devon.
1907. REV. HENRY CHARLES BEECHING, M.A., D.Litt.,  
*Council*, Canon of Westminster Abbey, 3, Little  
Cloisters, Westminster.
1907. ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, Esq., C.V.O.,  
M.A., F.R.Hist.S., Fellow of Magdalene College,  
Magdalene College, Cambridge; Hinton Hall,  
Haddenham, Isle of Ely; Tremans, Horsted  
Keynes, Sussex; and Athenæum Club.
1905. THE VEN. HENRY E. J. BEVAN, M.A., Archdeacon  
of Middlesex, *Council*, The Rectory, Chelsea,  
S.W.; Quatford Castle, Bridgenorth, Shropshire.
1872. REV. FREDERICK A. BILLING, M.A., D.D., LL.D.,  
7, St. Donatt's Road, Lewisham High Road. S.E.
1907. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, Esq., Editor of 'Black-  
wood's Magazine,' 45, George Street, Edinburgh.
1907. REGINALD BLONFIELD, Esq., A.R.A., M.A., F.S.A.,  
51, Frognaal, Hampstead, N.W.; Point Hill,  
Playden, Sussex; and Athenæum Club.
1898. WILLIAM BOLTON, Esq.

Year of  
election.

1902. DR. C. W. BOTWOOD, D.Sc., Ph.D., 74, Micklegate,  
York.
1902. WILLIAM A. BOWEN, Esq., LL.B., Mombasa,  
East Africa.
1865. cSIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B., V.-P.S.A., V.-P.S.S.,  
past President of the Anthropological Institute.  
*Vice-President* and *Treasurer*, Athenæum Club,  
Pall Mall, S.W.
1898. CHARLES ANGELL BRADFORD, Esq., F.S.A.,  
4, Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.
1902. cJOHN POTTER BRISCOE, Esq., F.R.Hist.S.,  
F.L.A., City Librarian of Nottingham, Central  
Free Public Library, Nottingham; Elm Villa,  
38, Addison Street, Nottingham.
1894. †REV. STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE, M.A., LL.D.,  
1, Manchester Square; and Athenæum Club.
1907. P. HUME BROWN, Esq., M.A., LL.D., Professor  
of Ancient (Scottish) History and Palæography  
in the University of Edinburgh, 20, Corrennie  
Gardens, Edinburgh.
1907. THE RIGHT HON. LORD BURGHCLERE, P.C., D.L.,  
M.A., *Council*, 48, Charles Street, W.; Fitzroy  
Place, Surrey; and Brooks's Club.
1904. THOMAS BURNS, Esq., 25, Diana Street, Newcastle-  
upon-Tyne.
1907. SAMUEL HENRY BUTCHER, Esq., M.P., D.Litt.  
Dublin, D.Litt.Oxon., LL.D., Glasgow and  
Edinburgh, *Vice-President*, 6, Tavistock Square,  
W.C.; and Athenæum Club.

Year of  
election.

1907. THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER, D.C.L., D.D., LORD BISHOP OF RIPON, The Palace, Ripon; 2, Morpeth Mansions, S.W.; and Athenæum Club.
1900. MAJOR W. BOUGHTON CHAMBERS, Inspector of Factories, Custom House, Bombay.
1907. BASIL CHAMPNEYS, Esq., B.A., Hall Oak, Frognaal, Hampstead, N.W.; and Athenæum Club.
1899. †ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, Esq., M.A., 167, St. James's Road, Croydon.
1907. THE RIGHT HON. LORD COLLINS, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, *Vice-President*, 3, Bramham Gardens, S.W.; and Athenæum Club.
1899. H. MARTIN COOKE, Esq., St. Vincent's, Eastbourne.
1906. RICHARD COOKE, Esq., A. and M.C.P., F.R.G.S., Archbishop Abbot's School, Guildford.
1892. STANLEY COOPER, Esq., 27, Banbury Road, Oxford.
1900. CREV. W. HARGREAVES COOPER, F.R.G.S., Richmond, Penzance.
1901. CREV. FREDERICK STJOHN CORBETT, M.A., F.R.Hist.S., The Rectory, St. George-in-the-East, London.
1907. WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, Esq., C.B., M.A., D.Litt., LL.D., late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, Civil Service Commissioner (retired), *Vice-President*, The Lodge, Wadhurst, Sussex; and Athenæum Club.

Year of  
election.

1907. WILLIAM LEONARD COURTNEY, Esq., M.A., LL.D.,  
Editor of the 'Fortnightly Review,' *Council*, 53,  
Gordon Square, W.C.; and Authors' Club.
1903. †S. R. CROCKETT, Esq., M.A., c/o A. P. Watt and  
Son, Hastings House, Norfolk Street, W.C.;  
and Authors' Club.
1896. WILLIAM THOMAS CROSWELLER, Esq., M.S.A.,  
F.I.Inst., F.Z.S., Kent Lodge, Sidcup.
1890. cJAMES CURTIS, Esq., F.S.A., *Council* (*Vice-President*, 1898-1909), 179, Marylebone Road, N.W.;  
Glenburn, Worcester Road, Sutton, Surrey;  
and Athenæum Club.
1904. JOHN HERBERT DAWSON, Esq., 111, Lower Seedley  
Road, Seedley, Manchester.
1903. MISS VIOLET DEFRIES, 71, Leith Mansions, Elgin  
Avenue, Maida Vale, W.
1908. REV. PETER HAMPSON DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.,  
Barkham Rectory, Wokingham, Berks.
1907. AUSTIN DOBSON, Esq., LL.D., 75, Eaton Rise,  
Ealing, W.; and Athenæum Club.
1903. †EDWARD DOWDEN, Esq., M.A., LL.D., D.C.L.,  
Litt.D., Professor of English Literature in the  
University of Dublin, Highfield House, Rathgar,  
Co. Dublin.
1907. J. A. DE G. DOWNING, Esq., 4, Fairlie Place,  
Calcutta, India; and Calcutta Club.
1899. ROMESH DUTT, Esq., C.I.E., Barrister-at-Law,  
Finance Minister to H.H. the Maharaja  
Gaekwar, Baroda, India.

Year of  
election.

1907. SIR CHARLES NORTON EDGECUMBE ELIOT, C.B.,  
K.C.M.G., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.  
Endcliffe Holt, Sheffield.
1900. MRS. C. ELLA EVE, 61, Harley Street, Cavendish  
Square, W.
1907. REV. PRINCIPAL A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D., LL.D.,  
D.Litt., Mansfield College, Oxford.
1900. cCHARLES FREDERICK FORSHAW, Esq., LL.D.,  
D.C.L., M.R.DublinS., F.R.Hist.S., Baltimore  
House, 4, Hustler Terrace, Bradford.
1905. A. E. MANNING FOSTER, Esq., 3, Hartfield Road,  
Eastbourne.
1907. WILLIAM WARDE FOWLER, Esq., M.A., Fellow and  
Tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford. Lincoln  
College, Oxford; and Oxford and Cambridge  
Club.
1897. ARNOLD FRANCKE, Esq., 50, Lewisham Park, S.E.
1898. †J. G. FRAZER, Esq., M.A., LL.D., D.Litt., D.C.L.,  
4, Parkside, Cambridge.
1894. †F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt., St.  
George's Square, Primrose Hill, N.W.
1906. cHIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA SAYAJIRAS GAEKWAR,  
Ruling Prince of Baroda, Baroda, India.
1892. cSHRIMANT SAMPATRAO K. GAIKWAD, M.R.I.,  
M.R.A S., F.R.C.I., Baroda, India.
1907. FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Hon.  
Sc.D., Cambridge, 42, Rutland Gate, S.W.  
and Athenæum Club.
1902. ARTHUR HAROLD GARSTANG, Esq., 20, Roe Lane,  
Southport.



Year of  
election.

1883. WILLIAM BLACHFORD GEDGE, Esq., c/o Messrs.  
Pope & Plante, 42, Old Bond Street, W.
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REPORT  
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AND  
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THE RIGHT HON. LORD COLLINS, LL.D., D.C.L.  
S. H. BUTCHER, ESQ., M.P., D.LITT.  
E. H. PEMBER, ESQ., K.C., M.A.  
W. J. COURTHOPE, ESQ., C.B., D.LITT.  
G. W. PROTHERO, ESQ., D.LITT.  
PROF. J. W. MACKAIL, M.A., LL.D.  
W. L. COURTNEY, ESQ., M.A., LL.D.

### Council.

PERCY W. AMES, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A.  
REV. CANON BEECHING, M.A., D.LITT.  
THE VEN. ARCHDEACON BEVAN, M.A.  
JAMES CURTIS, ESQ., F.S.A.  
PROFESSOR M. A. GEROTHWOHL, D.LITT.  
EDMUND GOSSE, ESQ., M.A., LL.D.  
EMANUEL GREEN, ESQ., F.S.A.  
MAURICE HEWLETT, ESQ.  
H. M. IMBERT-TERRY, ESQ.  
REV. J. ARBUTHNOT NAIRN, LITT.D., B.D.  
PHILIP H. NEWMAN, ESQ., R.B.A., F.S.A.  
ROBERT W. RAMSEY, ESQ.  
REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., F.S.A.  
M. H. SPIELMANN, ESQ., F.S.A.  
R. INIGO TASKER, ESQ.  
THE BARON DE WORMS, F.S.A.

### Officers.

Treasurer.—SIR EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B.

Hon. Foreign Secretary.—REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., F.S.A.

Secretary and Librarian.—PERCY W. AMES, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A.

Auditors.—{ DAVID TOLLEMACHE, ESQ.  
CHAS. A. BRADFORD, ESQ., F.S.A.

Honorary Solicitor.—T. CATO WORSFOLD, ESQ., 9, Staple Inn, Holborn, W.

# Royal Society of Literature.

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## ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

MAY 25TH, 1910.

IN the absence of the EARL OF HALSBURY, E. H. PEMBER, ESQ., *Vice-President*, took the Chair.

THE Notice convening the Meeting was read by the Secretary. The Minutes of the Anniversary Meeting of 1909 were read and signed. The following was presented as the—

## REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

THE following telegram was sent from the Society on May 7th, 1910 :

TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

The President, Council, and Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature desire most respectfully to

express their deepest sympathy with your Majesty in the great sorrow caused by the lamented death of our beloved Sovereign King Edward the Seventh, and pray that your Majesty may be sustained in this heavy bereavement.

The following reply was received :

TO THE PRESIDENT ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Queen Alexandra sends you her sincere thanks for your kind expressions of sympathy in her sorrow.

The following address has been sent to the King :

TO HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY KING GEORGE  
THE FIFTH.

May it please your Majesty.

The President, Council, and General Body of the Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom desire to approach your Majesty to express their profound sense of the great and sad loss occasioned by the deeply deplored death of His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward the Seventh, their honoured and beloved Patron, and most respectfully to assure your Majesty of their deepest sympathy.

They also desire dutifully to express their loyal devotion to your Majesty and their prayers that your Majesty's reign may be long, peaceful and prosperous.

Reply :

Home Office,  
Whitehall,  
27th May, 1910.

SIR,—I am commanded by the King to convey to you hereby His Majesty's thanks for the loyal and dutiful address of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom on the occasion of the lamented death of His Late Majesty King Edward the Seventh.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
(Signed) WILFRED S. CHURCHILL.

The Secretary,  
Royal Society of Literature,  
20, Hanover Square, W.

The Council of the Royal Society of Literature have the honour to report that since the last Anniversary Meeting, held on May 26th, 1909, there have been the following changes in, and additions to, the number of Fellows of the Society.

They have to announce the loss by death of—  
ROBERT CHURCHILL DUFF, Esq., C.I.E.  
THE MARQUESS OF RUFORD, K.G.

KENNETH MCKEAN, Esq.

WM. J. VANDENBERGH, Esq.

And by resignation of—

WILLIAM WATSON, Esq.

PAUL FERDINAND WILLERT, Esq.

On the other hand, they have to announce  
the election of the following :

A. F. M. ABDUL ALI, Esq.

ALFRED AUSTIN, Esq.

LAURENCE BINYON, Esq.

ANDREW CECIL BRADLEY, Esq., Litt.D.

ROBERT BRIDGES, Esq., M.A.

JOSEPH CONRAD, Esq.

RT. HON. R. B. HALDANE, M.P., F.R.S.

REV. JAMES HYDE.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM PATON KER, M.A.

ANDREW LANG, Esq., D.Litt.

RT. HON. SIR ALFRED LYALL, K.C.B., G.C.I.E.

RT. HON. VISCOUNT MORLEY, O.M., F.R.S.

GEORGE GILBERT MURRAY, Esq., LL.D.

SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO.

PROFESSOR WALTER RALEIGH, M.A.

VEN. ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, D.D.

EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON, Esq.

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN, Esq.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, Esq.



## OBITUARY NOTICES.

ROMESH CHUNDER DUTT, C.I.E., barrister-at-law, was elected a Fellow of the Society in 1899, and served on the Council 1903-4. On June 14th, 1899, he read a paper on the *Maha-Bharata*, and on October 24th, 1900, another on the *Ramayana*, which were printed in the "Transactions," vols. xxi and xxii respectively. In 1869 he passed the Open Competition Civil Service for India, taking third place in order of merit. He held the office of Divisional Commissioner, 1894 and 1895; Revenue Minister of Baroda State, 1904-6; he was a member of the Royal Commission on Decentralisation in India, 1907-8. He wrote a series of historical and social novels in Bengali, a translation of the *Rig Veda* and other Sanscrit religious works into that language. In English his writings include 'Civilisation in Ancient India'; 'Economic History of India, 1757-1837, and 1837-1900'; 'Lake of Palms, a Story of Indian Domestic Life,' and several translations of Indian poetry. His writings

and speeches were marked by culture and distinction, and his agreeable personality won for him a large number of friends who mourn his loss. He died on November 30th, 1909.

KENNETH MCKEAN was elected in the same year as Mr. Romesh Dutt and died on the same day. He served on the Council, 1903-6.

The MARQUESS OF RIPON, K.G., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., F.R.S., sometime Viceroy of India, was elected a Fellow of the Society in 1870, and continued to it his support till his death, which occurred July 9th, 1909.

WILLIAM J. VANDENBERGH, F.R.S.E., F.R.M.S., of Adelaide, S. Australia, was elected in 1906 and died on May 8th, 1909.

Since the last Anniversary Meeting the following "Transactions" have been issued to the Fellows: Vol. xxix, parts ii, iii, and iv.

The Council has arranged to publish, under Dr. Richards' Trust, a Syriac MS. of the twelfth century entitled 'A Book of Medicine.' The text will be edited and translated by Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge.

The Balance-sheet for 1909, showing the financial state of the Society, after being laid on the table for the information of the Fellows, is printed with this Report as follows :

Royal Society of Literature.

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### CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1909.

Dr.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance forward	...	...	132 18 2	By Rent and House Charges	...	...	253 8 9
Dividends on Investments	...	...	208 0 1	Salaries and Commissions	...	...	252 10 0
Entrance Fees, Donation, and Composition ...	...	...	45 3 0	Stationery and Postages	...	...	42 9 1
Subscriptions	...	...	331 16 10	Printing...	...	...	117 3 10
Sale of Publications	...	...	21 5 1	Library	...	...	6 13 4
Cash from Deposit	...	...	200 0 0	Medal Account...	...	...	18 17 6
				Balance—Cash at Bank and in hand...	..	..	248 0 8
							<hr/>
							£939 3 2

Vouchers produced.

**Examined and found correct.**

*April 14th, 1910.*

D. TOLLEMACHE.  
ROBT. W. RAMSEY.

# BALANCE-SHEET, DECEMBER 31ST, 1909.

<i>Liabilities.</i>	£	s.	d.	<i>Assets.</i>	£	s.	d.
To Amount owing for Rent ...	...	...	57 10 0	By Investments—			
Entrance Fees, Donation, and	...	...	...	£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock,	196	0	0
Composition received in 1909	...	...	45 3 0	1931 ... ..	...	...	...
Dr. Richards' Fund at date, viz.—				£1659 2s. 11d. Queensland 4 per	...	...	...
Principal as estimated, and ac-				cent. Stock, 1924 ... ..	1700	12	6
cumulated interest, brought				£1690 11s. 6d. London County	...	...	...
forward ... ..	£2642	15 0		3½ per cent. Stock ... ..	1707	9	7
Interest received in 1909 ...	78	0 11		£2119 10s. Canada 4 per cent.	...	...	...
Sales of Publications; balance				Stock, 1904 ... ..	2140	13	11
of Mr. Henry Frowde's ac-							
count... ..	0	2 10		Cash at Bankers ... ..	...	...	5744 16 0
	2720	18 9		Stock of Publications (as estimated) ...	...	...	238 0 8
Decreased value of Investments	43	6 3	2677 12 6	Dr. Richards' Fund, Investments, and Cash—	...	...	250 0 0
Balance, being surplus at 31st Dec., 1909 ...	6130	3 8		£500 Consols ... ..	...	...	414 13 9
				£1800 Metropolitan 3½ per cent.	...	...	...
				Stock ... ..	1818	0 0	...
				£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock... ..	196	0 0	...
				Cash at Bankers ... ..	248	18 9	...
					2677	12 6	...
					£8910	9 2	...

Examined and found correct according to Messrs. Coutts & Co.'s Statement of the Consols and Inscribed Stocks in their possession.

April 14th, 1910.

D. TOLLEMACHE.  
ROBT. W. RAMSEY.

The following Papers have been read before the Society since the last Anniversary Meeting:

I. May 12th, 1909. The Baron de Worms in the chair. A Paper on *Notable Incidents and Persons in the Early History of the Royal Society of Literature* was read by the Rev. Dr. Rosedale, Hon. Foreign Secretary.

II. May 26th, 1909. Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Some Poems of Matthew Arnold* was read by Professor F. S. Boas, M.A.

III. October 27th, 1909. Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Swedenborg as a Man of Letters and Book-lover* was read by Dr. Wm. E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L. Also a Paper contributed by Signor Antonio Fogazzaro on *Giacomo Zanella in Relation to English Poetry* was read in Italian by Mowbray Marras, Esq., and an English translation of the same, made by the Rev. Dr. Rosedale, was read by the latter.

IV. November 24th, 1909. Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Hon. F.R.S.L., in the chair. A

Paper on the *Nō Dramas of Japan*, and a translation of the *Nō Sumida gawa* made by herself, was read by Dr. Marie C. Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S.

V. January 26th, 1910. E. H. Pember, Esq., K.C., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *John Donne, Poet and Preacher*, was read by the Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair, D.D.

VI. February 23rd, 1910. Emanuel Green, Esq., F.S.A., in the chair. A Paper on *Some Modern Features in an Ancient Author: Xenophon*, was read by W. J. Courthope, Esq., C.B., D.Litt.

VII. March 11th, 1910. S. H. Butcher, Esq., M.P., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Science and Literature* was read by Professor C. Lloyd Morgan, F.R.S., LL.D.

VIII. March 23rd, 1910. Robt. W. Ramsey, Esq., in the chair. A Paper on *Henry Fielding and his Works* was read by Emanuel Green, Esq., F.S.A.

IX. April 7th, 1910. E. H. Pember, Esq., K.C., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The Symbolic Use of Number in the 'Divina*

*Commedia' and Elsewhere* was read by Howard Candler, Esq., M.A.

X. April 27th, 1910. The Right Hon. Lord Collins, LL.D., D.C.L., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Goethe on English Literature* was read by Professor P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.L.

The Secretary, acting also as Librarian R.S.L., has drawn up the following report of donations to the Library of the Society since the last Anniversary. These are classified under the several headings of Governments or Societies, Home, Colonial, and Foreign; Public Institutions, and Individual Donors.

#### SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

##### *Home.*

ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Journal to date.

EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION.—Journal to date.

MANCHESTER GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Journal to date.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.—Proceedings and Journal.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.—Proceedings and Transactions.



ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Geographical Journal to date.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Proceedings.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON.—Proceedings to date. *Archæologia*, Vol. LXI, Part I.

——— General Index to Proceedings, Vols. I to XX.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—Calendar.

#### GOVERNMENTS.

##### *Colonial.*

NEW ZEALAND.—From the Registrar-General. Statistics of the Dominion of New Zealand.

#### SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

##### *Colonial.*

CANADA, DOMINION OF.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.—Proceedings and Transactions.

——— Geological Survey, Annual and Summary Reports, N.S., with Maps.

——— Department of Mines. Descriptive Sketch of the Geology and Economic Minerals of Canada. By G. A. YOUNG.

——— Geological Reconnaissance. By W. H. COLLINS.

AUSTRALIA.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—  
Journal and Proceedings.

NEW ZEALAND.—NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE.—Transactions and Proceedings. From Sir James Hector, Director Colonial Museum of New Zealand.

*Foreign.*

BELGIUM.—SOCIÉTÉ DES BOLLANDISTES.—*Analecta Bollandiana*.

DENMARK.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES, COPENHAGEN.—*Mémoires*, N.S.

ITALY.—ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, TURIN.—*Atti and Memorie*, continued to date.

——— ROYAL LOMBARD INSTITUTE, MILAN.—*Rendiconti*, 8°. Ser. ii continued to date.

RUSSIA.—IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, ST. PETERSBURG.—*Bulletins*.

SWEDEN.—ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF UPSALA.—*Skrifter utgifna af Kungl Humanistiska Vetenskaps-Samfundet*, Band XII.

The Society has received the following from individual donors :

CARUS, DR. PAUL, *Author*.—Philosophy as a Science.

DAKYNs, H. G., *Author*.—The March of the Ten Thousand. A translation of the Anabasis, and Life of Xenophon.

DENT & Co., *Publishers*.—A New Light on the Renaissance. By Harold Bayley.

DYKE, HENRY VAN, D.D., LL.D., Hon. F.R.S.L., *Author*.—Poems. (Five vols.)

——— The Poetry of Tennyson.

——— The Blue Flower.

——— Out of Doors in the Holy Land.

——— Little Rivers.

——— The Ruling Passion.

——— American Orators and Oratory.

GORDON, MRS. ELLA MARY, D.Litt., F.R.S.L.—Birds of the Loch and Mountain. By Seton P. Gordon.

HEYSE, PAUL, DR. PHIL., Hon. F.R.S.L., *Author*.—Der Salamander.

——— Mythen und Mysterien.

——— Neue Gedichte.

——— Ein Wintertagebuch.

——— Thekla.

——— Gedichte.

HIGGINSON, COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH, *Author*.—Carlyle's Laugh.

——— Army Life in a Black Regiment.

——— Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic.

——— Longfellow.

——— Cheerful Yesterdays.

——— Translation from the Greek of the Works of Epictetus.

HUGGINS, SIR WILLIAM, K.C.B., O.M., D.C.L., LL.D.,  
Sc.D., F.R.S., etc., *Author*. The Royal Society.

LIGHTHALL, W. D., K.C., F.R.S.L., *Author*.—Master  
of Life.

LÜTZOW, THE COUNT, Ph.D., D.Litt., *Author*.—History  
of Bohemia.

MITCHELL, S. WEIR, M.D., Hon. F.R.S.L., *Author*.—  
Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker.

PEMBER, E. H., M.A., K.C., *Author*.—*Debito Flacco*.

PROCTOR, HENRY.—*Monumental Facts v. Historical  
Fictions*. By Henry A. Marchant, with Notes  
on Languages, by Henry Proctor, and Preface  
by the Rev. L. G. A. Roberts.

RAYMOND, PROF. GEORGE LANSING, *Author*.—*Art in  
Theory*.

——— *The Representative Significance of Form*.

——— *Poetry as a Representative Art*.

——— *Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture as  
Representative Arts*.

——— *The Genesis of Art—Form*.

——— *Rhythm and Harmony in Poetry and Music*.

——— *Proportion and Harmony of Line and Colour*.

——— *Dante and Collected Verse*.

SABATIER, PAUL, *Author*.—*Les Modernistes*, 3rd edition,  
Paris, 1909.

THE TOWN CLERK, Guildhall, E.C.—*Calendar of Letter  
Books*. Circa A.D. 1400–1422. Edited by  
Reginald B. Sharpe, D.C.L.

WILLIAMSON, GEORGE C., D.Litt., *Author*.—Portraits, Prints, and Writings of John Milton.

WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD, LL.D., Litt.D., Hon. F.R.S.L., *Author*.—Heart of Man.

——— Ralph Waldo Emerson.

——— Great Writers.

——— The Torch.

——— Swinburne.

——— Poems.

——— Makers of Literature.

——— Life of Edgar Allan Poe (2 vols.).

——— Nathaniel Hawthorne.

——— The Inspiration of Poetry.

——— *Editor*.—Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The thanks of the Society are due to the respective Editors and Proprietors of the following Journals for presentation copies: The *Athenæum* and the *Edinburgh Review* to date.

The subscription has been continued to the New English Dictionary.

The list of names recommended by the outgoing Council as the Officers and Council for

1910-11 having been submitted to ballot, the scrutineers, Rev. Dr. Rendall and Rev. Dr. Joseph B. Mayor, reported that the House List was adopted by the meeting. The list will be found *ante*, on the leaf facing the commencement of the Report.

On behalf of the Council Mr. H. M. Imbert-Terry moved, and Mr. P. H. Newman seconded, that the amended Bye-Laws be adopted by the Meeting. This was carried unanimously, and thereupon, in pursuance of Bye-law 2, Rule 13, it was moved by Mr. Imbert-Terry and seconded by the Rev. Dr. J. Arbuthnot Nairn, and carried unanimously, that the following Fellows be appointed original Members of the Academic Committee :

ALFRED AUSTIN.

LAURENCE BINYON.

ANDREW CECIL BRADLEY.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

SAMUEL HENRY BUTCHER.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

JAMES GEORGE FRAZER.  
EDMUND GOSSE.  
RICHARD BURDON HALDANE.  
THOMAS HARDY.  
HENRY JAMES.  
WILLIAM PATON KER.  
ANDREW LANG.  
SIR ALFRED COMYN LYALL.  
JOHN WILLIAM MACKAIL.  
THE VISCOUNT MORLEY.  
GEORGE GILBERT MURRAY.  
HENRY NEWBOLT.  
EDWARD HENRY PEMBER.  
SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO.  
GEORGE WALTER PROTHERO.  
WALTER RALEIGH.  
GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN.  
ARTHUR WOOLLGAR VERRALL.  
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

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## FOREIGN SECRETARY'S REPORT.

THE shadow of so great a loss as that of our Patron King Edward, though not actually occurring in 1909, must not make us forget another which dimmed the literary horizon, otherwise singularly devoid of anything disagreeable. The death of so honoured a man as Björnstjerne Björnson might have been anticipated at no distant date in consequence of his advancing years, yet none the less do we feel that there has gone from our midst a great thinker and a great leader of men. As poet and novelist he had attained a world-wide reputation, but doubtless he has still to be recognised in his capacity of a preacher who inculcated a high measure of patriotism and unselfishness, and who sought above all else to raise mankind, by emphasising the divinity of humanity. The letter of condolence conveying the sympathy of this Society to his family has met with an appreciative response.

Turning, however, to the bright side of the year's events, I am glad to chronicle a closer



union of American literary circles with our own, and the fact that many leading men of letters in the United States have been enrolled among our Honorary Foreign Fellows cannot but be a matter of satisfaction to thinkers on both sides of the Atlantic. The list of American Fellows is a remarkable one, and certainly comprehensive. It includes :

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, 17, Quincy Street, Cambridge, Boston. Late President of Harvard University, LL.D. of Princeton, Yale, and John Hopkins, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, American Philosophical Society, etc., Officer of the Legion d'Honneur (France), etc.

*Chief works.*—Many works on scientific subjects ; Essays on Educational Reform ; Charles Eliot, Landscape Architect ; More Money for the Public Schools ; John Gilley ; The Happy Life ; Four American Leaders ; The Religion of the Future ; etc.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, 29, Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Colonel U.S. Army, M.A., LL.D. Harvard, Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the Royal Society of Canada, etc.

*Chief works.*—Army Life in a Black Regiment ; Young Folk's History of the United States ; Short Studies of American Authors ; Larger History of the United States ; Writing and Speech-making ; Women and Men ; Life of Francis Higginson ; The War World and the

New Book ; Concerning All of Us ; Such as They Are (Poems) ; Carlyle's Laugh ; H. W. Longfellow ; American Orators and Oratory ; Tales of the Enchanted Island ; etc.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, Kittery Point, Maine, and 130, West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, M.A., Litt.D., Yale, Oxon, Columbia, LL.D.

*Chief works.* — Poems of Two Friends ; Life of Abraham Lincoln ; Italian Journeys ; Life of Rutherford B. Hayes ; Tuscan Cities ; A Little Girl among the Old Masters ; Modern Italian Poets ; The Unexpected Guest ; The Coast of Bohemia ; My Literary Passions ; Heroines of Fiction ; Literature and Life ; Certain Delightful English Towns ; Between Dark and Daylight.

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE, 8, Hilliard Street, Cambridge, Boston, Mass., LL.D. Chicago, Litt.D. Harvard, Professor of English, Harvard University, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and American Geographical Society, Member of American Philosophical Association, American Antiquarian Society, Massachusetts Historical Society, etc., Hon. Secretary American Chaucer Society.

*Chief works.* — The Mother Tongue ; Words and their Ways in English Speech ; The Old Farmer and His Almanack ; English and Scotch Popular Ballads ; Date of Chaucer's Troilus, and other Chaucer matters ; Chaucer and Some of his Friends ; Notes on Witchcraft, etc.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL, 1524, Walnut Street, Philadelphia, M.D., LL.D., Harvard, Edinburgh and Prince-

ton, M.D. Bologna, Member of the National Academy of Sciences, Hon. Correspondent French Academy of Medicine, Member British Medical Association, late President Philadelphia College of Physicians, Trustee of the Carnegie Institute.

*Chief works.*—Many works on Neurology and Physiology; In War Time; Roland Blake; Far in the Forest; When all the Woods are Green; Hugh Wynne; Autobiography of a Quack; Dr. North and his Friends; The Wager and other Poems; Circumstance; Youth of Washington; Constance Trescot.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY, Beverley, U.S.A., B.A. Harvard, Litt.D., Amherst, Professor of English Nebraska University, Prof. Comparative Literature, Columbia.

*Chief works.*—History of Wood Engraving; Edgar Allan Poe; The Inspiration of Poetry; Studies in Letters and Life; The North Shore Watch; The Heart Makers of Literature; Wild Eden; Nathaniel Hawthorne; America in Literature; Algernon Charles Swinburne; R. W. Emerson; Great Writers; Editor of numerous standard works, etc.

HENRY VAN DYKE (Rev.), Avalon, Princeton, New Jersey, U.S.A., D.D. Princeton, Harvard Yale Union, Washington, etc.: Professor of English Literature, Princeton; President of Holland Society.

*Chief works.*—Reality of Religion; Poetry of Tennyson; The Christ Child in Art; Toiling of Felix and other Poems, etc.; The Ruling Passion; The Open Door; The School of Life; The Spirit of Christmas;

Little Masterpieces of English Poetry; Little Rivers; Out of Doors in the Holy Land; The Blue Flower; etc.

In reviewing the literary output of the past year, I turn to Germany as having the larger share in the world's production, and note a new work by our distinguished Fellow Professor Harnack, 'Entstehung und Entwicklung der Kirchenverfassung und des Kirchenrechts in den zwei ersten Jahrhunderten.'

There has also appeared a second edition of Eduard Meyer's 'Geschichte des Altertums.' The first half deals with what the author calls 'die Methodik der Geschichte und die Anthropologie,' and the second half with the most ancient historical peoples and their civilization (Kulturen) up to the sixteenth century before Christ—the Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, etc.

The first volume of E. Marck's 'Biography of Bismarck' has also been given to the world, and is a work that is creating much interest in German circles.

Our learned Fellow, Professor Wilamowitz-

Moellendorff, is just completing an important work, which is to form a part of Hinneberg's 'Kultur der Gegenwart.'

Lamprecht's 'German History' and Seeck's 'Untergang des Altertums,' besides being full of deep research, are both literary and artistic.

Dr. Liebermann, *facile princeps* in his own department, has written a pamphlet, 'Die Eideshufen bei den Angelsachsen,' which will be of great interest to students of legal history.

A third edition of Josef Duron's 'Grecian Architecture' has appeared, and contains a new article on Crete, which on the authority of recent discoveries contradicts many widely held opinions. For example, Duron ventures to deny that the wooden columns narrowing towards the base belong to Creto-Mycenian architecture.

In a work entitled 'Pharos, Antike, Islam und Occident,' Hermann Thiersch endeavours to form, with the help of numerous Arabic documents, a picture of early building operations, and points out the influence of the

Pharaohs in the minarets, and even sees in the towers of Christian Churches an evolution from the minaret.

‘The Composition of the Pompeian Frescoes,’ by Gerhart Rodenwaldt, is interesting. Rodenwaldt criticises the almost universally accepted opinion, as expressed in Helbig’s ‘*Untersuchungen über die campanische Wandmalerei*,’ that the Pompeian pictures are almost all after Grecian, and especially Hellenic, models. He tries to prove, amongst other things, that the Greek painters had no knowledge, or only a very slight knowledge, of landscape painting—that landscape painting came from the Roman painter.

Our well-known colleague Dr. Brandl, President of the German Shakespeare Society, has brought out a most elaborate and splendidly critical work on ‘The Cock of the North,’ of which he gives a most convincing explanation.

It may also be interesting to our Fellows to note that in the ‘*Archiv f. d. Studien der Neueren Sprachen*’ there is a most appreciative review of the Society’s Milton Lectures.

Two books have issued from the hands of Count Lützow, who has so patriotically given himself up to writing about his own country. The former is full of interest and research—‘The Life and Times of Master John Huss,’ whilst the latter is a new edition in Every Man’s Library of Count Lützow’s well-known standard work, ‘The History of Bohemia.’

From the point of view of the English student No. XV of the ‘Neuer Heidelberger Jahrbucher’ is of considerable interest. The work is entitled, ‘Die Briefe der Kinder des Winterkönigs.’ The author, Karl Hauch, has collected most of the extant correspondence written by the family of the Elector Frederick. The author quotes interesting letters from Charles I to his nephew, Karl Ludwig, whilst those of Elizabeth and Louise Hollandine throw a curious light on the conditions of monastic life at the time. Historically the work should prove of value.

The seventh volume of the ‘Philologische Schriften von Theodore Mommsen’ has appeared, as well as the fourth volume of ‘Wilhelm von Humboldt gesammelte Schriften.’ The point to

which this volume brings us, seems to indicate that the forthcoming volume will relate to Humboldt's visit to England, and ought to be particularly attractive. Considerable interest is being evinced in Germany over Humboldt literature. Whilst the work alluded to has been brought out by the Prussian Academy, private individuals have not been idle. 'Wilhelm und Caroline von Humboldt in Ihren Briefen,' of which the third volume has just been published, gives the reader a charming insight into the mind and character of the great German, but a deeper and more philosophical work is that by Eduard Springer, 'Wilhelm von Humboldt und die Humanitätsidee.' In this work the author has endeavoured to condense the best of all that has been previously written on the subject.

Of German novels, one by Mann, 'Königliche Hoheit,' shows deep psychological insight, though it is somewhat poor in plot. 'Die Arme Margaret,' by Enrika Baronin Handel-Mazetti, and 'Freiheit die ich meine,' by Emil Ertl, have created some discussion.

In France the more notable works are



Honoré d'Urfé,' by L'Abbé Reure, 'L'Œuvre, de Rabelais,' by Jean Plattard, 'Le Poète F. Mainard,' by Drouet, and a work by Lammonier on 'Ronsard the Lyric Poet.' Both Plattard and Drouet were formerly pupils of our colleague, M. Abel Lefranc. I cannot pass from this subject without mentioning a book by Emile Verhaeren, not this time in Flemish, but French, entitled 'Les Rythmes Souverains.' It contains a series of short poems on human experiences. Those on 'St. Jean,' 'L'Or,' and 'La Prière' are calculated to influence the reading world for good far more than poetry has lately done, whilst the author's outspoken stanzas on Martin Luther prove him to be a man of great courage, to say the least. It is interesting also to note that his works have been published by the "Le Mercure de France."

Professor Cordier, of Paris, is preparing, and will shortly publish, a most valuable work on the comparative value and the results of the discoveries of ancient records and languages in Central Asia. No one is more capable of dealing with this difficult subject, to which I alluded

last year, and it is to be hoped that Professor Cordier may see his way to make some communication to the Society on so interesting a subject.

In Austria Professor Gompertz is preparing a further volume of his great work, 'Greek Thinkers'; Vol. III appeared last August.

Our congratulations, too, are due to Dr. Paul Heyse, who has reached his eightieth year, and who has received tokens of esteem from many quarters, including Florence. To a gratulatory address sent him from that city he replied by means of a sonnet, which he entitled, 'An Italien,' which appeared in the continental newspapers.

In Denmark Harold Höffding has published a work on 'Danish Philosophers.' H. Obrik has written a historical work on the great Archbishop-statesman of the middle ages, Absalon. Fresh volumes of Villh. Andersen's great work on 'Danish Humanism' have appeared, and Fr. Rønning has written on Grundtviz, the great Bishop-poet.

Dr. Vedel, one of the Fellows of this Society, has published an interesting book, entitled 'Heldenleben,' setting forth the ideals of the middle ages.

Of the Danish-Norwegian literature published during the last year, undoubtedly the most important is the issue of the posthumous papers of Henrik Ibsen. These three volumes, embodying several of the Master's most famous works, will be invaluable in the study of that great writer.

During the past year we have received a considerable number of the works of American writers, which have been added to the Library, whilst the papers contributed by Professor Vambéry and Signor Fogazzaro have been much appreciated by the Society.

In congratulating M. Maeterlinck on the phenomenal success of his play, 'The Blue Bird,' we may also give publicity to the fact that a play of M. Verhaeren has been translated into English and will be performed in this country during the present year.

Professor Vedel accepted the Society's invita-

tion to visit us last year, and has expressed himself as gratified by the heartiness of the reception accorded him.

It is not improbable that during the coming year several of our Foreign Fellows may see their way to visiting this country.

In conclusion, I have to report that during the spring of this year I had the pleasure of paying visits to several of our Foreign Fellows, notably Professor Cordier and M. Verhaeren in Paris, Drs. Wille and Wundt in Heidelberg, and Professors Wilamowitz - Moellendorf, Brandl, and Liebermann in Berlin, and had the pleasure of staying with Maarten Maartens in his interesting Dutch château.

The aim of our Society is, I feel convinced, not unlike that of the great German poet, Goethe—the realisation of a world literature, in which the object of all great writers shall be to draw together the best from each nation and to contribute their best to other peoples; towards that end we can at least work.

H. G. ROSEDALE, D.D.,

*Hon. Foreign Sec.*

## FELLOWS OF THE SOCIETY.

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The sign † indicates an Honorary Fellow. c = a Compounder.

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election.

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Institute' (Calcutta), Deputy Magistrate and  
Collector, Eastern Bengal and Assam, Netro-  
kona, Mymensingh, India.
1899. ROBERT VICKERY ALLEN, Esq., A.C.P., F.E.I.S.,  
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S.E.; and Authors' Club.
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23, Grosvenor Crescent, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
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Warden of All Souls College, Oxford; and  
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1910. †ALFRED AUSTIN, Esq., Poet Laureate, *Member of*  
*Academic Committee*, Swinford Old Manor, Ash-  
ford, Kent.

Year of  
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1868. WILLIAM E. A. AXON, Esq., LL.D., 3, Albany  
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1904. FREDERIC WILLIAM BANKS, Esq., Beau Morice  
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tutional Club.
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Trenchard, Lew-Trenchard House, N. Devon.
1907. REV. HENRY CHARLES BEECHING, M.A., D.Litt.,  
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Cloisters, Westminster.
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M.A., F.R.Hist.S., Fellow of Magdalene College,  
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Haddenham, Isle of Ely; Tremans, Horsted  
Keynes, Sussex; and Athenæum Club.
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Year of  
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1894. †REV. STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE, M.A., LL.D., 1, Manchester Square; and Athenæum Club.

Year of  
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Year of  
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Year of  
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Year of  
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Year of  
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and 57, St. Georges Street, Cape Town, S. Africa.
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æum Club.
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1908. REV. JOHN ARBUTHNOT NAIRN, Litt.D., B.D.,  
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Year of  
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## SOME SPANISH INFLUENCES IN ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

BY MARTIN HUME, M.A.(CAMB.), F.R.S.L.

[Read February 24th, 1909.]

THE dazzling light that flooded Western Europe from the Italian Renaissance has to a great extent blinded the eyes of men to the pure though fainter rays of the morning star of Spain, which heralded its coming and continued to add lustre to its brightest day. At a time when Italy was but faintly stirring, groping for the half-forgotten classical forms and traditions which presently it was to transmit to succeeding ages in new and modern shape, Spain had already gone back to the fountain-head of Greek and Eastern lore, and the libraries of Moslem Cordova, and Seville were centres of busy learning, where texts from Greek, Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Sanscrit, and Chaldean were studied, copied, and commented upon, and were presently to disseminate their influence throughout Europe, thanks mainly to the Jewish and Mozarabic scholars who translated and adapted them into modern tongues.

In its long migration through the ages of luxurious-cultured Rome the classical literature, when it at length appeared in new Italian form, had

lost most traces of its Oriental origin. It had grown graceful, facetious, sensuous, and the world hailed it with delight, for the world was starved, and hungered for intellectual brightness and grace.

But the literature that the Arab Caliphs and their Jewish colleagues brought, and caused to be copied in such vast quantity from the Eastern libraries, had passed through no such transforming process. In Spain itself practically all trace of Latin culture had been lost during the ages of Moorish domination and struggle, and an entirely new re-introduction was made straight from the Orient, pure, strong, and austere. The form of letters which inspired the Spanish writers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and through them reached the rest of the world, was therefore simple, sententious, and didactic. The inculcation of wisdom, the instruction of inexperienced youth by age, the enforcement of a moral was the main object of all such literature; and from this source already the tradition of didacticism and sententiousness had gained firm hold, especially in England, where the national character so closely resembles that of Spain, when the Italian novelle and short stories came to delight a world eager for amusement. In England, indeed, the tendency has never disappeared from the time of Caxton to our own.

The apologues and proverbs, which in this country were the first signs of the awakening, were mainly inspired by Spanish originals, and were invariably presented as moral teaching, however licentious they might be in matter. The more joyous Italian and Frenchman reduced the moral to



a minimum and soon suppressed it altogether; but the Spaniard, and the Englishman who borrowed from him, continued to express abhorrence of the sin, which he nevertheless dwelt upon with malicious glee. This was the influence mainly exercised upon English letters by Spanish thought even down to so recent a period as that of the Tudors. The coming of Catharine of Aragon to England, and the closer political relations with Spain in consequence of the States of Flanders and Holland being ruled by the Spanish king, made the influence from that time forward considerably stronger. Spanish bishops, professors and courtiers came in the train of the Spanish Queen Consort, and brought with them Spanish fashions and modes of thought. One of them, the famous Latinist, John Luis Vives, a great friend of Sir Thomas More, a professor at Oxford and tutor to Queen Mary, wrote all his books in Latin, but they were purely Spanish and didactic in spirit. His 'Instruction to a Christian Woman,' translated by Richard Hyrde, and his 'Introduction to Wisdom,' translated by Sir Richard Moryson, were for many years after 1540 the constant reading of every English gentlewoman who could read at all, and practically moulded the feminine ethics of Tudor England.

But when Elizabeth was Queen and an heroic age dawned, with great thoughts and soaring aspirations that burst the bonds of old convention, with strong ambitions, national and personal, and with exalted ideals of conduct and life, then the need arose for a suitable linguistic vehicle for its expression. England yearned for something else that Spain could give

her besides the clear-cut apothegms, sententious crystals teaching impossible morality, and apologues conveying wisdom by anecdote. She needed a redundant, sonorous, and inflated phraseology. The man who supplied both desiderata, and whose influence is clearly seen throughout the Augustan age of English letters, was a Spanish bishop, one Antonio de Guevara, bishop of Mondoñedo, Confessor to the Emperor Charles V. His two most famous books were 'The Dial of Princes,' otherwise 'The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius,' and 'Familiar Letters.' The first is a set of moral apologues or short stories of pretended classical origin, infinitely tedious now, and the second a series of epistles also inculcating moral lessons. At first sight it is difficult to understand why these books, which were certainly not wiser or better than the many other didactic works that had preceded them, should have exercised so strong a fascination over Elizabethan England, where they were read and quoted by everybody as the quintessence of political subtlety, and the choice sentences of them collected and repeated by everyone who aspired to an elegant literary taste. The book of Marcus Aurelius was translated first from the French by Lord Berners in 1534. Then Sir Francis Bryan, the friend of Henry VIII, translated the 'Dispraise of the Life of a Courtier,' afterwards called 'The Looking-Glass for the Court,' and 'The Familiar Epistles' was translated by Edward Hellows in 1574.

The Dial of Princes, or Marcus Aurelius, especially became a perfect craze in England, and the contemporary Casaubon said that no book in the

world except the Bible had been so often translated and reprinted. The quality which made the works of this Spanish bishop so fashionable in Elizabethan England was the extraordinary redundancy, obscurity, preciousity and allusiveness of the language. They were written in the early sixteenth century, when Spain was in her heroic age and needed exuberant expression, and they seized hold of English taste later in the century for a similar reason.

Signs of admiring imitation of the style were seen in England even before the advent of Elizabeth, for the famous book of jests of Dr. Andrew Boorde is clearly influenced by it. But it was not until 1579 that a young man of twenty-five bettered the instruction, and produced a book in avowed and close imitation of Guevara, both in didacticism and pomposity. The 'Euphues' of John Lyly was one of the most successful books ever written in English, the first of a numerous tribe of followers, and its influence upon English forms of expression was immense. The allusiveness of the style and its affectation were at once adopted by Elizabeth and her literary court, and soon all the fine flower of England were constructing verbal puzzles, in which the meaning had to be painfully discovered by patient tracking through a maze of allusions. It is true that Lyly had some sort of modern story upon which to thread his lessons, and this of itself was an innovation that accounted for much of his popularity, especially with women readers, whom he principally addressed. He takes his young Athenian, Euphues, to foreign lands, and, moved

thereto by the sights he sees, he discourses upon morals, manners and worldly wisdom with a pompous, wordy preachiness and reiteration of illustration that leaves the reader in nebulous dismay. In Lyly's second book or part he brings *Euphues* to England, and here the affectation is more tiresome still, because as the matter is pure panegyric the wisdom is less apparent. The illustrations of Guevara, which often fill pages, during which the main argument waits, are mostly taken from real and imaginary classical or Biblical history; but Lyly, being strong upon the empirical natural history of his time, oftener takes his endless illustrations from the peculiarities of birds, beasts and plants. The effect, however, is the same, and the involved allusiveness that for the later years of Elizabeth's reign overwhelmed English prose was as purely Spanish as was the sententious proverbial philosophy which formed its main intellectual peculiarity.

There was another Spanish book, however, besides those of Guevara, that influenced the origin of '*Euphues*,' the first English modern novel. This was a true work of genius, and a literary starting-point of the highest importance—a long novel in dialogue form, printed in Spain in the last year of the fifteenth century, called '*Celestina*, or the Tragic-Comedy of Calisto and Melibea,' whose influence upon Elizabethan literature in another direction I shall mention presently. The story is that of a lover who enlists the foul aid of a professional witch and procuress to obtain access to his blameless lady. The end is tragic for both, indeed for all concerned, but the story is unfolded with vigour, directness and

wit that at that time had all the attraction of novelty. The scenes are laid no longer in imaginary regions or amongst characters who are merely abstract qualities, but in the streets, market-places and brothels of a Spanish city, and with personages of flesh and blood speaking the common speech of the day and moved by passions familiar to all.

The book was first published in English entire in 1631, after Lyly's time; but it was well known in Elizabethan England long before that, for a translation was licensed in 1598 in London, and it was current in French quite early in the century. Before Lyly wrote 'Euphues,' moreover, the full story of 'Celestina' had been told upon the English stage; Lyly's gibes about the wiles and devices of evil women are almost the same as those found in 'Celestina,' and there are many other indications that the Spanish book had influenced his own; 'Celestina,' indeed, was a revelation to the world at large as to the possibilities that lay behind realistic fiction in the way of descriptive character writing, but it had a more direct formative influence upon English Elizabethan drama than upon the novel, as I shall have occasion to point out presently. For the moment I wish to confine myself to the Spanish origin of English narrative fiction. We have seen that 'Euphues,' the first novel proper in modern England, owed its style and its didactic tendency to Spanish models. Its machinery was possibly of classical origin, for the wandering student, with a wise philosophical mentor, was not unknown to ancient letters.

But there was in the middle of the sixteenth

century, before 1554, another Spanish experiment made in fiction, almost as pregnant as was 'Celestina.' This was, you will recollect, an age of literary experiment, and men of all nations were searching for the best vehicle in which to convey their fancies. The chivalric romance had become too artificial and extravagant to carry belief to a generation which was doing great deeds for itself. The discovery and exploration of distant lands, the probing of Nature's secrets, the rise of learning, the decline of serfdom, and the assertion of freedom in religion and nationalities caused men to yearn for realism in their reading, for they were too close to fact themselves to need beguilement from dreams. So, with the decline of the impossible hero of chivalry and his self-sacrificing exaltation there came as a reaction the vulgar rogue hero who lived in the squalid cities that sheltered most of the readers of the time. The first experiment in presenting him—and it was so successful that it has never varied much in its methods—was published in Spain about 1550. It borrowed its machinery from the books of knight errantry, in so far as it made its hero peripatetic, but it used him more as a peg upon which to hang descriptions of the acts of others and of the scenes he passed through than in developing his own character.

'Lazarillo de Tormes,' as the book was called, was the first true picaresque novel, and represents episodes in the life of a beggar-boy living by his wits. The roguish tricks of servants and boors had often before been collected in book form; but 'Lazarillo,' disconnected and crude as it was, yet told a



continuous story, and told it with marvellous spirit, wit and satiric observation. Its success was great in Spain, and even long before it was published in English by one of Gresham's clerks named Rowlands in 1576, it was well known to English men of education. Spanish culture and the Spanish tongue, it will be recollected, were already the fashion. Naples and Milan were Spanish cities, Antwerp and Brussels were ruled by the Spanish King and were filled with Spanish influence; and it was only natural that English scholars should turn, as they did, to Spanish books for inspiration, either in the original language or in French or Italian translations.

In any case, the effect of the publication of 'Lazarillo de Tormes,' with its scenes of squalid roguery, was promptly seen in England. The machinery was an ideal one to enable piquant descriptions to be presented, satirising the life of the day as seen by a realistic vagabond. It enabled the author to thread lightly upon the general plot as many incidents as he pleased, to take up and drop characters as he liked, and it was possible, whilst revelling, as 'Celestina' had done, in salacious and criminal detail, for the author to respect the traditional proprieties by the affectation of a moral lesson to be taught. In parenthesis I may say, however, that the first of the rogue tales, 'Lazarillo,' is less conspicuous in this respect than its numerous followers.

English fiction up to the third quarter of the sixteenth century had been almost confined to tales from the Arthurian romances, Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' and some adaptations of the Italian and

French short stories in prose and verse, Boccaccio, Bandello and others being the principal source of plots for the earlier English dramatists. But 'Lazarillo de Tormes' opened up new ground, and was largely read in England in Rowlands' translation, and continued with its sequels and imitations to be popular for a hundred years. Like 'Celestina,' it was the very reverse of Euphuistic, simple, straight and witty, with no literary affectation. It needed much originality and hard struggle for an English literary man of the day to free himself from the fashionable influence of 'Euphues,' whose strange allusive and alliterative jargon was the courtly style. Two clever young bohemians attempted it, however, and turned to the Spanish rogue tale with its moral purpose for their new inspiration. Robert Greene and Thomas Nash, friends and boon companions, both began by writing stories in Euphuistic vein, some invented, some borrowed from Italian, Latin, and French sources.

Greene was one of those literary roysterers of Elizabeth's day, who thought they might live by the pen independent of the patron. Such men were condemned in most cases to die in penury after a life of revolt against slavish convention and of vicious indulgence. He had travelled abroad, and had rubbed shoulders with the great; but he was no sycophant. A man prompt to quarrel, even with his best friends; and when vice and misery broke down his health and spirits he turned into copy his experience and observation of the criminals and rogues amongst whom his poverty and habits forced him to live. He produced his pamphlets of low life



rapidly and with facility to provide himself with bread, shelter and wine, for they sold well, and his rivals were more popular on the stage than he. The "Cony-catching Pamphlets," as he called them, were, in fact, so many short rogue tales inspired by the similar experiences of the Spanish picafoon, Lazarillo. They represent the sordid life of London sharpers, beggars and courtesans as vividly as Lazarillo describes those of Spain. One especially, called the 'Life and Death of Ned Browne,' is a true picaresque short novel on the Spanish model, and was published just before Greene's unhappy death.

This man, Robert Greene, pitiable yet lovable, was the first to introduce into English literature thus crudely the continuous quasi-autobiographical rogue tale from Spain, and he was followed in his experiment by his only faithful friend, Thomas Nash, who presented us, not with fugitive pamphlets, like those of Greene, representing vicious life, and ostensibly prompted by repentance, but with a regular English peripatetic novel that may compare favourably with some of its Spanish exemplars—'The Life and Adventures of Jacke Wilton.'

Besides this really new departure in English novel writing, obviously originating in Rowlands' translation of 'Lazarillo,' Nash, like his friend Greene, wrote some powerful rogue pamphlets scourging the vices of Elizabethan London, such as 'Pierce Penniless' Supplication to the Devil,' and 'Christ's Tears over Jerusalem'; but these are less conspicuously Spanish in form, and less important as a literary starting-point than 'Jacke Wilton.' This novel of

movement was published in 1594, nearly twenty years after 'Lazarillo' had been made popular in England in Rowlands' translation. It tells the story of a roguish young court page of the time of Henry VIII, a lad of good birth but small means, who goes to the wars and plays endless pranks in order to provide himself with comforts and indulgences for which he had no money to pay. Like the Spanish *picaro*, he delights in his own tricks, especially those he plays at the expense of the victualler attached to the English army in France, a character as humorous and clear cut as some of Shakespeare's best. He is, indeed, a very Falstaff, a fat, pompous coward, who has married the hostess of the tavern, but will not therefore bate one jot of his gentility.

It should be noticed that this first English rogue tale and biographical novel of real life had changed in one respect in its passage from Spain to England. Spain urgently needed the anti-hero in squalid surroundings as a reaction against the artificiality of the chivalric tales, which had for three quarters of a century fed the nation with false ideals and unpractical philosophy. England had in the time of Elizabeth no such need, for the nation was in the fullest vigour of its expansive youth and there was no reaction. The men of Elizabeth's day looked facts in the face. The ineffable altruistic knight of Celtic fancy was dead long before as a convincing character in England, and the crapulous rogue was not yet needed in English literature to kill him. So Jacke Wilton, though a mischievous and not too scrupulous youngster, was neither a beggar nor an habitual criminal, and the scenes

through which he passed were not of repulsive squalor and vice as were those in the Spanish tales of the same sort.

The influence of the Spanish picaresque fiction upon English literature was not felt to anything like its full extent until after Elizabeth's death, though its effects exist strongly even to this day; but it is well to recognise that all the subsequent English novels of the same form, through Defoe, Smollett, Fielding, and Dickens, took their origin from the same Spanish source as Greene's "Cony-catching Pamphlets" and Ned Browne and Thomas Nash's 'Jacke Wilton.'

The Spanish influence upon the literature of England of the time of Elizabeth was not by any means confined to the novel of movement. I have mentioned already the strongly didactic tendency which also characterised English serious writing of the same period. The 'Essays and Apothegms' of Bacon are good specimens of this tendency. Every writer and statesman of standing produced his collection of epigrammatic gems, either drawn from his works or specially compiled; and the polishing of these pebbles of wisdom in the form of proverbs, apothegms, sentences and the like, for the instruction of sons, was a favourite literary occupation. Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Burghley, Sir Francis Walsingham and a dozen others gave their names to such collections of sententious maxims for the guidance of youth; and the famous Antonio Perez, of whom I shall speak at length presently, gave from his asylum at Essex House powerful impetus to this tendency of sententious proverbial expression

in English letters of the time, as well as outdoing Lyly and Guevara himself in the affected obscurity and pompous allusiveness which was fashionable at Elizabeth's Court.

Shakespeare's lines abound in clever hits at both the Spanish tendencies to which I have referred. You may see the pompous alliteration and allusiveness of Guevara and Perez in the speeches of Falstaff, when in the roystering frolic at the "Boar's Head" he represents the King and considers it necessary to use the court language in the first part of Henry IV. It is burlesqued again more broadly still in the characters of the two pedants in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' and Armado in the same play, and in the conversation between Osric and Hamlet; whilst the admonition of youth by means of sage maxims, which as I have shown was purely of Spanish origin, is immortalised in Polonius.

One of the greatest patrons of the Spanish influence upon the literature of his time was Sir Philip Sidney. He was the godson of Philip II; many members of his family were attached to the Catholic faith, and were strong Spanish partisans; his cousin was the famous Duchess of Feria, and he himself was a perfect Spanish scholar, to whom were dedicated many of the very numerous translations of Spanish works that appeared in England in his time. He was, with his sister, Lady Pembroke, the centre of the most literary set of the court, and it is not surprising that his friends, such as Richard Carew, Abraham Fraunce, Hakluyt and Spenser, should follow his lead and look to Spanish originals for inspiration. To Sidney must be attributed the

popularisation in England, from a Spanish model, of a type of literature not really native to Spain, but which had for a time become fashionable there as an Italian introduction. The pastoral romance was fully as artificial as the romances of knight errantry had been, and to some extent replaced them as a vehicle for fancy when the knights had grown so extravagant and inflated as to provoke scornful laughter rather than admiration.

Shepherds and shepherdesses in Arcadian surroundings had been a classical tradition, and had become popular again in Italy in the hands of Sannazzaro early in the sixteenth century. But it was a Portuguese writing in Spanish, one George de Montemayor, who improved and modernised the pastoral form to suit the more elegant writers of Elizabethan England. The 'Diana' of Montemayor was written largely in prose with lyrics introduced in the narrative; and the courtly inflation and pomposity of its style fell in with the prevailing taste in Spain. This was the model adopted by Sidney for the 'Arcadia,' which he addressed to his beloved sister. The plot of the 'Arcadia' is, of course, not identical with that of 'Diana,' though the beginning is similar, but there are many points of resemblance, whilst the style is throughout reminiscent of the Spanish work. The only portions of 'Diana' actually translated in the 'Arcadia' are some exquisite lyrics by Sidney, but there is no question that the whole work is Spanish in its inspiration. It will be recollected that Sidney himself left instructions that the 'Arcadia' was not to be printed. It was deliberately written in the

inflated Euphuistic style then fashionable, and this style was not inappropriate to the artificiality of the pastoral romance itself, but doubtless Sidney, with his fine literary taste, saw its absurdity, and had no desire to link his fame with a style which sins against simplicity. 'Diana' was, almost simultaneously with the writing of 'Arcadia' (not with its publication), translated direct into English by Bartholomew Yong, and was widely read and copied in England, where the pastoral romance thenceforward held its ground until the early eighteenth century. That Shakespeare must have seen 'Diana' in English is almost certain for reasons I shall give, but it was probably in Yong's manuscript.

There were other great Englishmen besides Shakespeare who were enamoured of the pastoral by reading 'Diana.' The 'Shepherds' Calendar' of Spenser, published first in 1580, is confessedly inspired by the eclogues of Virgil and the Italian pastorals, but the plan of the work is clearly traceable to 'Diana'; and that this and the 'Faery Queen' assumed the form of pastorals was obviously because the pastoral had caught the literary taste owing to the popularity of the Spanish 'Diana' of Montemayor in England.

Although I am dealing in this paper only with the influence exercised by Spanish letters upon native English literature, it may to some extent explain the great and penetrating character of this influence by pointing out how numerous were the translations from Spanish books published in England at the time, and the very wide field they covered. I have mentioned the translations of Guevara's and Vives' books, which



found so enthusiastic a public here ; but the Spaniards of the time were not only the first philosophers, but the most notable soldiers and explorers, so that works dealing with travel, navigation and the science of war were turned into English and found here eager readers avid for information. I will not trouble you with a list of such books, nor of the equally numerous class dealing with religious controversy, which also came to England from Spain in the reign of Elizabeth ; suffice it to say that, in addition to the ‘ Dial of Princes or the Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius ’ and the ‘ Familiar Letters ’ of Guevara and other didactic books of morality which were read by everybody, Spanish originals were largely responsible also for the geographical and military knowledge then existing in England.

But it is to another branch of English literature to which I wish more especially to direct your attention, as receiving at its highest point of development some of its inspiration from Spanish sources. It is true that, at a later period than that of Elizabeth, the English drama was much more deeply indebted to Spain for its plots and complications than in the reign which now occupies us. The drama of intrigue, which flourished from the Restoration period far into the eighteenth century, received through the French playwrights, or direct, most of the ingenious complications which formed their stories from the inexhaustable mines of Lope de Vega, Calderon and their followers. But even the great English dramatists of the Elizabethan era could not avoid being influenced by what I have shown to have been the predominant literary taste of their time, and

Spanish influence is everywhere evident in their works.

I have already mentioned the epoch-making dialogue-novel, the ancestor of all modern realistic fiction, 'Celestina, or the Tragi-Comedy of Calisto and Melibea,' published in Spain in the last year of the fifteenth century, and I have pointed out how this work influenced the English novel initiated by Lyly. But the influence of Celestina upon the English stage was even earlier and more marked than on the novel. As early as 1530 an attempt was made to dramatise this vividly realistic tale, 'Calisto and Melibea.' "*A new Cōmodye in english, in maner of an entertude ryght elygant and full of craft of rethoryk, wherein is shewd and dyscrybyd as well the bewty and good propertes of women as theyr vycys and enyll cōdiciōs with a morall cōclusion and exhortacyon to vertew*"; and it was printed by John Rastell, the brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More. This interlude in verse is, indeed, a crude production, and although evidently intended for presentation upon the stage, it does not tell anything like the whole story, and ends with a wearisome sanctimonious sermon; but nevertheless the characters in the original were too vividly drawn to be killed even by translation, and, so far as it goes, this interlude, one of the very first realistic English stage plays, provided what people yearned for, namely, a reflection of real life on the stage, and it was the forerunner of the combined romantiç and realistic plays that reached their highest excellence in the hands of Shakespeare.

In 'Celestina' the love interest is as absorbing as



in 'Romeo and Juliet,' to which play, by the way, it bears much resemblance, whilst the low life in it is as boldly and truly portrayed as in the tavern scenes in Henry IV, where Dame Quickly and Doll Tearsheet are introduced. The story and manner of 'Celestina' were too good to be forgotten, and its dramatic possibilities were evident. In Spain it promptly found adaptors to the stage. We have seen that it did so in England also, notwithstanding Luis Vives' denunciation of the tale in his 'Instruction of a Christian Woman' as a "vile parent of naughtiness." But perhaps it was before its time, for it stood without a successor in English in the same style for several years. A play, now lost, is mentioned as being popular in London in 1580, called the 'Tragical Comedy of Calistus,' and this probably was some adaptation of 'Celestina.' Later, too, in 1591, the 'Stationers' Register' contains an entry which seems to prove that it was intended to publish a Spanish version of 'Celestina' in London; and in 1598 the same Register has the following entry as a book to be published: "*The Tragick Comedye of Celestina, wherein are discoursed in most pleasant stile manye philosophical sentences and aduertisements, verry necessarye for yonge gentlemen. Discoveringe the sleightes of treacherous serrants and subtile carriages of filthy breades.*"

It will be seen, therefore, that the book was well known in England at the time when the Elizabethan dramatists were forming their traditions and settling the lines upon which English dramas were to develop. The personages were no longer abstract types, but individuals with distinct characters; the incidents

were no longer scriptural or classical, but modern : and the romantic love interest was saved from insipidity by the contrast of vicious real life, such as might be seen outside the walls of the theatre. 'Celestina' did not enter into its full popularity in England, so far as it influenced the novel, until after Mabbe's fine translation of it appeared in 1631, but the early Elizabethan dramatists learnt from it how romance and reality might be effectively blended upon the stage. I am not desirous of minimising the debt that the English Elizabethan drama also owes to Italy, especially in the matter of plots and historical plays, but I claim for Spain the hitherto little-acknowledged credit of having first taught the English play-writers the attractiveness of presentations of real life, and the development of individual character upon the stage, though the first attempts were so crude, as 'Ralph Roister Doister' and 'Gammer Gurton's Needle.'

Lyly, Lodge, Peele, Kyd, and Greene all knew Spanish, and several of their comedies are inspired by Spanish subjects, such as Peele's 'Battle of Alcazar,' Kyd's 'Spanish Tragedy,' and Greene's 'Alfonsus, King of Aragon.' These were all worthy pioneers, who founded the traditions upon which Shakespeare worked : but it was their successors who looked to the Spanish dramatists mainly for their plots, especially Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Middleton and Rowley, though most of the plays thus indebted were written after Elizabeth's death.

In Shakespeare himself the traditions he inherited, as I have explained, are plainly observable through his individual genius. Most of his plots were taken

from Italian novelle or classical legends, either direct or through some English source, such, for instance, as poor Greene, from whom many stole; but the love of terse epigram and pregnant pronouncement, the blending of romance and reality, and the processional dignity of the style are all echoes of the prior influences which I have endeavoured to trace to Spanish sources. These indirect influences, however, are not by any means the only Spanish origins to be found in Shakespeare. I have already mentioned 'The Diana Enamorada' of Montemayor, the first prose pastoral tale with interpolated lyrics, which became naturalised in England by the genius of Sidney and prospered exceedingly. One of the stories introduced into Montemayor's pastoral is the incident of the shepherdess, Felismena, and this plot was adopted by Shakespeare practically unchanged in his 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' though one of the novelle of Bandello has a somewhat similar plot. The 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' was one of the earliest plays of the master, and was certainly written before the publication, in 1598, of Yong's translation of 'Diana.' This translation, however, is known to have been made by 1583, and was well known in manuscript; so that there was nothing improbable in Shakespeare's having learnt the story from this source.

This is not the only plot drawn by Shakespeare from a Spanish original. Amongst the many didactic books of apologues or moral short stories produced from Oriental originals by early Spanish writers was the famous compilation called the 'Book of

Patronio,' otherwise the 'Tales of Count Lucanor,' written by the Prince Don Juan Manuel early in the fourteenth century. The book had an immense influence throughout Europe; for its appearance even preceded the tales of Boccaccio, and it was the first collection of stories in the modern form of adventures drawn from real life. One of these stories tells how a young Moor was bold enough to marry a girl who was the terror of all her friends, and how he began the task of taming her as soon as they were left alone after the marriage feast was over. The process by which he does it is by out-Heroding Herod in blood-thirsty violence, killing all his domestic animals before his wife's eyes for disobeying his orders; and the bride, fearing the same fate, is cowed into trembling obedience to his most capricious commands. When early next morning the family go to the house, expecting to find the bridegroom either dead or badly mauled, they find instead the bride, white and panic-stricken, with finger on lip, praying her friends not to make a noise and wake her imperious spouse. Needless to say the couple lived happily ever afterwards.

Now this story, as you will see, is exactly that of 'The Taming of the Shrew.' The 'Tales of Count Lucanor' were early translated into French and Italian, and in those forms had been popular throughout Europe for a century before Shakespeare's time, though no English version had appeared. By whatever conduit the plot may have reached Shakespeare—probably it was Italian—there is no doubt that the original European source of 'The Taming of the Shrew' was Spanish. A diligent

search would doubtless show that several other plots which reached the Elizabethan dramatists in Italian form had similarly been derived originally from the Oriental apologues introduced to modern Europe by Spanish writers.

Not in plots alone, however, is Spanish influence on Shakespeare and his contemporaries to be sought. The large number of books on didactic subjects translated from the Spanish that were current in England at the time, forming the fashionable serious reading, cannot fail to have left traces, and, in fact, a close student of Spanish literature is constantly coming across reminiscences of his reading in the Elizabethan drama, often too fugitive to trace to a particular source, but quite unmistakable nevertheless. As a single instance let me mention one which has never been noted before. There was an extremely famous book published in Spain in the third quarter of the sixteenth century called 'Examen de Ingenios,' by a physician called Juan Huarte. The book was a very remarkable one, for it formulated a new theory of sanity, talent, and madness, making perfect sanity almost unattainable, because it consisted in the perfect and permanent equilibrium of the four humours, dryness, humidity, cold and heat, in the human organism, and it instructs how, by calculating the excess of a particular humour and the consequent increase of its corresponding mental quality, not only may the talent of an individual be controlled and directed, but the mental and bodily gifts of offspring be decided by pre-natal precautions. The work was very successful, and was translated through the

Italian into English ('An Examination of Men's Wits') by Richard Carew, a member of the Essex House coterie, and published in 1596 by Adam Islip. Many other editions followed rapidly, and the book was the subject of much speculation and discussion. I do not find any traces of Huarte's theory of sanity and madness in any of Shakespeare's studies of mental alienation (although I see many such traces in 'Don Quixote'), but other students of Shakespeare, more profound than I can hope to be, may probably do so: but that the great dramatist must have read Huarte in the translation of his friend, Carew, is obvious to anyone who will read Nym's quaint talk about "humours" in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' and the speech of the bastard, Edmund, in 'King Lear,' where he states the reasons for the mental and physical superiority of illegitimately-born children over those born in wedlock. As the speech and Huarte's original are somewhat coarse they need not be reproduced here.

The influence of Spain, vague though it might be at this period, was yet visible everywhere on English letters. The language was a fashionable accomplishment, and to patter a few words of Spanish was the universal affectation of the polite. The Spanish nation itself loomed gigantic in the world of politics, finance, arms, literature and the drama, dwarfing all other nations by its greatness, though that greatness was rapidly tottering to its fall. The character of its people, reflecting their national predominance and pride, was represented, especially in England and France—with both of which countries they were on bad terms—as overbearing, boastful and presump-



tuous. The type of swashbuckler so often introduced into the Elizabethan drama was purely the English view of the Spaniard of his day. To take only one instance, that of the Ancient or Ensign Pistol, the swaggering soldier who had picked up Spanish in the wars and interlards his vaunts with Spanish expletives, is evidently a burlesque upon the boastful captain of the grandiose Spanish drama, ostentatious, presumptuous and grandiloquent, that so many Englishmen had met upon the fields of Flanders and elsewhere. Spain and England were at war, and of course this type was held up to ridicule and made a coward as well as a rodomont, as in the circumstances was only natural.

How completely Spanish fashion dominated English society at the time is seen in Ben Jonson's 'Alchemyst.' There is a scene in that play where one of a gang of swindlers is made up as a Spanish nobleman, in order to impose upon a foolish young man and his widowed sister, who is to be drawn into marriage with the sham Spaniard for the sake of her money. The scene is played half in Spanish and half in English, and when the pretended count is introduced the poor lady is told that she is to be a Spanish countess. She asks if that is better than an English countess. After an expression of surprise that such a question should be asked the confederate, who is carrying on the fraud, continues :

"Ask from your courtier, from your Inns of Court man, from your mere milliner; they will tell you. . . . Your Spanish jennet is the best horse, your Spanish stoup your best garb, your Spanish beard the best cut, your Spanish ruffs the best wear, your Spanish pavan the best

dance, your Spanish titillation in a glove your best perfume; and as for your Spanish pike and Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak."

Not only were Spanish plots, especially, somewhat later than Elizabeth's time, freely used in English drama, but when the plots were taken from Italian or other sources the names of the characters were almost invariably Spanish rather than Italian.

That men so observant as the great Elizabethan dramatists can have failed to reproduce in their plays caricatures of some of their contemporaries for the delectation of those spectators who would recognise the originals is impossible to believe; although at this distance of time it is dangerous to be too sure about the identity of such caricatures, since much must have depended upon the manner and make-up of the actor for the resemblance. It has been so frequently asserted as to pass almost as an article of faith that Marlow's Barabbas in the 'Jew of Malta,' if not his Dr. Faustus, was a direct representation of the famous Portuguese Jew Court Physician, Dr. Lopez. I must confess that I do not trace any special resemblance. Barabbas appears to me as simply an embodiment of greed and malice, and he was made a Jew because the prejudice against the race would naturally aid the illusion. Lopez was greedy, and Lopez, like Barabbas, had a daughter whom he loved; but when the 'Jew of Malta' was written Lopez was in high favour at court, and, although, doubtless, his medical rivals and others looked askance at him as a poisoner, it would not have been safe for any playwright to hold him up



too plainly to public execration upon the London stage.

It is, however, somewhat different with Shylock. The 'Merchant of Venice' was written when all England was shocked at the accusation that had brought Lopez to the gallows. The man who had (so it was untruly said) conspired with the national enemy, Spain, to poison his benefactress the Queen, and had appealed to Christ upon the gallows to prove his innocence, was beyond pity; and I have no doubt that the actor who first represented the part did manage to suggest to his audience the person of the unhappy Jew Lopez. That Shakespeare himself intended to suggest some resemblance between his typical Hebrew usurer and the man whom all England hated is more than probable. The name of Lopez suggests wolf, and wolf is again and again applied as a characteristic term to Shylock. The gallows, too, is frequently mentioned in connection with his fate, though Shylock in the play is of course allowed to go free; and Lopez's sanctimonious expressions during his trial and execution would seem to suggest Antonio's words of Shylock—"The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose." But I am not disposed myself to carry the parallel too far, and can hardly suppose that Shakespeare ever meant to give a full-length portrait of Lopez in Shylock or the resemblance would have been much closer than it is.

There is, however, at least one character in Shakespeare that I am convinced is intended for a faithful caricature of a particular Spaniard, and, as I have not seen the suggestion elsewhere, it may be well to give somewhat at length the reasons for

my belief. In the summer of 1593 there arrived in England one of the most extraordinary characters in history. He was Antonio Perez, who had been for many years the trusted Secretary of State and friend of Philip II. A man of vast ability and inordinate vanity, he had, for reasons which I need not here dwell upon, gained the undying hate of the master whom he had betrayed, and whose closest secrets he alone knew. He had raised rebellion against his sovereign, he had derided his justice and escaped his claws; and for the rest of his life he devoted himself to blackening the character and subverting the aims of the most powerful monarch on earth, whose enemies he served.

He came to England from Henry IV of France (Henry of Navarre) to intrigue with the English Puritan party and aid them in their efforts to keep England at war with Philip, by the side of the King of France, who was in death-grip with his foe. Perez was welcomed by the Earl of Essex and his satellites the Bacons, and lived whilst in England mostly at Essex House, treated with almost royal honours. His charm was extraordinary; every person who has left on record an impression of him speaks of his strange fascination. He was subtle, witty, malicious and false; he betrayed everybody that trusted him, and saw through men as through a glass; but withal, though he was feared, his manners and speech made him the laughing-stock of the Court as soon as his back was turned and his patron, the Earl of Essex, was out of hearing. He was an elderly man, incredibly emaciated, a bag of bones he frequently calls himself, for his sufferings in Spain at

the hands of the Inquisition had been long and cruel. He was over-dressed, extravagant and inflated in his speech, making even 'Euphues' simple in comparison with his affected pedantry, and his posturings and gestures were ridiculous in the extreme. All this is historical and undoubted.

So long as Essex and the Puritan party could keep him in England to aid them by embittering relations with Spain the better was Perez contented, for he loved comfort, luxury and safety, all of which he found in the devoted care of Essex, who delighted in his company. But in the pursuit of the intrigue, and to obey the King of France, who was equally anxious to have him near him, he was obliged to return to France and the war in the summer of 1595, and though he hankered to get back again to England, Henry would not let him go. The great Bearnias, indeed, would hardly allow Perez out of his sight he admired him so, and he piled gift upon gift upon him. Essex was jealous and vexed, and so was Perez, whose petulant letters ended by boring the Earl. Perez failed, too, in his attempts to keep Elizabeth up to the war pitch desired, and he sold everybody all round; so that by 1597 Perez was no longer admired but only laughed at by the English court.

One of Shakespeare's earliest plays was 'Love's Labour's Lost,' and in it there was a character called Braggart, apparently an Englishman, although no copy of the original form is known to exist. But in 1597 or early in 1598 the play was remodelled and acted at Court, and then there appeared instead of Braggart the character of Don Adriano de Armado, the Spanish favourite of the King of Navarre of the play.

So long as Perez had enjoyed Court favour in England it would have been unsafe to lampoon him; but in 1597 or 1598 he was utterly discredited in England, his friend Essex was sick of him and his importunities and airs and graces; and then he was fair game for those who had in secret laughed at him before. Don Adriano de Armado, with his affected pedantry of speech, exactly reproduces the peculiarities of Perez's exaggerated style. Many of his letters have been printed in Spanish and Latin, and the famous book of his troubles that he wrote in Essex House, and published in 1594 in London, stands as a witness to his style. He was fond of making presents of scented gloves, and perfumes and cosmetics of his own making to his friends at Court; and every present was accompanied by a letter, many of which are still preserved. In these letters the very expressions used are almost identical in some cases with Armado's extravagant quips. This is how the King of Navarre speaks of Armado in the play:

“A refined traveller from Spain,  
 A man with all the world's new fashion planted  
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;  
 One whom the music of his own vain tongue  
 Doth ravish like enchanted harmony.  
 A man of compliments whom right or wrong  
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny,  
 This child of fancy that Armado hight.”

and he says of him:

“I protest I love to hear him lie.”

You will recollect the letter which Armado in the play addresses to the King, beginning—

"Great Deputy, the Welkin's vice-regent and sole dominator of Navarre, my Soul's earth's God and body's fostering patron."

Compare this with a few of the lines in Perez's dedication of his 'Relaciones' to Henry IV, and you will see that the caricature is only slightly exaggerated.

"Our Lord guard your Majesty for many years, that you may exercise those virtues of piety, fountains of many others, poles of the movements and concerts of the realms, stability and beauty of the political edifices, to your own glory, the happiness of your vassals, the envy of other realms, the example for other princes and the admiration of all the world."

Many letters in this and still more extravagant style written to Henry exist, and doubtless some of them, or those similar letters written to Essex, must have been seen by whoever wrote in the character of Armado in 'Love's Labour's Lost.' In one letter written from England to Henry, Perez says that he will return to France because he has left his soul behind him there with the King, and without it he cannot live.

"Pardon me, sire, the boldness of the compliment, but the soul, sire, has its loves, and uses compliments as the body does, compliments which break through the bounds of all earthly respect."

Here are a few lines of another letter written by Perez to Henry: "I send you the water from my soul's eyes, sire; and from my entrails I would with joy distil it for your health and life, but that I am

already too dry even to distil, and so am useless for that"; and then he proceeds to play upon distilling hearts and minds instead of bodies with much far-fetched imagery.

To all the Earl of Essex's female relatives Perez was an assiduous courtier, and this is the letter he sends with a pair of gloves to Lady Knollys :

"I send your ladyship these dogskin gloves, unworthy gift to appear before such eyes. But I have seen a simple sea-shell accepted graciously from a pilgrim. Besides, these unworthy gloves go decked with the sweetest odour upon earth, and even in heaven, I mean love and faith; and these in a pilgrim should surely be held in esteem; for pilgrims wander and peregrinate, led alone by love and faith. Few have been proved like mine by all the blows of fate and fortune, for it is only to maintain them that I am a pilgrim and a wanderer. My lady, the material for these gloves is taken from a dog, the animal of all others famous for its fidelity. As such I crave you call me, and accept me in your grace and service. Do not disdain me, lady, for I have seen dogs in highly favoured places with the fair; and when I am useless for further service perhaps my hide will serve for gloves.—Your dog and servant."

This is genuine; you will recognise in it the true Armado style.

But if any doubt existed in my mind on the subject of the identity of the characters it would disappear on consideration of one word. The two pedants in the play meet, and one says to the other :

"I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the King's, who<sup>e</sup> is entitled, nominated or called Don Adriano de Armado."



To which Holofernes replies :

"*Novi hominem tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous and thrasonical. He is too pricked, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it."

To this his companion adds :

"A most singular choice epithet."

Now, the word thus doubly emphasised, the word "peregrinate," is unusual, nay, quite meaningless as it stands. But it has a special significance when it is recollected that the Peregrino (pilgrim) was Perez's favourite pseudonym. He signs his letters "Peregrino," he wrote his book under the name of "Peregrino," and in his writings he plays upon the word in every form and variation, as we have seen in his letter to Lady Knollys, so that the word "peregrinate" to describe Armado, dragged into this speech as the key-word, though meaningless by itself becomes quite clear when we identify Armado with Perez. The word "odd" is, of course, common, and might be used by anyone; but you will observe that this word also is markedly applied to Armado in the speech quoted, and it is curious that Standen, one of the Bacon-Essex secretaries, thus writes when he first saw Perez: "Surely he is, as we may say, an *odd* man, and hath his full sight everywhere. I have hardly heard of him, and yet, I know not how, I begin to admire him already."

The proof seems to me too clear to allow any doubt that in Don Adriano de Armado the Spaniard we have a vivid caricature of Antonio Perez.

An industrious study would doubtless divulge many more traces of Spanish influences in the rich English literature of the later years of Elizabeth. I leave the further investigation of the subject to purely literary students ; it has been a political historian's humble task to indicate some of the lines upon which such investigation may profitably be made.



## LITERARY MARTYRDOMS.

BY THE REV. P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read March 24th, 1909.]

THE story of literary martyrdom forms a curious page in the history of letters. In spite of the freedom of the press, over which some stern reviewers of books of the present age see cause to mourn, the roll of martyrs is not complete. Though rack, torture, and a violent death no longer await the rash scribe, there are crowds of literary aspirants who have, as they dreamed, reached fame, upon whom success smiled in the early days of their career and ere long deserted, who burned their boats when they had landed on the shores of El Dorado, and then ended their days in want and woe, martyrs to literature. We might mention the names of Edgar Allen Poe, whose centenary we have just been celebrating; of Robert Buchanan, who, in spite of his extraordinary literary activity, fell into misfortune, raved against letters, and said that he would rather see a son of his lying dead at his feet than that he should take up literature as a profession; or of George Gissing, whose melancholy shrouds his early writings, though, for a brief space, the sun shone on his latter days. But none can tell the muster roll

of the martyrs who have sacrificed their means of livelihood for the profession of letters, and then have failed, and found that in seeking the rewards of literature they have sacrificed the substance for the shadow. They are not all noble, these martyrs. In their distress they have not shown themselves very particular about the means they adopted to gain a livelihood. Like Satan, they have said, "So farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear, farewell remorse." The gutter press provides bread, though the mud sticks and clings and refuses to be shaken off. It is well not to judge the genius who has failed and fallen from his high aspirations, his dreams of success, applause, and affluence. The increasing struggle for existence in literary affairs, the ceaseless roll of that avalanche of books that threatens to overwhelm the world of letters, to ruin authors, destroy the life of books, tend to increase the roll of the martyrs, and the heart is moved with pity for the tired and wounded warriors who have sacrificed all for literature, and found her to be but a hard, cruel, and fickle mistress.

But our concern this afternoon is not with the records of modern martyrdoms, though in all ages fortune awaits the aspiring scribe with many wiles, and often treats him sorely. If she enrich any, it is but to make them subject of her sport. If she raise others, it is but to pleasure herself with their ruin. What she adorned but yesterday is to-day her pastime, and if we now permit her to adorn and crown us, we must to-morrow suffer her to crush and tear us to pieces. To-day her sovereign power is limited; she can but let loose a host of angry critics upon us;

she can but scoff at us, take away our literary reputation, and turn away the eyes of a public as fickle as herself from our pages. Surely that were hard enough! Can Fortune pluck a more galling dart from her quiver, and dip the point in more envenomed bitterness? Yes, those whose hard lot we shall presently consider have suffered more terrible wounds than these. They have lost liberty, and even life, on account of their works. The cherished offspring of their brains have, like unnatural children, turned against their parents, causing them to be put to death.

Fools many of them—nay, it is surprising how many of this illustrious family have peopled the world, and they can boast of many authors' names which figure on their genealogical tree—men who might have lived happy, contented, and useful lives, were it not for their insane *cacoethes scribendi*. And hereby they showed their folly. If only they had been content to write plain and ordinary commonplaces which everyone believed, and which caused every honest fellow who had a grain of common sense in his head to exclaim, "How true that is!" all would have been well. But they must needs write something original, something different from other men's thoughts; and immediately the censors and critics began to spy out heresy, or laxity of morals, and the fools were dealt with according to their folly. There used to be special houses of correction in those days, mad-houses built upon an approved system, for the special treatment of cases of this kind; mediaeval dungeons, an occasional application of the rack and other gentle implements

of torture of an inventive age, were wonderfully efficacious in curing a man of his folly. Nor was there any special limit to the time during which the treatment lasted. And, in case of a dangerous fit of folly, there were always a few faggots ready, or a sharpened axe, to put a finishing stroke to other and more gentle remedies.

One species of folly was especially effective in procuring the attention of the critics of the day, and that was satirical writing. They could not endure that—no, not for a moment; and many an author has had his cap and bells, aye, and the lining too, severed from the rest of his motley, because he would go and play with the Satyrs instead of keeping company with plain, dull and simple folk.

Far separated from the crowd of fools, save only in their fate, were those, who amidst the mists of error saw the light of Truth, and strove to tell men of her graces and perfection. The vulgar crowd heeded not the message, and despised the messengers. They could see no difference between the philosopher's robe and the fool's motley, the saint's glory, and Satan's hoof. But with eager eyes and beating hearts the toilers after truth worked on.

How many with said faith have sought her?  
How many with crossed hands have sighed for her?  
How many with brave hearts fought for her,  
At life's dear peril wrought for her,  
So loved her that they died for her,  
Tasting the raptured fleetness  
Of her Divine completeness?

In honour of these scholars of an elder age, little understood by their fellows, who caused them to

suffer for the Truth they loved, we doff our caps to-day, and honour the memory of bygone martyrs. The learning of the censors and critics who pronounced judgment on their works, was often indeed remarkable. A recondite treatise on Trigonometry was condemned, because the critics imagined it contained heretical opinions concerning the doctrine of the Trinity; and another work, which was devoted to the study of Insects, was prohibited because they concluded that it was a secret attack upon the Jesuits. Well might Galileo exclaim, "And are these, then, my judges?" Stossius, who wrote a goodly book with the title, '*Concordia rationis et fidei*,' which was duly honoured by being burnt at Berlin, thus addresses his slaughtered offspring, and speculates on the reason of its condemnation :

"Ad Librum a ministerio damnatum

Q. Parve liber, quid enim peccasti, dente sinistro.

Quod te discerptum turba sacrata velit ?

R. Invisum dixi verum, propter quod et enim,  
Vel dominum letho turba sacrata dedit."

We who live in this enlightened age when the freedom of the press is considered to be one of our most cherished institutions, may perhaps like to glance at the process, the mediaeval machinery, which caused our friend Stossius and others such sorrow. It is only possible to glance at the history of Press Legislation. It is an immense subject which would require a whole paper or sturdy volume for its elucidation. In all countries the freedom of the press is a plant of recent growth. Books supposed hurtful to the interests of government, reli-

gion or morality have been sometimes condemned to the flames, sometimes censured by particular tribunals, and sometimes suppressed. Heathen antiquity supplies some instances of the burning of obnoxious books, such as the reported destruction of the works of Protagoras at Athens, and of astronomical works, as well as the writings of Labienus by Augustus at Rome. Tacitus mentions a history by Cremutius Cordus, which the Senate, to flatter Tiberius, condemned, because it designated C. Cassius the last of the Romans. Diocletian, so Eusebius informs us, caused copies of the Scriptures to be burnt, and the orthodox Christians condemned to the flames at the Council of Nicaea the works of Arius. The writings of Nestorius were ordered to be burnt at the Council of Ephesus, and those of Eutychus at Chalcedon.

But the chief rigours of persecution began with the invention and progress of printing, when a crusade against literature was inaugurated by the Inquisition. In England, prior to the Reformation, ecclesiastical censorship was asserted, but only as collateral with the censorial rights of the crown, claimed by virtue of its general prerogative. The ecclesiastics, however, seemed to have exercised the chief control. Every book which had not come under the personal inspection of a bishop or archbishop was prohibited, and in 1526 we find the Bishop of London prohibiting a long list of books, including Tyndal's translation of the New Testament, and three years later upwards of 70 Latin books. After the Reformation the Crown claimed exclusive rights, and granted by letters patent the



right of printing or selling books as a monopoly. With Queen Mary came into existence the Worshipful Company of Stationers, whose records throw considerable light upon the literary history of the two following centuries. The Company was used by the Court of the Star Chamber, the great censorial authority of the Tudor and early Stuart period, for the purpose of prohibiting unlicensed books, destroying unlicensed presses, and searching for unlawful publications. In 1595 the High Commissioners ordered no book or pamphlet to be printed without the license of the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London.

The Long Parliament was quite as strict in controlling the press as any Stuart or Tudor monarch, and it was against the Parliament that Milton thundered forth his sonorous sentences in his 'Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing,' wherein he said, "Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all other liberties."

I cannot follow all the changes in the Press Laws. The records of the Stationers give many most interesting details. We find the following offenders whose presses were seized :—

Robert Walgrave, Roger Ward for printing grammars, catechisms, primers and other books, Robert Bourne, Henry Jefferson, Edward Venge, John Danter and others. A very objectionable practice was adopted in 1673 and subsequent years, that of damasking books. To damask means to obliterate. If any book were unlicensed or contained any statements that seemed obnoxious, the sheets were

damasked. Thus we find an order to "damask Leviathan" in 1673. In 1685 the Bishop of London, Henry Compton, ordered the Stationers to damask portions of the 'Loyall Protestant Tutor,' and a seditious book entitled, 'A Papist Misrepresented and Represented.' In 1595 the Stationers were very busy. On August 15th they had a grand bon-fire in their Hall by commandment of His Grace of Canterbury, and burnt little French books 8vo. and 'Surin's Chronicle.'

But it is impossible within the limits of this paper to pursue further the varied history of our press laws. We must, however, glance abroad and see the machinery whereby martyrs were made. The whole history of the 'Index Librorum Prohibitorum' is a remarkable page in bibliography. Without considering early efforts we find the University of Louvain at the command of Charles V preparing in 1546 an index of pernicious and forbidden books. The Inquisition at Rome in 1557 published the first Roman Index. The Council of Trent devoted much time and energy to the consideration of heretical works and published an Index, and the Congregation of the Index still exists to condemn and withhold from the faithful books that are deemed unfit for their reading. Such is the depravity of human nature that the publication of these lists had an opposite effect to that which was originally contemplated. The indices increased rather than diminished the sale of the condemned books. The publisher of the 'Colloquies of Erasmus' intrigued to procure the burn-



ing of his book, which raised the sale to 24,000 copies.

The expurgatory indices which purged books of certain passages considered by the correctors to be objectionable excited louder complaints than those which simply condemned books, because the executioners of books by, as Milton calls them, omitting or interpolating passages made the author say, or unsay, what the inquisitors chose; they drew off the life-blood and left the author a mere spectre. A licenser once said to a geometrician, "I cannot permit the publication of your book! You dare to say that between two given points the shortest line is the straight line. Do you think me such an idiot as not to perceive your allusion? If your work appeared I should make enemies of all those who find by crooked ways an easier admittance into court than by a straight line. Consider their number!" It is curious to note that Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' was proscribed in Spain "on account of the lowness of its style and the looseness of its morals."

I may say that my attention to this subject was first called by a little Latin book which I bought in Holland by Klotz published in Leipsic in 1751, and except for the miscellaneous works of Isaac Disraeli I found no English work which treats of books fatal to their authors. Some twelve years ago I wrote for the Booklovers' Library a volume with that title, but had to rely mainly for information on foreign works. Bayle's 'Biographic Dictionary,' 'Analecta de Calamitate Literatorum' by Menkenius, a book by Pierius Valerianus entitled, 'De

Infelicitate Literatorum,' Peignot's 'Dictionnaire Critique et Bibliographique des Livres condamnés au Feu,' and 'Infelix Literatus' by Spizelius, are some of the sources of information, but the subject has been singularly neglected by English writers.

We will now take some examples of Literary Martyrdom. Science in its infancy found many powerful opponents who, not understanding the nature of the newly-born babe, strove to strangle it. But the infant grew into a healthy child in spite of its cruel stepmother, and cried so loudly and talked so strangely that the world was forced to listen to its utterances. These were regarded with distrust and aversion by the theologians of the day, for they were supposed to be in opposition to Revelation and contrary to the received opinions of all learned and pious people. The controversy between Religion and Science still rages in spite of the declaration of Professor Huxley that in his opinion the conflict is entirely factitious, and the more recent valuable contributions of Sir Oliver Lodge. But theologians are wiser now than they were in the days of Galileo; they wait to see what scientists can prove, and then when the various hypotheses are shown to be true, it will be time enough to reconcile the verities of the Faith with the ascertained facts of science.

To those who believed that the earth was flat it was somewhat startling to be told that there were antipodes. This elementary truth of cosmology Bishop Virgil of Salzburg was courageous enough to assert as early as A.D. 764. He wrote a book in which he stated that men of another race, not

sprung from Adam, lived in the world beneath our feet. Virgil was expelled from the Church and deprived of his office. In spite of this censure and excommunication he was canonised by Pope Gregory XI. This example may be consoling to those martyrs who suffer for the sake of their books, when they reflect that perhaps subsequent ages may reverse the judgments which a hostile public has passed upon their works.

The facts of Friar Bacon's life are a little uncertain, but if the account of his imprisonment be true he was one of the earliest scientific authors whose works proved fatal to them. In 1267 he sent his book 'Opus majus' together with its abridgement 'Opus minus' to Pope Clement IV. After the death of that Pope he was cited by the General of the Franciscan Order to appear before his judges at Paris, and was condemned to prison. He is said to have languished there fourteen years, and to have died in his beloved Oxford worn out by his sufferings the year of his release.

The treatment which Galileo received at the hands of the ecclesiastics is too well known to be mentioned here. Milton in his 'Areopagitica' states that in Italy he found that for many years nothing had been written but flattery and fustian. "There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." At length wearied by his confinement, the squalor of his prison, and by his increasing years, he consented to recant his "heresy" and regained his

liberty, a blind and broken man. Besides his well-known scientific discoveries others might have been added to them had not his widow submitted his MSS to her confessor, who ruthlessly destroyed all that he considered unfit for publication. Possibly he was not the best judge of such matters.

Jordano Bruno, a contemporary of Galileo, is another famous writer. He wandered through Europe a knight errant of philosophy, *multum ille et terris jactatus et alto*, teaching letters. He came to London and was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Paris, Germany, Prague, Frankfort knew him. Imprudently he returned to Italy, was arrested at Venice, and after two years imprisonment was burnt alive. "You pronounce sentence on me with greater fear than I receive it," was his philosophic speech to his judges.

To the same period belongs Thomas Campanella, who, chiefly on account of his 'Atheismus Triumphatus,' was racked and tortured with terrible malignity. His ultimate fate is shrouded in obscurity. The persecution of Denis Didero, D'Alembert, and the Encyclopedists is well known, and need not be recorded.

The Reformed Church of Holland at the end of the seventeenth century was much exercised by Balthazar Bekker's 'Enchanted World,' in which he refuted the common notion with regard to demonical possession. Four thousand copies were sold in two months, a triumph for the author, but it caused his expulsion and speedy death. Some curious medals were struck to commemorate the controversy—a devil clad in a priestly robe, riding

on an ass and carrying a trophy. Isaac de la Peyrère suffered for the science of ethnology on account of his book on 'Pre-adamite Man.' He was imprisoned, his book burnt, but he escaped the flames according to his prophecy: *Parve, nec invideo, sine me, liber, ibis in ignem.*

Lucilio Vanani was burnt at Toulouse in 1619. He was a roving philosopher who, to add to his importance, assumed the high-sounding cognomen of Julius Caesar. France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and England knew him. He was an Atheist, and adopted the prudent fashion of pretending orthodoxy, setting forth with great skill and subtlety Atheistic arguments, and then refuting them by a weak and feeble defence, by foolish arguments and ridiculous reasoning, secretly exposing the whole Christian religion to ridicule. The inquisitors did not approve of this subtle method of teaching Atheism, and by way of converting Vanani burned him.

I must not omit to mention the French philosopher of the eighteenth century, Jean Jacques Rousseau, who for his work 'Emile' was obliged to flee for his life from France and Switzerland, where he was adjudged to prison, and then passed an anxious wandering existence, even imagining that his best friends wished to betray him.

Since the knowledge of Truth is the sovereign good of human nature, it is natural that in every age she should have many seekers, and those who ventured in quest of her in the dark days of ignorance and superstition amidst the mists and tempests of the sixteenth century often ran counter

to the opinions of dominant parties, and fell into the hands of foes who knew no pity. Inasmuch as Theology and Religion are the highest of all studies—the *aroma scientiarum*—they have attracted the most powerful minds and the subtlest intellects to their elucidation; no other subjects have excited men's minds and aroused their passions as these have done; on account of their unspeakable importance, no other subjects have kindled such heat and strife, or proved themselves more fatal to many of the authors who wrote concerning them. In an evil hour persecutions were resorted to to force consciences, Roman Catholics burning and torturing Protestants, and the latter retaliating and using the same weapons; surely this was, as Bacon wrote, "to bring down the Holy Ghost, instead of in the likeness of a dove, in the shape of a vulture or raven; and to set, out of the bark of a Christian Church, a flag of a bark of pirates and assassins."

The historian will not be surprised to find that by far the larger number of Fatal Books deal with the subjects of Theology and Religion, and many of them belong to the stormy period of the Reformation.

The first author we record whose works proved fatal to him was Michael Molinos, a Spanish theologian born in 1627, a pious and devout man who resided at Rome and acted as confessor. He published in 1685 'The Spiritual Manual,' which was translated from Italian into Latin, and together with a treatise on 'The Daily Communion' was printed with this title: 'A Spiritual Manual, releasing the soul and leading it along the interior way to the



acquiring the perfection of contemplation and the rich treasure of internal peace.' This work received the approval of the Archbishop of the kingdom of Calabria, and many other theologians of the Church. It won for its author the favour of Cardinal Estræus and also of Pope Innocent XI. It was examined by the Inquisition at the instigation of the Jesuits, and passed that trying ordeal unscathed. But the book raised up many powerful adversaries against its author, who did not scruple to charge Molinos with Judaism, Mohammedanism, and many other "isms," but without any avail, until at length they approached the confessor of the King of Naples, and obtained an order addressed to Cardinal Estræus for the further examination of the book. The Cardinal preferred the favour of the king to his private friendship. Molinos was tried in 1684, and three years later was conducted in his priestly robes to the temple of Minerva, where he was bound, and holding in his hand a wax taper was compelled to renounce sixty-eight articles which the Inquisition decreed were deduced from his book. He was afterwards doomed to perpetual imprisonment. On his way to the prison he encountered one of his opponents and exclaimed, "Farewell, my father; we shall meet again on the day of judgment, and then it will be manifest on which side, on yours or mine, the Truth shall stand." For eleven long years Molinos languished in the dungeons of the Inquisition, where he died in 1696.

The noblest prey ever captured by those keen hunters, the Inquisitors, was Bartholomew Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, in 1558, one of the richest

and most powerful prelates in Christendom. He enjoyed the favour of his august sovereign Philip II of Spain, whom he accompanied to England, and helped to burn our English Protestants. Unfortunately, in an evil hour he turned to authorship, and published a catechism under this title: '*Comentarios sobre et Catechismo Christiano divididos en quatro partes las quales contienen fodo loque professamor en el sancto baptismo, como se vera en la plana siguiente dirigidos al serenissimo Roy de España*' (Antwerp). On account of this work he was accused of Lutheranism, and his capture arranged by his enemies. At midnight, after the Archbishop had retired to rest, a knock was heard at the door of the chamber. "Who calls?" asked the attendant friar. "Open to the Holy Office," was the answer. Immediately the door flew open, for none dared resist that terrible summons, and Ramirez, the Inquisitor-General of Toledo, entered. The Archbishop raised himself in his bed, and demanded the reason of the intrusion. An order for his arrest was produced, and he was speedily conveyed to the dungeons of the Inquisition at Valladolid. For seven long years he lingered there, and was then summoned to Rome in 1566 by Pius V and imprisoned for six years in the Castle of St. Angelo. The successor of Pope Pius V, Gregory XIII, at length pronounced him guilty of false doctrine. His catechism was condemned; he was compelled to abjure sixteen propositions, and, besides other penances, he was confined for five years in a monastery. Broken down by his eighteen years imprisonment and by the hardships he had undergone,



he died sixteen days after his cruel sentence had been pronounced.

Samuel Clarke, born at Norwich in 1675, became Chaplain to Queen Anne and Rector of St. James's. His book, entitled 'The Scriptural Doctrine of the Trinity,' was declared to be opposed to the Christian belief, and caused him to be deprived of his offices by a decree of Parliament. Francis David, of Hungary, a learned but fickle genius on account of his book '*De Christo non invocando*,' was cast into prison by the Prince of Transylvania, where he died in 1599.

Another fickle person, Antonio di Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, had an extraordinary career. He was very learned, and a shining light in the Roman Church at the end of the sixteenth century. He took a leading part in the controversy between the Republic of Venice and the Pope, and after the reconciliation between the two parties was obliged by the Pope to pay an annual pension of five hundred crowns out of the revenues of his see to the Bishop of Segni. This highly incensed the avaricious prelate, who immediately began to look out for himself a more lucrative place of preferment. He applied to Sir Dudley Carlton, the English Ambassador at Venice, to know whether he would be received into the Church of England, as the abuses and corruptions of the Church of Rome prevented him from remaining any longer in her communion.

King James I heartily approved of his proposal, and gave him a most honourable reception, both in the Universities and at Court. All the English bishops agreed to contribute towards his mainten-

ance. Fuller says : " It is incredible what flocking of people there was to behold this old archbishop now a new convert ; prelates and peers presented him with gifts of high valuation." Other writers of the period describe him as " old and corpulent," but of a " comely presence " ; irascible and pretentious, gifted with an unlimited assurance and plenty of ready wit in writing and speaking ; of a " jeering temper," and of a most grasping avarice. He was ridiculed on the stage in Middleton's play, " The Game of Chess," as the " Fat Bishop." " He was well named De Dominis in the plural," says Crakanthorp, " for he could serve two masters, or twenty, if they paid him wages."

Our author now proceeded to finish his great work, which he published in 1617 in three large folios—' De Republicâ Ecclesiasticâ,' of which the original still exists among the Tanner MSS in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. " He exclaims," says Fuller, " in reading, meditation, and writing, ' I am almost pined away,' but his fat cheeks did confute his false tongue in that expression."

James rewarded De Dominis by conferring on him the Mastership of the Savoy and the Deanery of Windsor, and he further enriched himself by presenting himself to the rich living of West Ilsley, in Berkshire.

In an unfortunate moment he insulted Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, who determined to be revenged, and persuaded the Pope to send the most flattering offers if he would return to his former faith. . Pope Gregory XV, a relative of De Dominis, had just ascended the Papal throne.

The bait took. De Dominis, discontented with the *non multum supra quadrigentas libras annuas* which he received in England, and pining after the *duodecim millia Coronatorum* promised by the Pope, resolved to leave our shores. James was indignant. Bishop Hall tried to dissuade him from his purpose. "Tell me, by the Immortal God, what it is that can snatch you from us so suddenly, after a delay of so many years, and drive you to Rome? Has our race appeared to you inhospitable, or have we shown favour to your virtues less than you hoped? You cannot plead that this is the cause of your departure, upon whom a most kind sovereign has bestowed such rich offices." The Archbishop was questioned by the Bishops of London and Durham, by order of the King, with regard to his intentions, and commanded to leave the country within twenty days. He was known to have amassed a large sum of money during his sojourn in England, and his trunks were seized, and found to contain over £1,600. De Dominis fled to Brussels, and there wrote his '*Consitium Reditûs*,' giving his reasons for rejoining the Roman Church, and expecting daily his promised reward—a cardinal's hat and a rich bishopric. His hopes were doomed to be disappointed. For a short time he received a pension from Gregory XV, but this was discontinued by Urban VIII, and our author became dissatisfied and imprudently talked of again changing his faith. He was heard to exclaim at supper on one occasion, "That no Catholic had answered his book, '*De Republicâ Ecclesiasticâ*,' but that he himself was able to deal with them." The Inquisition seized him, and he was conveyed to

the Castle of St. Angelo, where he soon died, as some writers assert, by poison. His body and his books were burned by the executioner, and the ashes thrown into the Tiber. Dr. Fitzgerald, Rector of the English College at Rome, thus describes him: "He was a malcontent knave when he fled from us, a railing knave when he lived with you, and a motley parti-coloured knave now he is come again." He had undoubtedly great learning and skill in controversy,\* but avarice was his master, and he was rewarded according to his deserts.

Translators of the Bible fared not well. William Tyndale perished at the stake, though his 'Practice of Prelates' was mainly responsible for his fate. Arias Montanos, the author of the 'Polyglot Bible,' nearly shared the same punishment, but obtained pardon. It is a curious irony of fate that Montanos, who was one of the chief compilers of the 'Index Expurgatorius,' should have lived to see his own work placed on the condemned list. The story of the death of John Huss is well known. Antonio Bruccioli, who translated the Bible into the Tuscan language in 1546, was condemned to be hanged, but his life was spared. Enzinas, the author of a Spanish translation of the New Testament in 1543, was imprisoned and his brother burnt at Rome. I need not record the fate of Jansenist Louis Le Maistre, Gasper Peucer, Grotius, Pasquier Quesnel, François le Courayer, Savonarola, Michael Servetus the victim of Calvin, Sebastian Edzardt, William of

\* His opinion with regard to the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan over suffragan bishops was referred to in the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln.

Ockham the Invincible Doctor, and Abélard, all of whom suffered various misfortunes on account of their works.

We will pass from ill-fated Theologians to Historians, who can boast of many martyrs in their ranks.

Antonius Pelarius, styled "Inquisitionis Detractor," Professor of Classics at Sienna and Milan, was hanged, strangled, and burnt at Rome in 1566 on account of his works, one ground of accusation being that he signed his name Aonius instead of Antonius, which evidently showed his detestation of the Cross in the letter T.

Caesar Baronius, the author of a stupendous work 'Annales Ecclesiastici' (1588-93), would have attained to the Papal throne but for his work, which proved that Sicily belonged to the Pope and not to the King of Spain. This so enraged Philip III, who was master of Italy at the time, that he forbade his election. The disappointment and ill-health brought on by hard study killed him, and two booksellers who had copies of his work on their shelves were sent to the galleys.

Passing over John Michael Bruto, who by his 'History of Florence' incurred the wrath of the Medici and was forced to seek safety in exile, the Jesuit Berruyer, and Louis Elias Dupin, I may mention the Italian Peter Giannone, whose 'History of the Kingdom of Naples' caused his death in prison in 1758. He sought safety at Geneva, but a certain nobleman pretended to be his friend, admired his writings, invited him to dinner at a farm not far from Geneva, which happened to be in the Kingdom

of Savoy. The repast was scarcely over when the soldiers of the King of Sardinia entered and conveyed their prisoner to St. Angelo, where he died.

De Thou's history of his own time incurred the wrath of Richelieu, and caused sorrow, disappointment, and death not only to the author, but also the execution of his son, Frederick Augustus de Thou, who was pursued by the undying animosity of the powerful minister. Among other historians who have suffered are Beaumelle, the writer of the 'Memoires and Letters of Madame de Maintenon,' John Mariana the Spaniard, Count Primi, the author of the history of the war in Holland in 1672, the Swedish historian Rudbeck.

Anthony Urseus, of Forli, finished a great work, and left his study, wherein was a lighted lamp. During his absence the fatal flame enveloped his books and papers, and the poor author on his return went mad, beating his head against the door of his house raving blasphemous words. Few authors have had the bravery of Carlyle, who, when his 'French Revolution' was burnt by the thoughtlessness of his friend's servant, could calmly return to fight his battle over again, and reproduce the MS of that immortal work of which hard fate had cruelly deprived him.

The thorny subject of politics has had many victims, and not a few English authors who have dealt in statecraft have suffered on account of their works. The way to the block was worn hard by the feet of many pilgrims, and the fires of Smithfield have shed a lurid glare over this melancholy page of English history.



One of the earliest victims was John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, whose book against the divorce of Henry practically sealed his fate, before the question of the king's supremacy sharpened the headman's axe. Cardinal Pole's '*Pro unitate Ecclesiæ*' drew down the wrath of Henry on several members of his family, including his mother, though the author with much difficulty escaped the spies and assassins of the enraged monarch. Udal and Penry, the chief authors of the Marprelate books, were executed, and Hacket, Coppinger, Arthrington, and Greenwood all felt the vengeance of the Star Chamber. Dr. Cowell, the author of the '*Interpreter*' (1607) and of the '*Institutiones juris Anglicani*' (1605) was sent to prison, and escaped the hangman; but Fuller tells us that his death occurred soon after the condemnation of his book, and was hastened by his troubles.

Dr. Leighton, on account of his '*Syon's Plea against Prelacy*' (1628) was committed to the Fleet Prison for life, had to pay £10,000, degraded from the ministry, whipped at the pillory at Westminster, his ears cut off, his nose slit, and branded in the face with S.S. (Sower of Sedition), a sentence sufficiently severe to deter any rash scribe from authorship.

Maiming an author, cutting off his hands, or ears, or nose, seem to have been favourite methods of criticism in the sixteenth century.

John Stubbs, on account of his "*Discoverie of a Gaping Gulf whereinto England is like to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the bauns by letting her Majestie see the*"

sin and punishment thereof" (1579), was subjected to the loss of his right hand, which was cut off at Westminster by a butcher's knife and mallet. With amazing loyalty Stubbs took off his cap with his left hand and shouted "Long live Queen Elizabeth." Page, the bookseller, suffered with him. This is not the only instance of publishers and booksellers sharing the fate of authors. The printer of a conference about the next succession to the Crown (1594) was hanged, drawn, and quartered, but the authors, Parsons, Cardinal Allen, and Sir Francis Englefield were safe beyond seas.

William Prynne, the author of '*Histriomastrix*, or the Player's Scourge,' was one of the most famous victims of the Star Chamber. He had to stand in the pillory at Westminster and Cheapside, lose both his ears, and pay a fine of £5000, and to be imprisoned for life. His '*News from Ipswich*' cost him another £5000, the deprivation of the rest of his ears, which a merciful executioner had spared, and to be branded S.L. (Schismatical Libeller).

John Selden, on account of his '*De Decimis*,' suffered a long period of imprisonment. John Tutchin's '*Observator*,' Delanne's '*Plea for the Nonconformists*,' Samuel Johnson's '*Julian the Apostate*,' were other fatal books; and all men mourn the fate of Algernon Sidney, who perished on the scaffold on account of his political opinions and his book '*Discourse on the Government*,' a MS discovered at his house which furnished his enemies with a pretext for his condemnation, though the book contained nothing worse than the proposition that kings were subject to the law, and such copy-



book platitudes as that "Liberty is the mother of virtue, and slavery the mother of vice."

We will omit foreign political writers, but I may just mention the names of Edmund Richer, John de Falkenberg, Pietro Sarpi, Jerome Maggi, Jean Lenoir, Simon Linquet, Abbé Caveirac, and Dari-grand.

Authors have often been compelled to eat their words, but the operation has seldom been performed literally. One Theodore Reinking, a Dane, lamenting the diminished glory of his voice after the Thirty Years' War, wrote '*Dania ad exteros de perfidia Succorum*' (1644). It was not a very excellent work, neither was its author a learned or accurate historian, but it aroused the anger of the Swedes, who cast Reinking into prison, where he remained many years. At length he was offered his freedom on the condition that he should either lose his head or eat his book. Our author preferred the latter alternative, and with admirable cleverness devoured the book when he had converted it into a kind of sauce. For his own sake we trust his work was not a ponderous or bulky volume.

The dealers in the Black Art, Astrologers, Alchemists, and Magicians have sometimes suffered for their works. The more noted was Henry Cornelius Agrippa, a man of noble birth and learned in Medicine, Law, and Theology. His supposed devotion to necromancy and his adventurous career have made his story a favourite one for romance writers. Beyond exile and imprisonment he suffered little for his writings. Joseph Francis Borri, a famous chemist and charlatan, the author of '*The Key of*

the Cabinet of Borri,' suffered perpetual imprisonment in the Castle of St. Angelo. Urban Grandier, the author of '*La Cordonnier de Loudun*,' a victim of Richelieu, accused of casting spells of witchcraft on the Ursuline Nuns of Loudun, was burnt; and Dr. Dee, our English astrologer, fell into poverty, and died in misery, his downfall being brought about partly by his works, but mainly by his unfortunate connection with the impostor Kelly.

I have rather an affection for this poor Dr. Dee, occult philosopher, mathematician, astrologer. If it had not been for his relations with that arch-villain Kelly he would have left to posterity the fame of a learned author, a reformer of the calendar, a collector of MSS, and a man at whose feet the imperious Queen Elizabeth and five emperors were content to sit as humble learners. He was a great scholar and the friend of scholars. His book, '*Liber Mysteriorum*, or *True Relations with the Spirits*,' was published by Dr. Casanbon fifty years after Dr. Dee's death. In his later years we find him in poverty and wretchedness, pawning his plate and his wife's jewels, running into debt incredibly tormented with shame, "pinched for meat, drink, fuel, and cloathes," and dying at Mortlake a broken aged man. No life has been written of this sage. After 300 years' neglect this is to be remedied by Miss Charlotte Fell Smith, whose work is to appear this year, and who will doubtless do justice to the astrologer's memory.

To sit in the seat of the scorner has often proved dangerous, as the writers of satires and lampoons have found to their cost. Few victims of satirists

are like Frederick the Great, who said that experience had taught him to be a good post-horse, going through his daily stage, and caring nothing for the curs that barked at him along the road.

Count Roger Rabutin de Bussy was one of the princes of satire, but he jested dangerously at the court of the Grand Monarque, and his book caused him trouble. He earned the title of the French Petronius by lashing with his satirical pen the debaucheries of Louis and his court after the same manner in which the Roman philosopher ridiculed the depravity of Nero and his satellites. A little story comes in here which shows that it is not always wise to trust the ladies. He wrote a book, '*Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*,' in which he spared few of the ladies of the court. He had a great friend the Marchioness de Beaune, and showed her the MS. But the best of friends sometimes quarrel, and unfortunately the author Count and the Countess quarrelled while yet the MS was in her possession. A grand opportunity for revenge thus presented itself. She showed the severe verses to the ladies of the court, and they were very angry, and carried their complaints to the King, who sent poor Bussy to the Bastille, and then doomed him to perpetual exile.

The Italian satirist Trojan Boccalini, the elegance of whose style, his witticisms, and fine satire have earned for him the title of the Italian Lucian, on account of his books was seized at Venice by four hired assassins, cast on a couch, and beaten to death with bags filled with sand. Another Italian, Pietro Aretino, a venal, obscene, and unscrupulous

blackmailer, died at Venice in 1557. Some say he was beaten to death, others that he died through laughing at some unpleasant jests.

Giovanni Chinelli offended the doctor of the Grand Duke of Florence by his book '*Bibliotheca volans*,' which was burnt by the hangman, and its author imprisoned and banished. Nicholas Francus, another Italian, a true poet, who satirised Pope Pius IV, was by his successor Pius V hanged. Lorenzo Valla only just escaped the fire; and Ferranti Pallavicino, a witty canon, paid the penalty of his rashness in attacking Pope Urban VIII and the Barberini by a cruel death in the Papal palace at Avignon at the early age of twenty-nine years. Our own Daniel Defoe for his '*Shortest Way with Dissenters*' (1702) was condemned to the pillory and prison and his book to the flames. But all the venom of satirical writers seem to have been collected by that strange author, Gasper Scioppius, who had such a singular lust for powerful invective that he cared not whom he attacked, and made himself abhorred by all. This Attila of authors was born in Germany in 1576, went to Rome, abjured Protestantism, was raised to high honour by Pope Clement VIII. He wrote against James I, and saw his books burnt in London and Paris. This public pest of letters wrote 104 works (authors were tremendously industrious and prolific in those days) was imprisoned at Venice, and would have been slain but for the protection of a powerful Venetian. He died hated by all parties in 1649 at Padua.

Of unfortunate poets I might mention Adrian

Beverland, a vicious poet whose poems and his book 'De Peccata originali' were burnt at Leyden. Being exiled he came to England, and very unworthily obtained a pension through his friend Isaac Vossius, Canon of Windsor. He died insane. Cecco or François di Stabili was burnt at Bologna in 1327. The absurdities contained in his poems merited for their author a place in a lunatic asylum rather than at the stake. The adventures of George Buchanan, the Scottish poet, author of 'Silva Franciscanorum,' are well known. His work was a satire on the degenerate sons of St. Francis, who seized and imprisoned him in one of their monasteries, whence he contrived to escape. He was the tutor of King James I of England, who did not approve of his 'History of Scotland,' and ordered it to be proclaimed at the Market Cross, and every possessor to bring his copy to be purged of offensive matter. The University of Oxford ordered his 'De jure regni' to be publicly burnt.

Charles Marot was imprisoned on account of his poetical version of the Psalms, and found refuge in Geneva. Casper Weiser lost his head on account of a simple couplet. The story is worth telling. He was a professor at Lund, Sweden, and wrote a panegyric on the coronation of Charles XI, King of Sweden. When Lund was captured by the Danes in 1676, he greeted the conqueror with the lines :

"Perge Triumphator reliquas submittere terras,  
Sic redit ad Dominum quod fuit ante suum."

Unfortunately for him the Swedish monarch expelled the Danes, heard of this unfortunate verse, and the

poor poet was accused of treason and beheaded. John Williams in 1619 was hanged, drawn, and quartered on account of two poems, 'Balaam's Ass' and 'Speculum Regis,' which he foolishly sent in a box to James I and foretold the King's speedy death; and a simple poem on the arrest of the young Pretender in 1749 at the opera house in Paris, confined Deforges for three long years in a cage in the gloomy fortress of Mont St. Michael. Voltaire suffered a year's imprisonment in the Bastille on account of a satirical poem on Louis XIV, and we could name many others who suffered on account of their poems, and dramatists, too, who shared their fate.

It would be possible to enlarge this paper with the record of the booksellers and publishers who have been condemned with authors on account of their books. One printer was fined £3000 for the omission of a single word in one of the commandments, his Bible, called the Wicked Bible, being now much sought after by collectors. The widow of a German printer objected to the supremacy of husbands, and desired to revise the text of the passage in the Scriptures, which speaks of the subjection of wives (Gen. iii, 16). The original text is, "He shall be thy lord." For *herr* in this German version she substituted *narr*, and made the reading, "He shall be thy fool." It is said that she paid the penalty of death for this strange assertion of woman's rights. But I must forbear to give other instances of printers who have suffered.

We have still a list far too long of literary martyrs whose works have proved fatal to them, and yet whose names have not been mentioned. These are



they who have sacrificed their lives, their health and fortunes, for the sake of their works, and who had no sympathy with the saying of a professional hack writer, "Till fame appears to be worth more than money, I shall always prefer money to fame." For the labours of their lives they have received no compensation at all. Health, eyesight, and even life itself have been devoted to the service of mankind, who have shown themselves somewhat ungrateful recipients of their bounty. Some of the more illustrious scholars indeed enjoy a posthumous fame,—their names are still honoured; their works are still read and studied by the learned,—but what countless multitudes are those who have sacrificed their all, and yet slumber in nameless graves, the ocean of oblivion having long since washed out the footprints they hoped to leave upon the shifting sands of Time! Of these we have no record.

Fatal indeed have their works and love of literature proved to be to many a luckless author. No wonder that many of them have vowed, like Borgarutius, that they would write no more nor spend their life-blood for the sake of so fickle a mistress, or so thankless a public.

In these days of omnivorous readers, the position of authors has decidedly improved. We no longer see the half-starved poets bartering their sonnets for a meal, learned scholars pining in Newgate; nor is "half the pay of a scavenger" considered sufficient remuneration for recondite treatises. It has been the fashion of authors of all ages to complain bitterly of their own times. Bayle calls it an epidemical disease in the republic of letters, and poets seem

especially liable to this complaint. Usually those who are most favoured by fortune bewail their fate with vehemence ; while poor and unfortunate authors write cheerfully. To judge from his writings one would imagine that Balzac pined in poverty ; whereas he was living in the greatest luxury, surrounded by friends who enjoyed his hospitality. Oftentimes this language of complaint is a sign of ingratitude of authors towards their age, rather than a testimony of the ingratitude of the age towards authors. Thus did the French poet Pays abuse his fate : “ I was born under a certain star, whose malignity cannot be overcome ; and I am so persuaded of the power of this malevolent star, that I accuse it of all misfortunes, and I never lay the fault upon anybody.” He has courted Fortune in vain. She will have nought to do with his addresses, and it would be just as foolish to afflict oneself because of an eclipse of the sun or moon, as to be grieved on account of the changes which Fortune is pleased to cause. Many other writers speak in the same fretful strain. There is now work for all who have the taste, ability, and knowledge requisite in the vast field of literature ; and few authors now find their books fatal to them—except perhaps to their reputation, when they deserve the critics’ censures. The writers of novels certainly have no cause to complain of the unkindness of the public and their lack of appreciation, and the vast numbers of novels which are produced every year would have certainly astonished the readers of thirty or forty years ago.

For the production of learned works which appeal only to a few scholars, modern authors have the aid



of the Clarendon Press and other institutions. But in spite of all the advantages which modern authors enjoy, the great demand for literature of all kinds, the justice and fair dealing of publishers, the adequate remuneration which is usually received for their works, the favourable laws of copyright—in spite of all these and other advantages, the lamentable woes of authors have not yet ceased. The leaders of literature can hold their own, and prosper well; but the men who stand in the second, third, or fourth rank in the great literary army, have still cause to bewail the unkindness of the blind goddess who contrives to see sufficiently to avoid all their approaches to her.

For these brave, but often disheartened, toilers that noble institution, the Royal Literary Fund, has accomplished great things. During a period of more than a century it has carried on its beneficent work, relieving poor struggling authors when poverty and sickness have laid them low; and it has proved itself to be a “nursing mother” to the wives and children of literary martyrs who have been quite unable to provide for the wants of their distressed families. The foundation of the Royal Literary Fund arose from the feelings of pity and regret excited by the death of Floyer Sydenham in a debtors’ prison. It is unnecessary to record its history, its noble career of unobtrusive usefulness in saving from ruin and ministering consolation to those unhappy authors who have been wounded in the world’s warfare, and who, but for the Literary Fund, would have been left to perish on the hard battlefield of life. We may be thankful that this

Fund exists to prevent, as far as possible, any more distressing cases of literary martyrdom, which have so often stained the sad pages of our literary history.

In spite of the sorry fate that has befallen many a scribe, in spite of these stories I have told, those who have acquired the love of letters, and that ardent desire to commit their thoughts to paper and to be read of all men, will not be deterred from their pursuit by the warnings of other writers' misfortunes. So sanguine are the lettered sons of men, so eager are they to take the one chance in a thousand, so laden are legions with rhyme, or facts, or a message, or a mission, that not even the chronicle of a hundred martyrs, who have had nothing except sorrow for their pains, will deter hundreds more from risking the modified misfortunes of a twentieth century author.

“Ah well! ’tis not so much to win the bays!  
Uncrowned or crowned—the struggle still delights;  
It is this effort, not the palm we praise.”

And the learned Fellows of this Society who work and toil by light of midnight lamp, weaving from their brains page upon page of lore and learning, wearing their lives out, all for the sake of an ungrateful public, which scarcely stops to thank the toiler for his pains, it will be pleasant to them to feel safe and free from the stern critic's ways of former days, as it is to watch the storms and tempests of the sea from the secure retreat of their study chair. And if at any time a cross-grained reviewer should treat their cherished book with scorn, and presume to ridicule their sentiment and

scoff at their style (which Heaven forbend !), let them console themselves that they live in peaceable and enlightened times, and need fear that no greater evil can befall them than the lash of his satire and the bitterness of his caustic pen. After the manner of their race they will tempt Fortune again. May they proceed and prosper. Valet.



## ROBERT BROWNING'S DEBT TO CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

BY THE REV. J. ARBUTHNOT NAIRN, LITT.D., B.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read April 28th, 1909.]

THE theme of the paper which I have the honour of reading before this Society to-day is a wide and ample theme. It is concerned with the works of a writer of exceptional fertility, whose period of literary activity covered no fewer than fifty-seven years.\* Robert Browning (as we shall see) was from boyhood to old age an ardent student of the Greek and Latin Classics, and he devoted to classical subjects some of his longest and most important poems.

Thus my material is almost bewildering in its variety. My object this afternoon, however, will be to keep as far as possible to general principles rather than to go into each poem in detail. The question before us is this: what was the nature and the extent of the influence exerted by the classical writers of Greece and Rome upon the substance, and upon the form, of Robert Browning's poetry?

In endeavouring to answer this question I propose first to consider the width and the depth of Browning's knowledge of the classical literatures, and afterwards to deal with certain of his works

\* From 1832 to 1889.

which bear the clearest proof of classical influence. Among these works some will require fuller treatment than others: and so I propose to give special attention to that important section of Browning's work which centres round the Greek dramatists Aeschylus and Euripides.

That Browning's study of Greek, at least, began early was pointed out by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, who drew attention to certain classical allusions\* in 'Pauline' (written in 1832, when the poet was twenty). To these reference will be made presently: but still earlier study of Greek by Browning is proved by a famous passage in his poem 'Development,'† contained in the volume 'Asolando: Fancies and Facts' (which was published on the day of Browning's death in 1889). From this delightful snatch of autobiography you will allow me, I hope, to quote the salient part. This is how the poem begins:

"My father was a scholar and knew Greek.  
 When I was five years old, I asked him once,  
 'What do you read about?' 'The siege of Troy.'  
 'What is a siege, and what is Troy?' Whereat  
 He piled up chairs and tables for a town,  
 Set me a-top for Priam, called our cat  
 Helen, enticed away from home (he said)  
 By wicked Paris, who couched somewhere close  
 Under the footstool, being cowardly,  
 But whom, since she was worth the pains, poor puss,  
 Towzer and Tray—our dogs, the Atreidai,—sought  
 By taking Troy to get possession of.

\* For instance, to Plato (vol. i, p. 7), and to Aeschylus and Euripides (vol. i, p. 9). The edition quoted throughout this paper is that of Smith Elder: 2 vols., 1899.

† Vol. ii, p. 766, of the two-volume edition.

Always when great Achilles ceased to sulk  
 (My pony in the stable), forth would prance  
 And put to flight Hector, our page-boy's self.  
 This taught me who was who and what was what."

Two or three years later, so the poem tells us, Browning's father\* handed him Pope's translation of Homer; and, later still, Browning was pronounced to be quite ready for the 'Iliad' in the original. He began his Greek studies with the excellent injunction from his father—

"Don't skip a word; thumb well the Lexicon."

We gather that Browning was able to read Homer in the Greek at the age of twelve. For Homer he retained a great affection all through his life. Thus he tells us (also in 'Development') that all the destructive criticism of the Germans, from Wolf (author of the famous 'Prolegomena') onwards, failed to shake his belief in one great poet Homer, or in an actual city of Troy; and that nothing could

"Wring from the shrine my precious tenantry,  
 Helen, Ulysses, Hector and his spouse,  
 Achilles and his friend."

We may thus add Browning to the long list of English poets who have derived inspiration from the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey'; and we should observe that Browning sought his inspiration not (like Keats) from translations of Homer, but (like Milton) from the fountain head. From Homer's

\* For a description of his literary attainments see Orr-Kenyon, p. 11. He used to lull Robert to sleep by humming an ode of Anacreon (in these notes, Orr-Kenyon stands for Dr. F. G. Kenyon's edition, one vol., Smith Elder, 1908, of the 'Life and Letters of Robert Browning' by Mrs. Orr).

very mouth he caught that large utterance which we see already in 'Pauline'; the "grand style" which Matthew Arnold assigns to Homer has thus passed to Homer's disciple.

To the Greek drama no reference is made in 'Development'; but it is certain that a poet of such strongly marked dramatic instinct must have been, in very early years, drawn to the study of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. So in 'Pauline,' where he describes his own poetical training and growth, he alludes to the impression made upon him by the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus, the 'Ajax' of Sophocles, and the 'Orestes' of Euripides.\*

"Music, my life,  
Nourished me more than ever; then the lore  
Loved for itself and all it shews—that king  
Treading the purple calmly to his death,  
While round him, like the clouds of eve, all dusk,  
The giant shades of fate, silently flitting,  
Pile the dim outline of the coming doom:  
And him sitting alone in blood while friends  
Are hunting far in the sunshine: and the boy  
With his white breast and brow and clustering curls  
Streaked with his mother's blood, but striving hard  
To tell his story ere his reason goes."

We may also compare the fine passage which begins—

"They came to me in my first dawn of life  
Which passed alone with wisest ancient books."†

References to Aeschylus and to Euripides are

\* i, p. 9. 'Artemis Prologizes' was suggested by the 'Hippolytus,' and was to have been part of a longer poem on the same subject.

† Vol. i, p. 6 ('Pauline').



frequent, especially to Euripides. To Sophocles there are few allusions. One is in 'Pauline' \* :

" . . . I will read great lays to thee : how she,  
The fair pale sister, went to her chill grave  
With power to love and to be loved and live."

(the allusion is to Antigone) ; and Sophocles is also mentioned by name in 'The Ring and the Book.' †

" O law, of thee how neatly it was said  
By that old Sophocles, thou hast thy seat  
I' the very breast of Jove."

The passage of Sophocles here alluded to is from the 'Oedipus Coloneus.' ‡

To the three tragic poets of Athens we must add the comic poet Aristophanes, whom Browning studied with exceptional thoroughness. The proof of this lies in 'Aristophanes' Apology,' where Browning shows minute acquaintance not only with the extant plays of Aristophanes, but also with the smallest fragments of plays now lost.

Thus the Greek authors with whom Browning shows special familiarity are Homer and the Attic dramatists, including Aristophanes. But his reading covered a very wide range. Beginning with Homer § and Hesiod, we pass to Pindar, then to Herodotus ('Pheidippides,' first part) the Attic dramatists, Plato, Isocrates, Aristotle (end of 'Development') and so on to Plutarch, from whom Browning derives the background of 'Balaustion's

\* Vol. i, p. 14.

† Vol. ii, p. 211.

‡ v. 1382: Jebb translates, "If indeed Justice sits with Zeus in the might of the eternal laws."

§ This list of authors does not claim to be complete; but I believe no author of importance has been omitted.

Adventure,' and also the famous description, in 'Aristophanes' Apology,' of the destruction of the Long Walls of Athens, and the sparing of Athens herself owing to the pathetic associations called up by a chorus from Euripides' 'Electra'; a story utilised before Browning by Milton in one of his sonnets.

The story of 'Echetlos' is from Pausanias. The latter part of 'Pheidippides' is from Lucian. 'Pambo' is based apparently on Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian (middle of the fourth century of our era). The story of 'Protus' is, as Mr. Birrell reminds us, without warrant of history; but it exactly reflects the age of the Byzantine Chroniclers. The story of the harpist and the cricket (cicada) which ends the poem 'The two Poets of Croisie' is from Paulus Silentiarius, a poet of the Greek Anthology, who wrote in the sixth century A.D. Thus Browning's range of Greek, from Homer to Paulus Silentiarius, is a wider one than many professed scholars cover; and we see from 'Aristophanes' Apology' that width of reading was quite consistent with depth, and with the subtlest critical appreciation.

We are now able to picture to ourselves Browning in his own words as he sits and reads. Some early verses of 'By the Fireside' do this service for us.\*

"I shall be found by the fire, suppose,  
O'er a great wise book, as beseemeth age,  
While the shutters flap as the cross wind blows  
And I turn the page, and I turn the page,  
Not verse now, only prose !

\* i, p. 281.

Till the young ones whisper, finger on lip,  
 'There he is at it, deep in Greek.'"

If we had been able to look over Browning's shoulder as he read we should, I fancy, have found that the book was a copy of Euripides,\* or of Homer, or (in prose) Plato. His love of fine editions of the classics is well shown by 'Pippa Passes': the sculptor Jules shows his books to Phene, his bride:†

"What gaze you at? Those? Books, I told you of.  
 Let your first word to me rejoice them too.  
 This minion, a Coluthus, writ in red  
 Bistre and azure by Bessarion's scribe.  
 Read this line. No, shame,—Homer's be the Greek  
 First breathed me from the lips of my Greek girl!  
 This Odyssey, in coarse black vivid type  
 With faded yellow blossoms 'twixt page and page,  
 To mark great places with due gratitude."

In 'Bishop Blougram's Apology' you may remember an allusion to

"Little Greek books with the funny type  
 They get up well at Leipsic."

That Browning's love for all things Greek comprehended Greek art in general in its embrace, and especially Greek sculpture, could be shown from 'Cleon' or from 'Pippa Passes' if our purpose to-day were not exclusively with the literature. Also in 'Aristophanes' Apology' he expresses through Balaustion the passionate sorrow of a lover of

\* In 1862 the only book which he took with him to Biarritz was a copy of Euripides (Orr-Kenyon, p. 250).

† i, p. 205.

Greece who sees the downfall of the home of Greek art and culture, viz. Athens.

If now we turn to consider Browning's knowledge of Latin, we are at first inclined to come to the conclusion that he knew less Latin than Greek. It is true that he does not base any of his longer poems, at least, on a Latin theme in the sense in which, for example, 'Balaustion's Adventure' is based on a Greek theme. Thus the poem entitled 'Instans Tyrannus' bears a motto taken from a phrase in Horace's 'Odes'; but the poem is not Horatian either in treatment or in phrasing. It is also true that references to Latin authors are not scattered so freely up and down Browning's works as are references to Greek authors. Nevertheless the 'Ring and the Book,' based on a story of Italy at the end of the seventeenth century, contains abundant proof, especially in its later portions, that Browning's knowledge of Latin also was both wide and thorough. For instance, he employs Latin freely in the narrative of Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis, Pauperum Procurator, and of Juris Doctor Johannes Baptista Bottinius. That of Dominus Hyacinthus is (as Mr. Birrell states in his edition) so full of Latin, and its humour turns so much upon Latin phrases, "as hardly to repay the trouble of reading to anyone not acquainted with that language." In using the two-volume edition of Browning by Mr. Birrell it appeared that in the first volume scarcely any Latin quotation or reference to Latin authors or to Roman life could be found; whereas in the second volume, and especially in 'The Ring and the Book,' such allusions

are common. It seems probable that, with a view to writing 'The Ring and the Book,' Browning, in 1862 and following years, prepared himself by conscientiously reading through all the Latin Classics. Thus in the second volume of Mr. Birrell's edition we find references to Plautus, Terence, Catullus, Cicero, Ovid, Livy, Persius, Seneca, Juvenal, and Martial. References to, and quotations from, Virgil and Horace,\* are especially frequent.

Of Virgil's work, the 'Eclogues,' 'Georgics,' and 'Aeneid' all come under contribution; an entire poem, 'Pan and Luna,' is based on a passage in the third 'Georgic' (vv. 391—3).

Nor does Browning forget the almost superstitious respect paid in the Middle Ages to Virgil. Thus he refers to the practice of opening Virgil at random and deducing omens from the first verse read ('The Pope' in 'Ring and the Book') †; and he makes Guido (in the same poem) quote Virgil as an authority on the early history of the noble families of Italy.‡

If, however, one Roman author can be singled out from the rest as especially dear to Browning, it is Horace, whose 'Odes' and 'Satires' are often quoted. Strangely enough, the Epistles do not seem to be quoted, though their ripe and somewhat worldly wisdom might have been expected to attract Browning more than either 'Odes' or 'Satires.' In one passage ('Fifine at the Fair')§ Browning

\* For a description of the literary circle at the court of Augustus see the poem, 'Imperante Augusto natus est': ii, p. 764.

† Vol. ii, p. 220.

‡ Vol. ii, p. 272.

§ Vol. ii, p. 351 (Sect. 82).

practically translates a portion of the well-known 'Ode' to Virgil in Horace's First Book.\*

“ . . . I class

With those around whose breast grew oak and brass :  
Who dreaded no degree of death, but with dry eyes  
Surveyed the turgid main and its monstrosities,  
And rendered futile so the prudent power's decree  
Of separate earth and disassociating sea.  
Since how is it observed if impious vessels leap  
Across, and tempt a thing they should not touch, the deep ? ”

As in Greek we saw that Browning ranged wide and far, so in Latin he ranged from Plautus and Terence (200 B.C.) to Priscian (500 A.D.). You may remember that those who read the daily office of the Church in mediaeval Latin “broke Priscian's head,” *i.e.* his grammatical rules.† Browning's knowledge of the still later Latinity (legal and juristic) of mediaeval times is proved by ‘The Ring and the Book.’

We are now in a position to answer the question with which we began, as to the width and depth of Browning's knowledge of the Classics ; and we can say that in both Greek and Latin he reached a high standard of scholarly appreciation. He was much more than a mere copier of the phraseology of the ancients, or plagiarist of their picturesque epithets. In the weight of learning and in the ease with which he carried it and the aptness with which he employed it he reminds us of a great Elizabethan whom he resembles in other respects also (for instance, in the ruggedness of his style) : Ben Jonson. Perhaps

\* Hor., ‘Od.,’ i, 3, 17 foll.

† ‘Ring and the Book’ (Giuseppe Caponsacchi), vol. ii, p. 121.



we shall be still nearer the mark if we say that in the union of the qualities above-named with a wonderfully subtle and metaphysical turn of mind he represents both Ben Jonson and John Donne (1573—1631) Dean of St. Paul's, and founder of the metaphysical school of poetry in England.

In Browning's many classical quotations and allusions there are one or two slips; but the number of these is very small. One of them was noticed by Browning himself, and the correction incorporated in verse, as Mrs. Orr points out. Near the end of 'Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau'\* we read—

" 'Clitumnus' did I say ?

As if it had been his ox-whitening wave  
Whereby folk practised that grim cult of old,  
The murder of their temple's priest by who  
Would qualify for his succession. Sure  
Nemi was the true lake's style."

This is a reference to an earlier passage in the same poem :

" Well, how was it the due succession fell  
From priest to priest who ministered i' the cool  
Calm fane of the Clitumnian god ?"

Those who know Dr. Frazer's 'Golden Bough' will remember the description of the true scene of the ever-renewed tragedy of

" The priest who slew the slayer,  
And shall himself be slain."

Clitumnus then is a *lapsus memoriae* for Nemi.

\* Vol. ii, p. 319, compare p. 317.

In the 'Ring and the Book' Bottinius has—

“And thus I end, *tenax proposito*.”\*

But Horace† has, and good Latin requires, the genitive (*iustum ac tenacem propositi virum*).

Also, there is a Greek line (from the 'Prometheus Vincit' of Aeschylus) quoted twice in 'Fifine at the Fair'‡ with a word ἤπερ instead of ἢ (θεόστυος ἢ βρότειος ἤπερ κεκραμένη). The substitution of ἤπερ (=than even) for ἢ (=or) spoils both the sense and the rhythm of Aeschylus' phrase.

But these are merely spots in the sun. We must now turn to weightier matters. Of the many subjects suggested by the classical lore of Browning there are two which appear to merit special consideration. One is the reference made to Greek thought on the immortality of the soul, in one of Browning's latest poems ('Gerard de Lairese' § in 'Parleyings with certain People.') The other subject, with which I shall conclude my paper, is Browning's treatment of Aeschylus and of Euripides respectively, with which subject goes his theory of translation from the Classics illustrated by, on the one hand, the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus; on the other hand, the 'Alcestis' and the 'Hercules Furens' of Euripides.

Gerard de Lairese was a Flemish painter who died in 1711. In the poem named after him, Browning thus speaks of the spirit of Greek lore:

\* Vol. ii, p. 216.

† Hor., 'Od.,' iii, 3, 1.

‡ Vol. ii, pp. 340 and 367 (where it is in the neuter).

§ We should not forget the wonderful descriptions of Prometheus and Artemis in this poem (vol. ii, p. 718).



"What was the best Greece babbled of as truth?

A shade, a wretched nothing, sad, thin, drear,

Cold, dark, it holds on to the lost loves here.

. . . . Sad school

Was Hades! Gladly (might the dead but slink

To life back) to the dregs once more would drink

Each interloper, drain the humblest cup

Fate mixes for humanity."

In this description of Greek ideas as to a future life, Browning seems scarcely to do justice to the Greek belief in the immortality of the soul, and in the full enjoyment of all bodily and mental activities in the life to come, such as we find expressed most memorably by Plato in the 'Apology of Socrates' and in the 'Phaedo,' but also held by other Greeks long before. One of the earliest Greek writers who gave expression to this belief in the immortality and in the continued activity of the soul is Pindar, who deduces the doctrine from the kinship existing between God and man. The divine nature in man does not allow us—so Pindar held—to think that this life is all we can expect. After Pindar Euripides, after Euripides Plato expounded the same view, as has been well shown in recent years by a distinguished student of Greek thought whose loss will long be felt by scholars—the late Dr. James Adam.\*

When, therefore, Browning in this poem ('Gerard de Lairese') refers to Moschus' famous lament for the dead poet Bion—

"Spring for the tree and herb, no spring for us,"

\* See the 'Cambridge Praelections' (1906), pp. 29 to 67.

and takes this as "the best Greece babbled of as truth," he forgets that the best thought of Greece was never limited to the idea of this present life as the only sphere allotted to man for the display of his energies. The Greeks had, with their own limitations, and with narrower vision of the truth, nevertheless prepared the way for the acceptance of the full Christian doctrine of a life beyond the grave which is to be found in the writings of St. Paul.

We now come to Browning's treatment of the two Athenian dramatists, Aeschylus and Euripides. These two poets have always been regarded as strongly contrasted types; as early as the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes (404 B.C.) we see the contrast between them drawn out in a form which has been universally admitted to be fair in the main. Aeschylus is solemn and statuesque; his language is grand and lofty, as befits his characters; but the loftiness of his language becomes exaggerated, and his characters may be found wanting in human interest. The poetry of Euripides, on the other hand, is smooth and fluent, elegant and elaborate. "The stage with him is not an ideal world of superhuman personages; but an everyday world, peopled with everyday folk."\*. In fine, "Aeschylus exhibits the mythic past of Hellenic legend: Euripides colours the legends of the past with the tints of the present."

This contrast has then been felt ever since the poets' own time; and Browning shows that he is

\* See Merry's introduction to his edition of the 'Frogs' (Clarendon Press), pp. 11 foll.

conscious of it when, for example, in 'Bernard de Mandeville'\* ('Parleyings with Certain People') he writes :

"A myth may teach :  
Only who better would expound it thus  
Must be Euripides, not Aeschylus."

Browning thereupon proceeds to rationalise, after the manner of Euripides, the Aeschylean story of Prometheus, who first brought fire from heaven to benefit mankind.

The contrast, however, between Aeschylus and Euripides is more clearly seen when we take the group of works which contains 'Balaustion's Adventure,' 'Aristophanes' Apology' (with the translation of the 'Hercules Furens' of Euripides which is imbedded therein), and the translation of Aeschylus' 'Agamemnon.' The story of 'Apollo and the Fates' (in 'Parleyings with Certain People') is based both on Aeschylus and Euripides, but the poem is not in the manner of either poet. In 'Balaustion's Adventure' we have partly a recitation, partly a description, of the 'Alcestis' of Euripides. Balaustion, both here and in 'Aristophanes' Apology,' is the avowed partisan of Euripides as the "human" poet. She knows Aeschylus, and sings that song of his which saved at Salamis.†

"O sons of Greeks, go, set your country free,  
Free your wives, free your children, free the fanes  
O' the gods your fathers founded—sepulchres  
They sleep in! Or save all, or all be lost."

\* Vol. ii, p. 693.

† 'Balaustion's Adventure,' vol. i, p. 628.

But for Euripides she has a passion. She saves her own life and that of all the crew by reciting Euripides' 'Alcestis' to the people of Syracuse :

"Then because Greeks are Greeks, and hearts are hearts,  
And poetry is power, they all outbroke  
In a great joyous laughter with much love,  
'Thank Herakles for the good holiday.  
Make for the harbour! Row, and let voice ring,  
'In we row, bringing more Euripides."  
All the crowd, as they lined the harbour now,  
'More of Euripides,' took up the cry."

It is—I take it—unnecessary for me to dwell on the characteristics of the 'Alcestis' according to Balaustion's commentary. She professes to explain Euripides: in reality she gives a fresh conception of the characters and their motives, especially of the character of Heracles.\* In fact, as has been ably shown by Dr. A. W. Verrall,† Balaustion (or, if we prefer it, Browning) takes the Heracles of the 'Hercules Furens,' a hero conspicuous for his moral nobility as the friend of mankind, and substitutes this Heracles for the semi-comic Heracles of the 'Alcestis,' a character which Browning doubtless felt to be repugnant to his ideas of art. The details of the process of reconstruction through which Browning makes the 'Alcestis' pass in Balaustion's hands may be seen worked out in the first essay in Dr. Verrall's well-known book, 'Euripides the Rationalist.' In 'Aristophanes' Apology' we have an attack made by Aristophanes on Euripides as one "who slanders the world of sense with its beauties

\* See 'Browning,' by Stopford Brooke, p. 374.

† In 'Euripides the Rationalist,' pp. 15 to 22.

and its enjoyments, and constantly shows contempt for the natural life." The object of the transcript from Euripides—the 'Hercules Furens'—is to prove that Euripides was more human than Aristophanes professed to think.

A word may in passing be given to the vividness of the portraiture in 'Aristophanes' Apology'; for instance in the scene, suggested perhaps by Plato's 'Symposium,' where Aristophanes bursts into Balau-stion's house full of triumph at the success of his 'Thesmophoriazusae,' accompanied by his chorus, no soberer than himself, by flute boys and dancing girls: or in the description of the great comic poet:

"But huge the eyeballs rolled back native fire,  
Imperiously triumphant: nostrils wide  
Awaited their incense."

Or, again, we may take the scene which awakened the conscience of Aristophanes, when during the festive supper that followed the success of his play a knock comes to the door, and there enters the pale majestic figure of Sophocles. Slowly he passes with bent head up the hall between the two ranks of spectators and announces that Euripides is "dead to-day," and that as a fitting spectacle for the god his own chorus would appear at the greater feast next month clothed in black and without garlands. Then, as silently as he came, Sophocles passes out again. These two great scenes are inspired in the fullest sense by Greek literature and life: they exhibit an intense realization of Athenian

life, pictured with all Browning's force of presentation.

We now pass from 'Balaustion's Adventure' and from 'Aristophanes' Apology' to the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus. First be it said that Browning's admiration for Aeschylus is undoubted. He had known his works from early years, as 'Pauline' shows. He must have read Mrs. Browning's translation of the 'Prometheus' (made in 1833). In 'Sordello' he speaks of

"The thunder-phrase of the Athenian, grown  
Up out of memories of Marathon."

In 1873, when Browning was at Fontainebleau, he read, we are told, the Greek poets, "especially Aeschylus, to whom he had returned with revived interest and curiosity." \* The result is seen in his translation of the 'Agamemnon,' published in 1877. From a careful reading of the preface to that translation it is not difficult to discover that Browning approached his task not altogether in a spirit of reverence for the great Athenian poet, but with the belief that the style, at least, of Aeschylus had been overrated, and that a literal translation would bring him down to his true position. For instance, we read (in the preface) "If, because of the immense fame of the following tragedy, I wished to acquaint myself with it, and could only do so by the help of a translator, I should require him to be literal at every cost save that of absolute violence to our language." Again, "I would be tolerant, in the case

\* Orr-Kenyon, p. 287.



of so immensely famous an original, of even a clumsy attempt to furnish me with the very turn of each phrase in as Greek a fashion as English will bear."

The insistence on the reputation of the 'Agamemnon,' and also the peculiar and well-known qualities of Browning's translation of that play, had already led me to suspect that the motive of this translation was something different from that which led to 'Balaustion's Adventure' or the transcript from 'Hercules Furens.' However, all doubt in the matter is set at rest by a passage from Mrs. Orr's 'Life of Browning.'\* The passage is so important that it deserves to be quoted in full:—"Mr. Browning's deep feeling for the humanities of Greek literature, and his almost passionate love for the language, contrasted strongly with his refusal to regard even the first of Greek writers as models of literary style. The pretensions raised for them on this ground were inconceivable to him: and his translation of the 'Agamemnon' . . . was partly made, I am convinced, for the pleasure of exposing these claims and of rebuking them. His preface to the transcript gives evidence of this. The glee with which he pointed to it when it first appeared was no less significant."

As to the translation itself, most are agreed that the literalness at which Browning aimed is carried to excess: that the turn of the phrases is more Greek than English will bear. We may share that antipathy which Browning elsewhere (in 'Development') expresses in regard to those translations which the French call *les belles infidèles*:

\* Orr-Kenyon, p. 294.

"Translation, if you please,  
Exact: no pretty lying that improves,  
To suit the modern taste."

But there are certain limits beyond which even the commendable practice of literalness cannot be carried without doing violence to the genius of the language into which the translation is being made. Horace has given wise counsel ('*Ars Poetica*, 133): *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus interpres*. The ruggedness of Aeschylus is reproduced: but the "mighty line," the noble rhythm of chorus or of dialogue, the grandeur of his diction, has disappeared.

It would be a fascinating, though a perilous enterprise, to analyse the working of Browning's mind in regard to Aeschylus and to Euripides respectively, and to show why he admired Euripides so much more than Aeschylus. Here are one or two possible reasons. In Aeschylus he may have disliked a turgid and bombastic quality of phrase (rather like Marlowe's '*Tamburlaine*'), which appears, as it so happens, somewhat frequently in the '*Agamemnon*.' With Euripides, on the other hand, Browning had a close affinity of style, at least in his later work. That "hard, dry pressure to the point" of which he makes Balaustion speak is an exact description both of Browning at the time of this translation, and also of Euripides' dialogue. But there is an even closer affinity of thought between Browning and Euripides. Euripides was, as has been well said,\* the first Greek who pointed beyond the Greek to

\* By Professor J. B. Bury, in a paper read before the Browning Society: see '*Browning Society's Papers*,' vol. ii, pp. 79—86.



the new world. The beginnings of the modern spirit appear in him; also, his poetry shows that, though man is heavily laden, there is, nevertheless, a principle of deliverance (typified by Heracles), and a hope of safety for humanity. From him we gain the belief that there is an invisible world with the certainty of escape from the ills of the present. Thus in 'Bishop Blougram's Apology':

"Just when we are safest, there's a sunset touch,  
A fancy from a flower bell, someone's death,  
A chorus-ending from Euripides:"

these overthrow our confidence that the present life is all, and remind us of another life beyond the grave. Browning most probably found in Euripides just that sudden suspicion of the invisible world which he puts into the lips of Blougram: and his love of Euripides is based on a similarity not only of style, but of thought and of outlook upon life.

The quotation which I made from Mrs. Orr as to Browning's view of the style of the ancient writers helps to explain the peculiar features of the translation of the 'Agamemnon.' It also raises the whole question of style, of form, of manner as contrasted with matter. Much might be said on this subject; but it has been so admirably treated by Mr. Stopford Brooke in his work on Browning that few words are needed here. Browning was, as he reminds us,\* in spirit a pure romantic, not a classic. His faults of style are the opposite of the classic poet's excellences:

\* 'Browning' (Isbister), pp. 212 foll., 426. Browning's only experiment in classical metres seems to be in 'Ixion' (vol. ii, p. 637), where he uses hexameter and pentameter.

want of measure, want of proportion, want of clearness and simplicity, and of that selective power which knows what to leave out or when to stop. Browning's own feeling as to style is best expressed in the 'Epilogue' to 'Pacchiarotto,' where he sharply criticises his critics. "The poets pour us wine," he says, "and mine is strong: the strong wine of the loves and hates of man. But it is not sweet as well, and my critics object. Were it so, it would be more popular than it is. Sweetness and strength do not go together, and I have strength!" It is a noteworthy fact in regard to the ancients, that Browning mentions Pindar and Aeschylus as two examples cited by his critics of the combination of strength with sweetness.\* Browning's reply that he had strength and that this quality was enough does not after all meet the critics. The question is (as Mr. Stopford Brooke points out), is the strength poetical? "It is rough, powerful, and full of humanity. But is it half prose or wholly prose?" In this respect Browning might have learnt much from the classical models, as Tennyson did, who from Homer and Virgil learnt the lesson of tranquillity, of simplicity and clearness: or as Milton, the greatest and most successful imitator of the statuesque quality of the best Greek writers in prose and verse.

The last poem of Browning's which I would recall to you this afternoon is 'A Grammarian's Funeral,'† in which the spirit of the Renaissance finds unique

\* Vol. ii, p. 508: compare 'The Inn Album,' vol. ii, p. 426:

"That bard's a Browning; he neglects the form;  
But ah! the sense, ye gods, the weighty sense."

† Vol. i, p. 424.

expression. The scene is laid (to use Browning's own words) shortly after the Revival of Learning in Europe. We feel, in reading this poem, as if we actually saw some of the old scholars of the Renaissance at work, and Browning shows how fully he, with all his mighty range of imagination, could nevertheless appreciate labours at which the world often sneers as pedantry. Not only in Greek, or in Latin, but in all languages, our own included, patient and laborious work must be done by the pioneers of the army of progress and enlightenment.

So in 'A Grammarian's Funeral' the knowledge of the Grammarian has been pedantic and minute; but for him it represents a great truth. He refuses to live as the world understands life; and the loftiness of his endeavour is symbolised by the resting place up to which his disciples carry him.\*

"Where meteors shoot, clouds form,  
 Lightnings are loosened,  
 Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,  
 Peace let the dew send!  
 Lofty designs must close in like effects:  
 Loftily lying,  
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,  
 Living and dying."

The poet who could create such a figure as the Grammarian has surely deserved well, not only of Greek scholars, but of the students of all humane letters, irrespective of language and of country. He makes us feel the dignity of the man of letters, the real value of the studies in which we, I take it, are all interested; and he encourages us,

\* See Mrs. Orr's handbook (1907), p. 296.

each in his own way, to labour for the cause of enlightenment for which, during nearly sixty years, Robert Browning spent himself freely, and with results of permanent value to mankind.

## SOME POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY PROFESSOR F. S. BOAS, M.A., LL.D.

[Read May 26th, 1909.]

MATTHEW ARNOLD, as the son of Dr. Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby, was from his youth brought into contact with the highest culture of his time, and found himself at the centre of many of its most stirring intellectual forces. Religious and political discussions were in the air around him; classical, foreign, and English literature all lay open to him. These early influences have left their mark equally upon his verse and his prose, though they are all dominated by his own strong personality. The elder Arnold, while belonging to the liberal school in theology, had based his teaching upon firm and definite religious convictions; from these convictions his son broke away, and throughout his life he was seeking to replace them by something which, like them, would nerve the will, and yield a peace like unto theirs. In this effort he failed, and his finest verse is thus the utterance of a baffled aspiration, a deep-seated despondency: it is one long variation, to use Hutton's words, "on a single theme, the divorce between the soul and the intellect, and the depth of spiritual yearning and regret which that divorce produces." But of the

poetry of pessimism the mid-Victorian age yielded an over-abundant store, and did Arnold give us no more than this, he would not take the rank he does nor wield so peculiar an influence. The distinctive feature of his verse is that joined to the despondency and the yearning there is a tone of haughty, almost imperious self-control; there is an inner resistance to the counsels of despair. We may account partly for this by the influence of the Rugby teaching, with its earnest, strenuous temper, of which he always felt the moral effect, long after he had cut its intellectual ground-work from under his feet. But it is still more due to certain elements in his own personality, a fine egotism that thinks scorn of absolute spiritual defeat, a consciousness of what has been aptly called an "Olympian dignity and grace." And thus he naturally turned to the two poets who have in some measure the same characteristics, Goethe and Wordsworth. And scarcely inferior to the influence on him of these two great moderns was that of the poets of Greece, especially Homer and Sophocles. The repose, the self-control, the chastened severity of Greek art appealed to the kindred qualities of his own mind; they braced and strengthened them; they tempered his melancholy; they were an anodyne to the fever of his spirit. And thus the total impression left by his verse is one, indeed, of despondency, but a despondency kept at bay, powerless to ruffle an inner zone of calm.

It may be of interest this afternoon to examine some of the poems in which his genius and outlook find their most characteristic reflection. It is in verse that tells of the tumult of the soul, of spiritual

fever and unrest that we hear his true lyric cry. Sometimes it has in it the tone of unrelieved despondency. Thus as he stands on Dover Beach at night listening to the ceaseless wash of the waves to and fro on the pebbles, "bringing the eternal note of sadness," this is the thought suggested to his mind :

"The sea of faith  
Was once too at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled ;  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating to the breath  
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world."

The fair shows of the world are only delusive, for it—

"Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain,  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and fight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

In the "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse" we hear the same melancholy note. In utter weariness of the "haste, unrest, and disarray," the mingled hardness and frivolity of the modern world, the poet seeks shelter for a time with the men from whom he is intellectually poles asunder—the Carthusian monks in their cloister of the Grande Chartreuse.

The austere and solemn rhythm of Arnold's verse is in consonance with the austere and solemn rule of the Alpine monastery :



“The silent courts, where night and day  
Into their stone-carved basins cold  
The splashing icy fountains play !  
The humid corridors behold  
Where, ghostlike in the deepening night  
Cowl'd forms brush by in gleaming white.

“The chapel, where no organ's peal  
Invests the stern and naked prayer—  
With penitential cries they kneel  
And wrestle ; rising then, with bare  
And white uplifted faces stand  
Passing the Host from hand to hand ;

“Each takes, and then his visage wan  
Is buried in his cowl once more.  
The cells ! the suffering Son of Man  
Upon the wall—the knee-worn floor—  
And where they sleep, that wooden bed  
Which shall their coffin be, when dead.”

When Arnold thus seeks shelter with the stern disciples of the ancient creed he is, in a sense, treading the same path as the Pre-Raphaelites—Rossetti or Morris. They found a refuge from the disorder and ugliness of modern life in a revival of the Catholic tradition, though they did not hold the creed upon which it rests, and which gives it its vitality. But Arnold cannot be satisfied with such a compromise, such a make-belief. The incongruity between himself and his surroundings in the Monastery glares in upon him, and wrings from him the cry almost of alarm, “And what am I, that I am here ?”

“For rigorous teachers seized my youth,  
And purged its faith, and trimm'd its fire,



Showed me the high, white star of Truth,  
Then bade me gaze, and there aspire.  
Even now their whispers pierce the gloom:  
“What dost thou in this living tomb?”

But it is not in the spirit of a deserter that he thus tarries for a moment in the camp of those whom he considers enemies of “the masters of the mind.” His one point of contact with the Monks is that both they and he are out of harmony with the modern world. They recoil from its infidelity—an infidelity which he shares; he mourns over the materialism, the hardness of which that infidelity is in large part the cause. Hence in stanzas of haunting sadness, all the sadder because of the complete absence of sentimentality, he craves asylum within the cloister-walls:

“Wandering between two worlds, one dead,  
The other powerless to be born,  
With nowhere yet to rest my head,  
Like these on earth, I wait forlorn.  
Their faith, my tears, the world deride,  
I come to shed them at their side.

“O hide me in your gloom profound  
Ye solemn seats of holy pain!  
Take me, cowl'd forms, and fence me round  
Till I possess my soul again;  
Till free my thoughts before me roll,  
Not chafed by hourly false control.”

To his despondent mood the ferment of the Revolutionary movement, “all the noise and outcry of the former men,” seem to have been fruitless. What boots it that Byron unfolded to the gaze of Europe the pageant of his bleeding heart, that the breeze carried Shelley's lovely wail through the

Italian trees? Hearts are still restless; "the eternal trifle," the world, still takes her frivolous course. He can only bide sadly the coming of a happier, more harmonious day:

"Years hence, perhaps, may dawn an age  
More fortunate, alas, than we,  
Which without hardness will be sage  
And gay without frivolity.  
Sons of the world, oh speed those years,  
But while we wait allow our tears."

Similar in spirit to these "Stanzas" are the two poems, "Stanzas in Memory of the Author of *Obermann*," and "*Obermann Once More*." It has been said that it may be questioned whether anywhere within equal space there is to be found so much of the real Arnold as in these three poems.

"*Obermann*" is a collection of letters from Switzerland treating of Nature and the human soul, something after the fashion of Amiel's *Diary*, and its author, Etienne de Senancourt (1770-1846), was a curiously kindred spirit to Arnold. He had scanned well "the hopeless tangle" of the age, an age whose haste and unrest are graphically pictured in the well-known verses:

"We brought forth and reared in hours  
Of change, alarm, surprise—  
What shelter to grow ripe is ours,  
What leisure to grow wise?"

"Like children bathing on the shore  
Buried a wave beneath,  
The second wave succeeds before  
We have had time to draw breath.

In the Alpine solitudes he had attained to calm,

though "if any calm, a calm despair." His state of feeling is pictured by Arnold in verses, which apply exactly to his own poetry :

" A fever in these pages burns  
Beneath the calm they feign,  
A wounded human spirit turns  
Here, on its bed of pain.

" Yes, though the virgin mountain-air  
Fresh through these pages blows,  
Though to these leaves the glaciers spare  
The soul of their white snows ;

" Though here a mountain-murmur swells  
Of many a dark-boughed pine ;  
Though, as you read, you hear the bells  
Of the high-pasturing kine :

" Yet, through the hum of torrent lone  
And brooding mountain bee,  
There sobs I know not what ground-tone  
Of human agony."

This alternation between calm and despondency, till we are at a loss to tell which is really the predominating note, is exactly what is most distinctive of Arnold's own intellectual attitude, and we are therefore not surprised to find him, after he has taken a last farewell of this "master of his wandering youth," returning many years after to commune with him in spirit again. In "Obermann Once More" Senancourt takes Arnold back in thought to the birth-time of Christianity and the downfall of the "hard pageantry of Roman civilisation" at the touch of the new religion. In lines of almost passionate self-revelation the poet gives voice through the lips of

Senancourt to his yearning for the spiritual ecstasy of those first years :

“ O had I lived in that great day,  
How had its glory new  
Fill'd earth and heaven, and caught away  
My ravish'd spirit too.

“ No cloister-floor of humid stone  
Had been too cold for me.  
For me no Eastern desert lone  
Had been too far to flee.”

But, as everyone knows, Arnold believed that that early Christian religious enthusiasm had no solid basis in historic facts.

Humanity, he held, must throw over its supernatural creeds, must labour henceforth unduped of fancy. The inevitable results at first are disorganisation of the social order and widespread suffering. These are incidental to an epoch of transition, when—

“ The old is out of date,  
The new is not yet born.”

But this state is not to be permanent:

“ Men have such need of joy !  
But joy whose grounds are true :  
And joy that should all hearts employ  
As when the past was new.”

Of the new era marked by—

“ The common wave of thought and joy  
Lifting mankind again ”—

we get a vague and shadowy vista at the close of the poem.

The shadow of the fierce intellectual strife of the Victorian age hangs over “ The Scholar-Gipsy ” and

“Thyrsis.” These two poems, from one point of view, are Arnold’s tribute to Oxford, “the sweet city of the dreaming spires,” whom he loved so dearly, and of whom in prose, too, he has written words never to be forgotten by her sons. Those to whom almost every line in these poems has an association of its own will always keep for them a peculiar corner in their affections, but judged simply on their own merits they are noble and stately structures of verse. “The Scholar-Gipsy” is founded on a passage in a book by Glanvil, a writer of Charles II’s time. It tells :

“The story of that Oxford scholar poor  
Of shining parts and quick inventive brain  
Who, tired of knocking at preferment’s door,  
One summer-morn forsook  
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-lore  
And roamed the world with that wild brotherhood,  
And came, as most men deemed, to little good,  
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.”

But though to Oxford itself he came no more, the poet thinks of him as still haunting its neighbourhood. And Arnold’s love of, and intimate familiarity with, the scenery surrounding the university city, gives to his descriptive verse here a richness and wealth of colouring unusual in his sculpturesque poetry :

“Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe  
Returning home on summer nights have met  
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,  
Trailing in the cool streams thy fingers wet,  
As the punt’s rope chops round,  
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,  
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers  
Plucked in shy fields, and distant Wychwood bowers,  
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.”

But then the thought comes that such fancies are only a dream. Two hundred years have flown since the Scholar-Gipsy wandered forth, now he is gone from earth, "long since and in some quiet churchyard laid." And yet must this be so? May he not, in his restful woodland life, possess an immortal lot? It is not the lapse of years that kills, but "the sick fatigue, the languid doubt" of those "who hesitate and falter life away." And in contrasting the wanderer's untroubled existence with our own Arnold gives us a marvellously true picture of himself and his special achievement:

"We suffer, and amongst no one  
Who most has suffered, takes dejectedly  
His seat upon the intellectual throne,  
And all his store of sad experience he  
Lays bare of wretched days:  
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,  
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,  
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,  
And all his hourly varied anodynes."

From the infection of this mental strife the Scholar-Gipsy is bidden fly far. It is this that kills: once let him come into contact with it and his—

"Glad perennial youth would fade,  
Fade and grow old at last, and die like ours."

"Thyrsis" is his masterpiece in elegy in the stricter sense. It lacks the deep, poignant note of grief that we find in "In Memoriam"; it paints no such exquisite picture of early Victorian life. But it is the lineal successor in English poetry to "Lycidas." Like Milton, Arnold, with exquisite skill, blends the

refinement, the restraint of the Greek pastoral elegy with modern imagery and meditation.

Clough had gone to his grave in his time, worn out by mental struggle; he had not been strong enough to wait the passing of the storm. And in magnificent verses the poet compares him to the cuckoo, who, when spring is ushered out with rain and wind, takes a hasty leave and will not stay to see the greater glories of summer:

“ So, some tempestuous morn in early June  
When the year’s primal burst of bloom is o’er,  
Before the roses and the longest day—  
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor  
With blossom red and white of fallen May,  
And chestnut flowers are strewn,  
So have I heard the cuckoo’s parting cry,  
From the wet field, through the next garden-trees,  
Come with the volleying rain, and tossing breeze :  
*‘ The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.’*”

“ Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go ?  
Soon will the high mid-summer poms come on,  
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,  
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,  
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,  
And stocks in fragrant bloom :  
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
And open jasmine-muffled latices,  
And groups under the dreaming garden trees,  
And the full moon, and the white evening star.”

As superb delineations of English spring and summer scenes it would be impossible to out-rival these stanzas.

But as the poet, with an exquisite turn of thought,



laments, it is just because he is an English shepherd, singing among English fields, that he cannot summon back his friend from the underworld. A Sicilian shepherd, in like case, could cross the river Styx and appeal to Pluto's bride, Proserpine, and flute to his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead :

“ O easy access to the hearer's grace  
 When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine !  
 For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,  
 She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,  
 She knew each lily white which Enna yields,  
     Each rose with blushing face ;  
 She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain,  
 But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard !  
 Her foot the common cowslips never stirr'd,  
 And we should tease her with our plaint in vain.”

But though Thyrsis is thus gone for ever, and may not be recalled, we feel that as the poet lingers lovingly among their old haunts his grief becomes milder :

“ I know what white, what purple fritillaries  
 The grassy harvest of the river-fields  
 Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,  
 And what sedged brooks are Thames' tributaries.”

And it seems only fitting that he should end with the determination not to despair while—

“ 'Neath the soft canopy of English air”—

he can see the slopes, the fields, the woods, dear to the Scholar-Gipsy and his own dead friend. It is difficult to tear ourselves away from these fascinating poems. “ Such English-coloured verse,” says Swinburne, “ no poet has written since Shakespeare, who chooses his field-flowers and hedge-row blossoms



with the same sure and loving hand, binds them in as sweet and simple an order."

It is Wordsworth who has most deeply influenced Arnold's descriptive poetry, but their method of treating Nature is nevertheless essentially different.

With Wordsworth, as Hutton has said, "Nature is the occasion, but his own mind always the *object* of thought; in the midst of outward beauties, and at their suggestion, he exercises the inward eye that is the bliss of solitude." But Arnold does not thus re-create Nature in his own consciousness; he pictures her simply as she is; he gives us a delicate transcript "painted in the clear, dewy water-colours of tranquil memory." Hence follows another difference between the two poets. Wordsworth infuses into his descriptions something of his own ardent and rapt personality. His heart leaps up when he beholds a rainbow in the sky; in the jocund company of the daffodils he cannot but be gay, and even in thinking of them in memory, his

"heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils."

He rejoices when he hears the voice of the cuckoo, bringing to him a tale of visionary hours. But in Arnold Nature never causes this exaltation of spirit; she does not stir his pulse or quicken the throbs of his heart; she merely lays a cooling hand upon his brow; she turns the mood that would be despondency into calm.

"Thus his favourite objects of contemplation are those in which there is something subdued—mist rather than cloudless brightness, moonlight rather

than sunlight, sounds of gentle melancholy rather than the roar of the tempest or cataract; the slow, imperceptible operations of growth and decay rather than sudden throes and convulsions. His love of moonlight is very noticeable, and it can hardly be a mere fancy which connects it with his habitual mood of mind. Moonlight in literature has several functions. It is widely associated with romance, because its glamour leaves the fancy less confined than the full daylight. But in Arnold's poems its function is not to deepen the sense of mystery; it is rather to tone down the colours to an eye weary of the world."

Even into the half-playful elegies on his dead pets—his dogs and his canary—the melancholy undertone creeps in. The short span of life allotted to Geist, the dachshund, and the spirit in which he met his fate suggests a homily to man. Four years were Geist's whole day:

"Yes, only four—and not the course  
Of all the centuries yet to come,  
And not the infinite resource  
Of Nature—with her countless sum  
Of figures, with her fulness vast  
Of new creation evermore,  
Can ever quite repeat the past,  
Or just thy little self restore.

"Stern law of every mortal lot!  
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,  
And builds himself I know not what  
Of second life, I know not where.

"But thou when struck thine hour to go,  
On us, who stood despondent by,  
A meek last glance of love didst throw,  
And humbly lay thee down to die."

Still more characteristic is the elegy on the canary, poor Matthias, whose dainty trochaic rhythm has an echo of the dead songster's trilling note :

“ Poor Matthias ! Found him lying  
Fall'n beneath his perch and dying ?  
Found him stiff, you say, though warm  
All convulsed his little form ?  
One more gasp—it is the end,  
Dead and mute our tiny friend.”

He has gone to join “ Atossa sage,” the cat who used to sit for hours beside his cage :

“ Crnel, but composed and bland,  
Dumb, inscrutable and grand ;  
So Tiberius might have sat,  
Had Tiberius been a cat.”

And the pity of it is that no one divined Matthias' approaching end :

“ Poor Matthias, couldst thou speak,  
What a tale of thy last week !  
Every morning did we pay  
Stupid salutations gay,  
Suited well to health, but how  
Mocking, how incongruous now !  
Cake we offer'd, sugar, seed,  
Never doubtful of thy need ;  
Troubling with our chatter vain  
Ebb of life and mortal pain.”

Between birds and men there is a great gulf fixed :

“ What they want, we cannot guess,  
Fail to track their deep distress.”

But this severance is, after all, only typical of the isolation of man from his fellow men :

“ Birds we but repeat on you  
 What amongst ourselves we do.  
 What you feel, escapes our ken—  
 Know we more our fellow men ?  
 Human longings, human fears  
 Miss our eyes and miss our ears.  
 Brother man’s despairing sign  
 Who may trust us to divine ?  
 Who assure us sundering powers  
 Stand not ’twixt his soul and ours ? ”

It is a significant return in this, almost his last poetic utterance, to the melancholy *leit-motif* :

“ In the sea of life misled  
 We mortal millions live alone.”

Yet the isolation is not absolute. It is the function of a few great men in every age, “ heroes,” as Carlyle would have called them, to bridge over the severing sea of individualism, to guide and guard their fellows. Such a man in Arnold’s eyes was his father, and in the touching lines written in Rugby Chapel we have the filial tribute from the philosopher-poet to the ruler of boys and of men, whose moral temper he revered and shared, though intellectually their paths had far diverged.

“ Thon wouldst not *alone*  
 Be saved, my father ! alone  
 Conquer and come to thy goal,  
 Leaving the rest in the wild.”

It is the mission of such as he to recall the

stragglers, refresh the weary among the host of humanity on its toilsome march :

“ Beacons of hope ye appear,  
Langnor is not in your heart,  
Weakness is not in your word,  
Weariness not in your brow.  
Ye alight in our van ! at your voice  
Panic, despair, fly away.”

It was the lack of more of such heroic souls “tempered with fire” in the England of his day—an England under the domination of the Philistines—that moved him in the lines on “Heine’s Grave” to echo the German poet’s denunciations :

“ I chide with thee not, that thy sharp  
Upbraidings often assail’d  
England, my country—for we,  
Heavy and sad, for her sons,  
Long since, deep in our hearts  
Echo the blame of her foes.  
We, too, sigh that she flags ;  
We, too, say that she now  
Scarce comprehending the voice  
Of her greatest golden-mouthed sons  
Of a former age any more—  
Stupidly travels her round  
Of mechanic business, and lets  
Slowly die out of her life  
Glory, and genius, and joy.  
So thou arraign’st her, her foe,  
So we arraign her, her sons,  
Yes, we arraign her ! but she,  
The weary Titan, with deaf  
Ears, and labour-dimm’d eyes,  
Regarding neither to right  
Nor left, goes passively by

Staggering on to her goal ;  
 Bearing on shoulders immense  
 Atlantëan, the load,  
 Well nigh not to be borne,  
 Of the too vast orb of her fate."

It is questionable if the noisier and more quickly ear-catching Imperialist verse of to-day contains so noble and permanently impressive an image of England as this of "the weary Titan." Here we have the now familiar conception of the White Man's Burden translated, so far as it affects England, into lofty and essentially poetic phrase. It would be impossible to picture more graphically the responsibilities of wide-world empire, or to arraign more effectually the temper in which they should not be met. This firm, undaunted spirit is of the very essence of the man. Like Shelley in his "Ode to the West Wind," he may cry at times: "I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed." But he could never echo the lines that follow in the "Ode":

"A heavy weight of years has chained and bowed  
 One too like thee—tameless and swift and proud."

Arnold is at the end "tameless and proud," unchained, unbent by the heavy weight of years. His lot is cast in an iron time. He does not see the end of the struggle, but he fights and he endures. It is enough, as he tells us in "The Last Word," if at the close he falls, arms in hand and with his face to the foe:

"They ont-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?  
 Better men fared thus before thee,  
 Fired their ringing shot and passed,  
 Hotly charged and sank at last.

“Charge once more then and be dumb ;  
Let the victors, when they come,  
When the forts of folly fall,  
Find thy body by the wall.”

It perhaps goes for something in one's attitude towards Matthew Arnold, that as a boy one was trained, if not at Rugby, yet at that younger school, Clifton, which counts Rugby as its mother, and that afterwards one's Oxford days were passed within the same walls—at least as much as the restoring builder had left of them—which aforetime sheltered Arnold and Clough. Such happy accidents may quicken one's enthusiasm, but they cannot create it. They certainly are not responsible for my conviction that Arnold's finest verse will be one of the most enduring, poetic memorials of the Victorian age. I am not one of those who accept Arnold's view of life as adequate. But the power of poetry is not dependent upon the views that it sets forth. In hours when the edge of our intellect is blunted, our keenness of vision dimmed, our nerve unstrung, Arnold's poetry, so exquisite in finish, so restrained in tone, so keen and lucid in analysis, has a peculiar, a unique appeal. There is no other body of verse quite akin to it: it is the poetry of the *Götterdämmerung*, the twilight of the Gods.





# SWEDENBORG AS MAN OF LETTERS AND BOOK LOVER.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read October 27th, 1909.]

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG'S greatness as a man of science is now coming to be more generally recognised. For a time his theological fame somewhat obscured his claims as a searcher into the mysteries of Nature.

Sweden has desired to do honour to Swedenborg by removing his remains to his native soil, there to be treasured as the ashes of one of her most illustrious sons. Dr. Retzius claims for Swedenborg that he was a pioneer in geology, and, indeed, one of the greatest discoverers in the field of physical science. He anticipated Laplace and Kant in their theories of the formation of the sun and planets; he anticipated the wave theory of light and of cosmic atoms, and also much of the present doctrine of the functions of the brain. Swedenborg was a mathematician, chemist, physicist, geologist, and mineralogist.\*

The seer is often regarded as one who owes all

\*An account of the removal of the remains of Swedenborg from London to Sweden appears in 'Morning Light,' April 11th, 1908, and in the 'Ninety-third Report of the Swedenborg Society' (1903), pp. 29, 30, appears the glowing eulogium on Swedenborg the scientist by Prof. Retzius.

to inspiration, but no prophet ever had a more rigid discipline of learning than Swedenborg. His earlier bent was in the direction of literature; he wrote a poem in his native Swedish at the age of twelve years and four months; his disputation thesis dealt with sentences from Seneca and Publius Syrus; his earliest publications were volumes of Latin verse. Then he turned to scientific investigation and distinguished himself by researches that ranged from engineering to physiology.

Swedenborg the scientist and Swedenborg the seer are now both recognised, but Swedenborg the bookman, the lover of literature, the poet, has also an interest, and is less known. His interest in literature as well as in science is abundantly evidenced in the few letters that remain of his earlier years.

During a visit to Westminster Abbey, in 1710, he came across the tomb of Isaac Casaubon and kissed the marble in his love for the "literary hero." Two Latin epigrams testify to his veneration for the great scholar. The first is:

"Marmore cur ornas tumulum, cur carmine et auro;  
Cum tamen hæc pereant, Tu que superstes eris.  
At puto sponte sua celebrant Te marmor et aurum;  
Oscula quod marmor prætercuntis amet."

"Why adorn'st thou the tomb with marble, with verse  
and with gold?  
While these will all perish, thou wilt survive and  
not die;  
But I think of their own will the marble and gold  
celebrate thee;  
For the marble desires the kisses of those who pass by."

The second is :

“ Urna Tuos cineres, animum sed Numen et Astra,  
Scripta Tuum ingenium, Nomen et orbis habet ;  
Has licet in partes Te mors distraxerit, ipse,  
Attamen in nostro pectore totus eris.”

“ This urn thy ashes holds—the world thy mind’s renown—  
God and the stars above possess thy soul ;  
Though death disperse the atoms of thy frame,  
Within our hearts thou ever dwellest whole.”

Some were not content merely to kiss Casaubon’s tomb, for Izaak Walton scratched his monogram thereon. And on it there is also scratched the letter “ S,” which may or may not indicate our enthusiast.

The poem in which Swedenborg celebrated his father’s sixty-third birthday has been thus translated by Samuel Stockwell :

“ Rise, Sappho, and, ere morning dawns,  
Go sweep with joy the sounding lyre,  
And with its tuneful strains awake  
My slumbering sire.

“ Go see if sleep hath left his eyes,  
That love to watch the opening day,  
And round his couch let music breathe  
The votive lay.

“ Hail ! natal day, with welcome crown’d,  
Worthy a thousand minstrels’ fire ;  
And birthday songs, by virgins sung  
To harp and lyre.

“ This day we’ll bless, in sweeter strains  
Than those to which the lute gives birth,  
For worth like his loves that far more  
Than boisterous mirth.

“For threescore times and three thou’st seen  
 The earth her annnal circuit run ;  
 So oft beheld the hour when first  
                                   Thou saw’st the sun !

“I trembled when the year came round,  
 That’s wont to cut the thread of life,—  
 To snatch the parent from his child  
                                   And loving wife.

“That year is past !—I’ve seen its end,  
 And still, belovéd Sire, thou’rt here ;  
 With gratitude I see thee spared  
                                   Another year.

“And may I see this day return  
 A hundred times ! but that may be  
 Too much to wish ;—then may ’t revolve  
                                   Threescore and three !

“That thou mayst see this day return,  
 And that in thee, man’s age twice told  
 May almost smile with youthful glee,  
                                   Although so old.

“Though distant are thy youthful days,  
 Still may thy age excite no fears,  
 Till the number of thy scions shall  
                                   Equal thy years.”

Here is Stockwell’s translation of the—

#### SAPPHIC ODE

On seeing the grand procession which accompanied to the tomb the remains of Hedeviga Ulrica Eleonora, Queen-Dowager of Sweden, on which occasion the Court and Military were in attendance ; the Royal Sceptre and Crown formed part of the solemn and imposing scene.

“Haste, Sappho, haste, thy tuneful lyre unstring,  
 Nor wake its soul-inspiring chords in vain ;  
 Without such aid, ’tis now for thee to sing  
                                   The solemn strain !

“Herald of fame! that oft on vig’rous plume  
Hast sped through Europe echoing Sweden’s praise,  
Bend for a moment o’er you regal tomb,  
With sorrowing gaze.

“Goddess of glory! oft with laurels crown’d,  
Weep for the dead; and, ’stead of victory’s leaf  
Be round thy brow the cypress chaplet bound—  
Emblem of grief.

“Thou golden Sceptre that wast won’t with dread  
To strike a world, say how can sparkle so  
Thy emerald stars while following the dead,—  
The tomb below?

“And thou, bright Crown, enveloped in a blaze  
Of glittering diamonds, that resplendent beam,  
In sable grandeur rest, and bid their rays  
Turn pale and dim.

“Illustrious House; for valiant scions famed;  
Bright Star of Sweden, now thy splendours wane,  
Attend, since heaven thy parent Queen has claim’d,  
The funeral train.

“Soldier of Sweden, too, attend the bier,  
With arms inverted, to its last long rest,  
With downward looks in sorrow’s weeds appear,  
And beat thy breast.

“Sweden, of Ancient Goths thou parent land,  
Weep! nurse of nations and of warriors brave,  
With locks and garments torn by frantic hand,  
Weep o’er you grave.”

Swedenborg was an eager searcher after knowledge, from mechanical operations to the most complicated investigations. In 1709 he learned book-binding and mentions having bound two books in half-morocco. He also learned the art of engraving. In 1711 we find him writing to Erik Benzelius and purchasing books on behalf of the Society of

Sciences of Upsala. Amongst them are the writings of Norris of Bemerton. He has read and admired Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning,' has heard of the recent publication of Grabe's 'Septuagint,' and has other bits of literary gossip to communicate. After naming some mathematical books he adds: "There are also eminent English poets that are worth reading for the sake of their imagination alone, such as Dryden, Spenser, Waller, Milton, Cowley, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Oldham, Benham, Philips, Smith and others." This is a notable list to be written in 1712\* by a young foreigner who could not speak English well.

In that year his correspondence deals among other matters with a book called 'Vitis Aquilonia,' on which a word may be said. Joannes Vastovius published at Cologne, in 1623, a folio entitled 'Vitis Aquilonia,' dealing with the lives of the Swedish Saints. It was re-published at Upsala, in 1708, under the editorship of Erik Benzeliuss, who appears to have sent some copies to England. Swedenborg writes: "I asked Count Gyllenborg about your books; he said he received the letter, but not the books; they are detained in the Custom House until the duty be paid; it is a great chance if I hear anything about them. The 'Vitis Aquilonia' is a Catholic and superstitious book, which by an Act of Parliament

\* There was no English poet named Benham, and it is probably a mistake of the scribe for Sir John Denham. The 'Whole Works of John Phillips,' as his name is more commonly spelled, appeared in 1708. His 'Splendid Shilling,' once very popular, is said to be "an imitation of Milton," but the modern reader who ventures to read it cannot detect the Milton quality.

in the third year of William and Mary's reign was forbidden to be introduced into this country. If it was another book, I should try to get it for you, for then it would be free." This mysterious detention of a book is somewhat puzzling. In Raithby's edition of the 'Statutes at Large' there is no trace of any Act of Parliament bearing upon the subject at the time named. The Rev. James Hyde suggests that probably Swedenborg had been told of the Act of Settlement excluding Roman Catholics from the throne (which was passed just prior to the accession of Mary), and supposed it referred also to literature. And later in the same year (1712) he mentions that John Chamberlayne, the author, or rather continuator, of the 'Angliae Notitia' of his father, Edward Chamberlayne, has promised that in case of future consignments he will use his influence to have the books delivered to those to whom they are addressed.\*

"I have longed," he writes in 1712, "to see the Bodleian Library, since I have seen the little one at Sion College, but I am kept back here on account of want of money." It is an old complaint, that—

" . . . eternal want of pence  
Which vexes public men,"

of which Tennyson has sung.

Nevertheless in February, 1713, Swedenborg was admitted a reader in the Bodleian Library.

As in his letters so in the memoranda which Swedenborg has left of his travels we find evidences of his interest in books. At Berlin, in 1733, he

\* Tafel's 'Documents,' i, 212. 221.



visited the library, and remarks that the books are mostly old for lack of funds for the purchase of new publications. "Several MSS. are also exhibited, among which is the Bible of Charlemagne, written eight hundred years ago, which was brought from Aix-la-Chapelle. There are also historical works in the Italian language from the library of Queen Christina (of Sweden), and, in addition, many old codexes; books in the Chinese language, a Koran of most exquisite workmanship, likewise another Koran, almost round in form and enclosed in a case very small in size. A large atlas is also shown." He has also notes on the interesting things to be seen in the Kunst-Kammer. So at Prague he notices the Chinese letters and books at the Jesuiten-kloster. The "superb library" consisted mostly of old books. "They showed me a Bible translated from the Latin into German by Rüdiger, and published in Nuremberg in 1483, or thirty-four years before Luther's version." This edition is attributed to Rüdiger nowhere else, nor, indeed, to anybody else, as the Rev. J. Hyde informs me.

In 1734, at Copenhagen, he notes the library as "magnificent and excellently arranged. It contains 70,000 volumes; the octavos are at the top, where access is obtained by a gallery round the interior. They showed me Cicero's works printed at Mayence in 1456, which is supposed to be the first book ever printed." He continues: "They showed me my own work, but without knowing I was its author." That is the 'Opera Philosophica' which was published in this year. What greater pleasure can a bookman have than to inspect his own writings in a foreign library?



At Hamburg he had a letter of introduction to Johan Christoph Wolf and examined his extraordinary collection of autographs. At Paris he mentions the bookshops along the Seine—"which are of no particular importance,"—and has notes as to the libraries which he visited, as also the Jardin du Roi and its library. At Milan in 1738 he thought the library of little value as it contained only old books. Clearly he had little favour for the schoolmen. At Florence he notes that the Laurenziana consists entirely of old books of the fifteenth century, and that the Magliabecchiana was arranged alphabetically. He visited the Vatican Library, and duly saw its famous codex of the New Testament.

Naturally Swedenborg's notes as to science are more copious, for that was the object of his travels, but his jottings show him to be also interested in libraries and in the remains of ancient art.

Swedenborg's verses range in point of date from 1700 to 1740. It is curious to note that the copy of the first edition of his "*Ludus Heliconius*" (1714) in the Royal Library at Stockholm is printed on vellum. Surely only those whose love of books has gone to the extreme bounds of bibliomania indulge in such luxuries! His father writes to him in 1730 asking him to write some verses for the reprint of the Bishop's portrait: "I think very highly of your verses," he says. The copper-plate of a portrait of Bishop Swedberg was found unharmed after the destruction by fire of his house. Thereupon the son wrote three Latin epigrams, one of which Francis Barham translates:

“Thy statue, father, of inviolate fame,  
Emerges brighter from the insulting flame;  
So let thy soul in purer splendours glow,  
When Heaven’s last fires consume the world below.”

That Swedenborg was known as a lover of literature we may safely infer from the fact that when Leipzig, in 1740, celebrated the tercentenary of the invention of printing he was one of the contributors to the volume ‘Gepriesenes Andencken’ then issued. His poem is commendably brief and may therefore be quoted:

IN PRAECONIUM INVENTIONIS TYPOGRAPHIAE, LIPSIAE, 1740.

“Artis, quae format non ore, sed aere loquelas,  
Dum laudes rursus Lipsia docta colit:  
Heic laudes celebrem simul inventoris, at illas  
Tot nequeo numeris, quot meruisse scio.  
Quis fuerit? queras, non Gallus, Belga nec Anglus,  
Testibus at liceat credere, Tauto fuit.  
Schaefferum docuit Faustus, sed primus utrumque  
Guttenberg, hujus munere praela vigent.  
Nascitur ex rivi unde est fons Palladis, exque  
Praelis et numero, fons quod a binde fluat.”

There is a spirited version by the Rev. J. H. Smithson, who, however, has left one line—the seventh—untranslated. This omission is here supplied by an English couplet. Latin brevities are apt to expand in modern tongues.

“Whilst Leipsic—famed for taste and learning long—  
Applands that ART, which doth all praise surpass;  
Which lives—though dead! which speaks—without  
a tongue!  
Makes silence eloquent in types of brass!

Lends Wisdom wings which Darkness cannot pass !  
 Be mine to celebrate his honor'd name  
 Who gave this blessed boon to every class !  
 Say—who the world's wide gratitude should claim ?  
 What empire boasts his birth—the worthiest son of  
     fame ?  
 Did Gaul give birth to that immortal mind ?  
 Did Belgium tax its genius to create  
 That man—the work and wonder of his kind ?  
 Founder of worlds where mind alone is great !  
 Was he a Briton ? No, for kinder fate  
 Gave Germany the glory of his birth !  
 'Twas Faust to Schaeffer taught this magic art,  
 But who to both the secret did impart ?  
 'Twas Guttenberg—all grace that name await !  
 Whose hand first ope'd that fount of richest worth,  
 Spread Learning, Science, Truth,—like sunlight o'er  
     the earth !”

The prettiest offspring of Swedenborg's muse is :

DELIA IN NIVE AMBULANS.

“ Sola ut per flavos spatia est Delia campos,  
     Alatus subito desuper imber adest :  
 Adstitit e summa delapsus Jnpiter arce,  
     Ut Deus argenti linderet imbre deam,  
 Qua patuere sinus, se nix heic indidit audax,  
     Se velut in nidis multa recondit avis ;  
 Moesta sed in lacrimam semet guttamque resolvit,  
     Vieta quod a gremio candidiore foret,  
 Membra dein fluxit tristis per lactea demum  
     In tunicae limbo gemmula facta stetit.”

A curious point about this is that it is a translation of Dr. William Strode's poem :

## ON CHLORIS WALKING IN THE SNOW.

"I saw fair Chloris walk alone,  
 When feather'd rain came softly down;  
 'Then Jove descended from his tower  
 To court her in a silver shower:  
 The wanton snow flew to her breast,  
 Like little birds into their nest;  
 But overcome with whiteness there,  
 For grief it thawed into a tear,  
 'Then falling down her garment's hem,  
 To deck her, froze into a gem."

To make the incident quite complete Strode's English poem, which appeared as far back as 1639, has been printed as a translation of Swedenborg's Latin verses.\*

It would be useless to claim for Swedenborg any lofty pinnacle of the hill of Parnassus. The fashion of Latin verse is dead. Even the obvious utility of Latin as a universal language for the educated classes did not prevent its disuse. When Milton wanted to influence the mind of Europe and when Newton wanted to address the scientific world each wrote in Latin. This fashion has passed away, and Latin composition is now seldom cultivated as a means of addressing the world at large, however much it may continue to be esteemed as a scholarly accomplishment. Nor can it be claimed that any of the modern writers of Latin verse have equalled their antique models. In all the centuries that have intervened since the days of Horace there is no singer who can challenge his pride of place. Those

\* Hyde's 'Bibliography,' No. 49. In some copies of Strode the name of "Delia" is used.

who write in these modern days write in their mother tongue. The exceptions are so few as to be mere accidents.\* But in Swedenborg's early days Latin had not entirely lost its vogue.

Sandels very judiciously observes that "poetry was not his forte, nor was it his business." His Latin verses were esteemed in his own day. In spite of Milton and Vincent Bourne it may be doubted if a poem, a great poem of genius, has been written in a dead language.

Swedenborg was something of a linguist, and could certainly read Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, and Dutch as well as the Scandinavian tongues. His writings are all in Latin or Swedish.† It need not be assumed that he could write or speak in all these tongues or that he had a critical knowledge of them. This was certainly not the case with English.‡

Arvid Ferelius speaks of seeing Swedenborg "sitting and writing at a round table in the middle of the room with the Hebrew Bible before him, which constituted his whole library." We are told by Carl Johann Knös it was the "travelling library" of Swedenborg and was under-scored everywhere.§ This Hebrew Bible passed into the hands of Ferelius as his honorarium for reading the burial service at the first funeral of Swedenborg. Of his later years we have Robsahm's testimony that "although he was

\* Thus William Beckford wrote 'Vathek' in French, and the English edition is a translation.

† 'Tafel's Documents,' i, 34.

‡ 'Tafel,' i, 224.

§ Tafel's 'Documents,' ii, 563.

a learned man, no books were ever seen in his room except his Hebrew and Greek Bible and his manuscript indexes to his own works, by which, in making quotations, he was saved the trouble of examining all that he had previously written or printed.”\* If by these statements is meant that Swedenborg in the closing years of his life confined his studies to the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures no correction is needed, but it is certain that he still possessed other books.† Robsahm speaks of Swedenborg’s “handsome library” which occupied one side of the summer house he built in 1767 in the grounds of his house at Stockholm.

Swedenborg’s library was sold by auction in 1772, and there has been a reprint of the sale catalogue.‡ This catalogue is not entirely satisfactory, for apparently only half the space is occupied by the titles of Swedenborg’s own collection, and it is probable that many books may have been intercepted by friends and relations before the auction room was reached. The catalogue enumerates 268 books, many of them relating to science. Amongst them is Gilbert’s epoch-making book ‘*De Magnete*’ (1600). There is an English Bible and Book of Common Prayer, and Venn’s ‘*Complete Duty of Man.*’ Another English theological book is ‘*A Manual of Devotion*’ (1742).

\* ‘*Tafel.*’ i, 32.

† The particulars given by Ferelius will be found in Tafel’s ‘*Documents.*’ ii, 558.

‡ ‘*Catalogus Bibliothecae Emmanuelis Swedenborgii juxta editionem primam.*’ Denuo edidit Alfred H. Stroh (Holmiac ex officina Afton-bladet. 1907, 8vo, pp. 16). There is an interesting notice of it from the pen of that well-known scholarly bookseller Mr. Charles Higham in ‘*Morning Light*’ for April 25th, 1908.



The books range over many subjects—travel, chemistry, mining, astronomy, physics, theology. Nor is literature without some witness, for both Horace and Ovid are in the list. A rare book of occult philosophy is the ‘Chiave del Gabineto’ of Borri, from which came Montfaucon de Villars’ ‘Comte de Gabalis’—a pamphlet that in turn supplied Alexander Pope with the supernatural machinery of the ‘Rape of the Lock.’

From the Rev. James Hyde I learn that in his printed and MS. works, Swedenborg shows himself to be acquainted with about 660 distinct books by other writers—counting any work in several volumes as one book. The classics quoted by him are—Aristophanes, Aristotle, Cicero, Diogenes Laertius, Epicurus, Hesiod, Hippocrates, Horace, Leucippus, Ovid, Plato, Plautus, Pliny, Plutarch, Seneca, and Virgil. Publius Syrus has already been named. This list sufficiently shows how deeply he had drunk of ancient literature.

Swedenborg was a bookman in yet another sense.\* His literary activity was prodigious, and his writings have found plentiful employment for translators, editors, commentators, and, as a matter of course, for controvertors. It would be difficult to name any body of men who have made more use of the printing press than the disciples of Swedenborg. The Rev. James Hyde estimates that the whole of Swedenborg’s writing amounts to 1372 pages folio, 10,368 pages quarto, and 7320 pages octavo in print,

\* According to Swedenborg’s doctrine of correspondences, books signify the interiors of the mind of man, because in them are written all things relating to his life (‘Apocalypsis Revelata,’ 867).

besides 1688 pages folio and 7094 pages quarto in manuscript which have never been printed. Mr. Hyde has compiled a remarkable chart of the vast oceans of Swedenborg's writings. It is one of the best personal bibliographies that has ever been compiled, and represents an enormous amount of patient labour and industrious research. It records original MSS., printed editions, translations, portraits, and biographies. It extends to 3500 articles, in which are set down all that bibliography can tell us about Swedenborg's works, which, great and small, are known to have been some two hundred in number. The arrangement is chronological according to the date of publication. The full description of the first edition of each work is followed by a similar record of subsequent reprints and translations, and Swedenborg is now to be found in many languages—Arabic, Danish, Dutch, English, French, German, Gujerati, Hindi, Icelandic, Italian, Latin, Magyar, Norwegian, Polish, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, and Welsh. Mr. Hyde holds the true doctrine of bibliography, and is commendably full in his transcripts of titles and in his description of books. And very full indexes complete the book and make it easy to refer to any part of this remarkable compilation.\*

In his early days Swedenborg did not care for the anonymous system, and, indeed, declared that he

\* 'A Bibliography of the Works of Emanuel Swedenborg, Original and Translated,' by the Rev. James Hyde. London: Swedenborg Society, 1906, crown 4to, pp. xvi (2), 742 (2). This book and Tafel's 'Documents Concerning Swedenborg,' of which the latest impression is dated 1890, are the great store-houses of information. Esperanto may now be added to the list of languages.



would not enter into controversy with any enemy who wore a mask.\* Yet, like many other bookmen, the Swedish seer wrote under more than one name, and sometimes anonymously. His patronymic was "Swedberg," and his earliest books bear that name on their title-pages; for this reason all his works are entered under "Swedberg" in the catalogue of the British Museum. Under certain circumstances the children of distinguished prelates were ennobled, and Bishop Swedberg asked for and received this favour. Emanuel was the eldest son, and as head of the family became a member of the House of Nobles. He had no feudal title, but his name was changed to Swedenborg—a name which he has made famous. The first edition of his '*Camena Borea*' had only his initials on the title. This is the nearest approach to a pseudonym, except one that occurs in MS. only. The '*Arcana Coelestia*' was originally issued without the author's name, as the time was not yet come for it to be made known. When the '*Vera Christiana Religio*' appeared it was described on the title-page as "*ab Emanuele Swedenborg Domini Jesu Christi servo.*"

In 1771 there was no liberty of unlicensed printing in France. Swedenborg intended to print this '*Vera Christiana Religio*' in Paris, and it was therefore necessary to obtain the permission of the licenser. The MS. was submitted to Chevreuil for that purpose and he promised to give a "*tacit*" permission on condition that London or Amsterdam should appear on the title-page as the place of publication. This subterfuge was not agreeable to

\* *Tafel's Documents*, i, 333.

Swedenborg's straightforward character, and he withdrew the MS. and had it printed at Amsterdam. This incident throws an interesting sidelight on the ways of censorship. The Congregation of the Index did not overlook him. In 1739 the '*Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*' (3 vols., 1734) was put on the list of prohibited books. It is, as Reusch remarks, the only one of his writings so included.\*

He had troubles with opponents in his own country. Fifty copies of Swedenborg's work, '*De Amore Conjugiali*,' were detained in the Custom House at Norrköping in 1769. This was due to the instigation of Bishop Filenius, who was then engaged in the persecution of two clergymen suspected to entertain the views of the Swedish mystic. After the death of the bishop the books appear to have been sold, and Christian Johansen rescued a number of copies from a grocery where they were being used as wrapping-paper.†

Yet it is noteworthy that when the House of the Clergy was raging against Swedenborg's theological writings no effort was directed against him personally. The beauty of his character, his venerable age, his social position, and his great reputation as a man of science proved shields against any effective persecution.

Part of the MS. of the '*Apocalypsis Explicata*' had a remarkable escape from destruction. A portion of the copy of the second volume was in the hands of Mr. Henry Peckitt when a fire broke out in his house. The MS. was in a desk which was destroyed.

\* Reusch: '*Der Index Der verbotenen Bücher*,' ii, 113.

† Tafel's '*Documents*,' ii, 711.

But it was discovered that a fireman, finding the desk too heavy to remove, had broken it open and thrown its contents into the street. One of the neighbours picked up several books and amongst them the MS. of the 'Apocalypsis Explicata.' \*

This and other MSS., though belonging to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm, to which they had been presented by the heirs of Swedenborg, had a long sojourn in England. They were borrowed from the Academy for the purpose of being copied, and were brought to England in 1788, and passed, by purchase and gift, into the possession of the Swedenborg Society, who very handsomely restored them in 1841, when they had been absent from the place of deposit for more than two generations.†

Some men have posthumous adventures. In this category, along with Columbus and Napoleon, we must place Swedenborg. The story of the visits to his tomb, of the stealing and restoration of his skull—if it was restored—and of the transfer of his body from its London burial-place to his Swedish fatherland, has a romantic interest.

Swedenborg's relation to literature may be considered in yet another aspect, but the topic is too wide for treatment here and now—his influence on later thinkers who have greatly influenced the world, and who have presented some of his thoughts in a form less severe than his own. What has been Swedenborg's influence on Kant, Goethe, the Brownings, Tennyson, and Emerson ?‡

\* Tafel's 'Documents,' ii, 713.

† Tafel's 'Documents,' ii, pp. 802-834.

‡ See Dr. Frank Sewall's "Swedenborg and Modern Idealism,"

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great American thinker, gives Swedenborg a place in his 'Representative Men' as the type of the mystic. After certain critical deductions he passes into glowing eulogy. Swedenborg, he says: "By the science of experiment and use he made his first steps; he observed and published the laws of Nature: and, ascending by just degrees from events to their summits and causes, he was fired with piety at the harmonies he felt, and abandoned himself to his joy and worship. This was his first service. If the glory was too bright for his eyes to bear, if he staggered under the trance of delight, the more excellent is the spectacle he saw, the realities of being which beam and blaze through him, and which no infirmities of the prophet are suffered to obscure; and he renders a second passive service to men, not less than the first—perhaps, in the great circle of being, and in the retributions of spiritual nature, not less glorious or less beautiful to himself."

It is not our function here to discuss either the seer or the scientist, but it is of interest to know that Swedenborg—this penetrating and far-seeing intellect—was a lover of books, a student of history and of art, a man who had drunk deeply at the clear fountains of literature.

"Swedenborg's Influence upon Goethe" ('New Philosophy,' January, 1906, and his letter in the 'New Church League Journal,' July, 1907). and papers by Dr. T. F. Wright in the 'New Church Review.' The little tract by James Spilling on 'Swedenborg and the Brownings' (London: J. Speirs, 1886), may also be named.

## GIACOMO ZANELLA E LA POESIA INGLESE.

BY ANTONIO FOGAZZARO, HON.F.R.S.L.

[Read October 27th, 1909.]

GIACOMO ZANELLA tiene un bel posto fra i maggiori poeti che fiorirono in Italia nella seconda metà del secolo decimonono. Negli anni intorno al 1870 ebbe popolarità grande. Il volume di versi da lui pubblicato nel 1868 rispondeva, in Italia, al desiderio di moltissimi che, avendo cara l'avita fede cattolica e tenendo insieme in grande onore la scienza, salutarono nel nuovo poeta un conciliatore geniale dei diritti dell'una con i diritti dell'altra. Il loro sentimento non era pienamente giustificato. I versi dello Zanella rivelavano nel Poeta una larga notizia e anche un alto concetto del progresso scientifico, ma lo mostravano anche sospettoso della superba filosofia che dalle altezze della Scienza potrebbe minacciare la Fede, e avversò fieramente ad alcune teorie pericolose per l'autorità della Bibbia, come la teoria della discendenza applicata all'uomo. Infatti la evoluzione intellettuale dello Zanella si compì con i sonetti del volume "Astichello" che hanno per nota fondamentale l'amaro scetticismo col quale il Poeta, negli

ultimi anni del viver suo, era solito considerare i vanti della Scienza e della Civiltà.

Ma il successo grande delle sue poesie al loro primo apparire, se in parte fu dovuto al carattere di modernità che venne loro attribuito con soddisfazione da lettori religiosi, se in altra parte fu dovuto alla compiacenza dei cattolici in generale e del clero in particolare per il raro fenomeno di un prete così ricco d'ingegno e d'arte da forzare il laicato all'ammirazione, fu anche in parte dovuto a certa novità nell'ispirazione, che si accompagnava alla classica purezza della forma. La forma era lavoro di un conservatore devoto alle migliori tradizioni letterarie italiane, nutrito di latinità, ma che aveva però in mente il precetto famoso: "*Sur des pensers nouveaux faisons des vers antiques.*"

Erano in parte nuovi i pensieri; sopra tutto era nuovo il sentimento malinconico e profondo di certe poesie, erano nuove certe immagini, certe forme allegoriche. Il Pellegrino della "*Religione materna*," che nel partire prima dell'alba prende dalle mani della madre la lampada della Fede, cammina sicuro nelle tenebre al suo lume per vie difficili, la vede scolorarsi al nascer del giorno, la crede spenta sul mezzodì, ne rivede a sera tremolar la fiamma e giunto alla fine del viaggio la posa per ricongiungersi alla madre, non aveva antenati nella letteratura italiana. Davanti ad esso il lettore si arrestava pensoso come davanti a un viso che gli è nuovo e tuttavia confusamente altri gliene ricorda. Non aveva forse nelle vene il Pellegrino dello Zanella qualche goccia del sangue di un altro pellegrino famoso, di un pellegrino straniero?



Vera e propria somiglianza no, ma non c'era un'aria di famiglia comune a quello dello Zanella e a quello del Longfellow? Sì, vi era; e tuttavia il pellegrino italiano somigliava bene a suo padre, aveva nel volto un che di mite, di gentile, di mansueto, di particolarmente veneto, vorrei dire, non che d'italiano. Il lettore si arrestava poi su qualche strofa di altre liriche, non perchè vi trovasse ricordi, somiglianze, ma perchè gli pareva scoprirvi un'arte insolita di trarre poesia da realtà volgari, non già mediante squisitezze di lavoro esterno, come usò il Parini, ma penetrando dentro quell'anima di poesia che si cela in certe realtà di apparenza prosaica.

Notava inoltre il lettore come il Poeta mostrasse di sentire, più vivamente che i suoi maestri italiani non mostrino avere sentito, la poesia della casa e della famiglia. Rileggendo il poemetto "Milton e Galileo," col quale si apre il volume, meditando le invettive eloquenti contro Roma papale che lo Zanella pone sulle labbra di Milton, tanto eloquenti da far parere fiacche al confronto le risposte di Galileo, il lettore si domandava se questo sacerdote cattolico, inflessibilmente fermo nella propria fede, non avesse però molto familiari le letterature pregne dello spirito della Riforma. Chi conobbe lo Zanella da vicino sa che fu ignaro della lingua tedesca, che ammirò il Goethe e gustò Enrico Heine nelle versioni francesi, ma che per il pensiero tedesco, in generale, provò un'antipatia profonda. In parte per effetto della odiosa dominazione austriaca, in parte per effetto del suo amore di chiarezza, del suo particolare sentimento estetico e anche di una conoscenza molto imperfetta della materia, pensiero tedesco fu per lui

simbolo di oscurità, di pedanteria, di orgoglio. Pochi versi egli declamava con tanto entusiasmo come i famosi di Giacomo Leopardi: "Che non provan sistemi e congetture E teorie dell'alemannna gente?"

Quel lettore che io dicevo, giunto verso la fine del volume, avrebbe scoperta la fonte a cui largamente si abbeverò il poeta. Per meglio dire, ne avrebbe scoperto alcuni sottili rivoli nelle versioni dall'inglese di Tennyson, di Shelley, della Hemans. Ma solo molti anni dopo il pubblico potè apprendere quanto amore avesse posto da lungo tempo lo Zanella alle lettere inglesi, quanto larga e profonda conoscenza ne possedesse. Chi scrive n'era informato fin da quando avendo a maestro, nei primi anni dell'adolescenza, Giacomo Zanella, ne ricevette in dono un volume che tuttora conserva, carissimo ricordo: "The works of Thomas Gray." Gray è stato, io credo, il primo amore concepito dal poeta vicentino nei suoi viaggi ideali in Inghilterra. Fu la famosa "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" che lo innamorò. Lo colpì quella religiosità profonda e malinconica dell'Inglese, tanto affine alla sua; lo colpì l'onda regolare, armoniosa del verso; si compiacque di trovarvi l'origine di certi versi bellissimi del suo contemporaneo fratello d'arte, Aleardo Aleardi.

" Ivi forse

Dorme un occulto Pindaro senz'arpa,  
Un Ildebrando, a cui mancò la stola  
Venerabile e i tempi."

Grande ammiratore del Foscolo, altro affetto che lo legò, per le memorie del Digamma Cottage e del Cimitero di Chiswick, all'Inghilterra, egli si com-



piacque pure di poter leggere nell'originale le strofe care a Ugo che ne cita, scrivendo a Giustina Renier Michiel, questa, tradotta dal veronese Torelli :

“E il gufo ognor pensoso  
Si duole al raggio della luna amico  
Di chi violando il suo ricetto ombroso  
Gli turba il regno solitario antico.”

Si compiacque finalmente di scoprire un altro suo legame spirituale con Tommaso Gray : il comune amore delle lettere latine, lo studio grande del poetare latino. Posta l'educazione, poste le abitudini mentali e le idee di Giacomo Zanella, questa comunanza di affetto e di studii dovette avere per esso il valore di una vera fraternità. Radicata nel latino, l'arte dell'uno e dell'altro poeta obbediva alle stesse norme fondamentali, agli stessi freni, agli stessi stimoli. Si pensi alla simpatia di carattere morale e religioso che l'italiano dovette sentire per l'inglese e si comprenderà che lo Zanella abbia preferito il Gray a qualunque altro dei poeti che onorano l'Inghilterra. Vissuto modestamente, potè negli ultimi anni fabbricarsi una villetta presso quell'Astichello che diede il nome a un piccolo tesoro di squisita poesia; e certo pensò allora quanto sarebbe stato felice di eguale sorte il suo Gray che scriveva al Nicholls : “ Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own garden and sit on a bench in the open air . . . .” Maggiori ambizioni non aveva nutrito Giacomo Zanella.

Era naturale ch'egli fosse inclinato ad ammirare il Pope, un perfetto maestro della scuola stessa alla quale egli appartenne come poeta, della scuola che

non riconosce vera poesia dove non è squisito artificio di forma. Lo Zanella vide facilmente nel "Rape of the Lock" una fonte del "Giorno" di Giuseppe Parini. Dico riguardo alla qualità dell'arte, perchè, com'egli stesso notò nel suo parallelo letterario che ha per titolo "Alessandro Pope ed Antonio Conti," il tono dei due poemi era ben diverso e il riverente affetto di Giacomo Zanella andava all'altezza morale del grande, fiero abate italiano. Forse non vi andò senza qualche intima riserva; forse, per il purissimo vicentino, Giuseppe Parini non fu sufficientemente forte contro la *contumace Venere* e troppe fralezze umane, ancorchè lievi, rivela qua e là il suo verso; ma peggio era per il Pope.

Chi ha letto i 'Paralleli letterari' di Giacomo Zanella, vero monumento della sua grandissima cultura, sa bene com'egli rendesse giustizia ai grandi poeti inglesi del secolo scorso, per quanto riguarda l'arte. Ammirava nell'animo suo Byron e Shelley molto più ancora che non osasse, prete e timorato, dirlo al pubblico. Con più aperto cuore parlò del Keats, molto compiacendosi di notare come il Keats, anche rievocando il mondo ellenico, non lo contrapponesse al mondo cristiano, mentre altra via tenne lo Swinburne. E giudicando amaramente il paganesimo dello Swinburne, egli mirava, senza nominarlo, al Carducci. A ogni modo, anche a Byron e a Shelley, del quale ultimo tradusse mirabilmente "To a Skylark," "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," "Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples," egli rese un omaggio particolarmente meritorio per un poeta italiano.

In uno studio sullo Shelley e il Leopardi, Giacomo Zanella scrive: “In una delle molte prefazioni alle poesie del Leopardi si dice ch’egli si aperse innanzi una via dove non era vestigio prima di lui. Ciò non è vero: Byron e Shelley lo hanno preceduto; e Byron e Shelley vivevano in Italia, quando l’ingegno di Leopardi metteva i primi frutti.”

E la squisita ode dello Zanella, “Gli ospizi marini” riflette languidamente un raggio di ‘Child Harold.’ Quando vi leggo la invocazione al mare:

“ Pel guardo, che colti  
 Nei gorgli crudeli  
 Quei vivi sepolti  
 Rivolgono ai cieli;  
 Pei lerci cadaveri  
 Che ai lidi piangenti  
 Orribile avventi,”

non posso a meno di ricordare l’entusiasmo col quale il mio antico maestro mi diceva le magnifiche stanze che cominciano:

“ Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll ! ”

e poi esaltano la potenza feroce del mare sull’uomo.

Di Felicia Hemans lo Zanella non mi parlò mai, ch’io ricordi. E tuttavia ne tradusse non meno di sei composizioni poetiche, fra le quali “The Homes of England” con rara felicità. Non vedo intimi legami fra la lirica della Hemans e quella dello Zanella. Stupisco invece ch’egli non abbia attinto più largamente a Tennyson, del quale tradusse soltanto l’idillio “Dora.” E’ vero che in tutta l’opera poetica di Alfredo Tennyson, niente si troverebbe

di più affine che “Dora” al genio di Giacomo Zanella, se non forse “Enoch Arden.” Inferiore di potenza all'autore di “Dora,” lo Zanella non avrebbe saputo creare una figura così profonda nella sua semplicità delicata; ma pochi altri furono disposti da natura, com'egli, a sentirne la bellezza. E nel tradurla gli uscì piano il verso come prima giammai, e da quel verso limpido traluce quasi più intera l'anima del traduttore che quella del Tennyson, il quale ebbe tante altre corde differenti alla sua lira.

Qualche mescolanza di sangui è utile al vigore delle generazioni anche in letteratura. Lo stesso Giosuè Carducci, poeta nazionale per eccellenza, attinse sangue straniero alla vena di Vittor Hugo e di Enrico Heine. Lo Zanella sarebbe stato in grado di praticare utilmente una infusione di buon sangue inglese nella poesia italiana. Disgraziatamente, non dico per lui ma per la nostra poesia, egli fu sacerdote. Come il sacerdote deve radersi una parte dei capelli, così deve troncarsi una parte delle sue penne di alato poeta, una parte delle sue più belle e più forti penne. Lo Zanella dovette tacere le tempeste del cuore e le tempeste del pensiero; anche quelle che purificano l'atmosfera interna. Se fosse stato così grande e potente da reggere in pugno il flagello che Dante usò per la gloria di Dio e della Chiesa, avrebbe dovuto appenderlo alla parete e alla parete lo avrebbe appeso, perchè fu prima sacerdote che poeta.

Non arrivò all'altezza di Giuseppe Parini, non avrebbe saputo scrivere “Il Messaggio,” ma neppure avrebbe voluto. Perciò non gli fu dato di trarre alla propria vena poetica i più freschi e vividi rivi

della poesia straniera. Ciò non gli tolse di giovarsi, nella misura che potè, della inglese, nè gli tolse di farne conoscere alcuni grandi maestri a quel pubblico che avrebbe diffidato della lode di un laico o di un romantico e che si affrettava invece ad accoglierla dalle labbra di un sacerdote, cultore dei modelli classici.

Mi par giusto che tali benemerenze di un poeta italiano verso le lettere inglesi sieno fatte conoscere a una Società inglese di letteratura. E piaciuto a me di esercitare questo umile ufficio, per un doppio sentimento di gratitudine: per quella che serbo al mio antico maestro diletto e per quella che professo agl'illustri membri della Società Reale che mi scelsero a loro collega.

## TRANSLATION.

### GIACOMO ZANELLA AND ENGLISH POETRY.

GIACOMO ZANELLA holds an important position among the greater poets who flourished in Italy during the latter half of the nineteenth century. His popularity was great about 1870. His book of verses, published in 1868, appealed to many in Italy, who, while cherishing the inherited Catholic faith, yet held science in great esteem, and therefore welcomed, in the new poet, a genial conciliator of the conflicting rights of both. Their feeling was not fully justified, however; Zanella's poetry showed him to be possessed of a wide knowledge and a lofty conception of scientific progress, but it also showed him to be suspicious of the self-sufficient philosophy that from the ramparts of science might eventually menace the faith, and also fiercely averse to certain theories endangering the authority of the Bible, such as "The Descent of Man." Indeed, Zanella's intellectual development culminates in the sonnets in the volume entitled "*Astichello*," which have as their dominant note that bitter scepticism with which the poet in his later years viewed the boastings of science and civilisation.

But the great success of his poems on their first appearance, if due on the one hand to that modern-

ism attributed to them with satisfaction by religious readers, and on the other hand to the complacency with which Catholics in general and the clergy in particular viewed the rare phenomenon of a priest, richly endowed with genius and with the art of compelling admiration from the laity, yet was also due to a certain freshness of inspiration, accompanied by a classical purity of style.

His style was that of a conservative, devoted to the best literary traditions of Italy, nurtured in the Latin spirit, but keeping in mind the famous precept: "*Sur des penses nouveaux faisons des vers antiques.*"

The thoughts in his verses were for the most part original, and especially their deep and melancholy sentiment, as well as some of his metaphors and allegories. One of these has no forerunner in Italian literature, viz. the "Pilgrim," in "Maternal Religion." Starting before dawn, he takes from his mother's hands the lamp of faith, by the light of which he walks safely through the darkness by difficult paths, sees it fade at the birth of day, believes it to be extinguished at noon-tide, sees the flame flickering again at even, and coming to his journey's end puts it down for the re-union with his mother. Before this allegory the reader stops thoughtfully, as before a face that, while new to him, yet recalls others to his mind. Did not this "pilgrim" of Zanella's have in his veins some drops of the blood of another famous pilgrim, a foreign one? The resemblance may not be a true and actual one, but was there not some family likeness



between this pilgrim of Zanella's and that of Longfellow's? Yes, but yet the Italian pilgrim strongly resembled his creator—he had in his face a certain mildness and gentleness peculiarly Venetian, not to say Italian.

The reader is arrested by some strophes of other lyrics, not because he finds memories and resemblances, but because he seems to discover in them a rare ability to find poetry in common things, not through exquisite phrasing, as Parini did, but by penetrating to the soul of poetry, hidden under apparently prosaic realities. The reader will also note that this poet, much more than his Italian masters, showed how intensely he felt the poetry of home and family.

As one reads the little poem on Milton and Galileo, with which the volume opens, and meditates upon the eloquent invectives against papal Rome, which Zanella puts into the mouth of Milton—words so eloquent as to make Galileo's answers sound feeble beside them—the reader asks himself if this Catholic priest, although so steadfast in his own faith, was not very familiar with the literature impregnated with the Reformation spirit. Those who knew Zanella intimately know that he was ignorant of the German language, that he could only admire Goethe and delight in Heinrich Heine through French translations, whilst for German thought in general he had a profound antipathy. Partly on account of the hated domination of Austria, partly by reason of his love of clearness and of his particularly aesthetic sentiment, and also of his very imperfect acquaintance with the matter, German thought stood for him as



the symbol of obscurity, pedantry, and pride. There were few verses he recited with so much enthusiasm as the famous ones of Giacomo Leopardi: "What systems and conjectures and theories do the people of Germany not attempt to prove?"

The reader, getting towards the end of the volume, may have discovered the fount from which the poet abundantly drank, or rather slender rills from it, in the Italian translations from Tennyson, Shelley, and Hemans. But it was many years later before the public was able to learn of the love which Zanella had so long borne for English letters, and what a wide and deep knowledge of them he possessed.

The writer of this paper was aware of this from the earlier years of his youth, when, having Zanella as his master, he received from him as a gift a volume that he still treasures as a precious memento—'The Works of Thomas Gray.' Gray was, I believe, the first love of the Vicentian poet, conceived in the course of his imaginary travels in England. It was the famous "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard" which captivated him. He was struck by the profound piety and melancholy of the English writer, so akin to his own, he was struck by the regular and harmonious flow of the verse, he was pleased to find there the sources of certain beautiful verses by his contemporary brother-in-art, Aleardo Aleardi:

"There perhaps

Sleeps a hidden Pindarus without his harp,  
A Hildebrand lacking the venerable stole and temples."

A great admirer of Foscolo—and this was another

of those affections which bound him to England, through the memories of Digamma Cottage and the cemetery of Chiswick—it gave him much pleasure to be able to read in the original the verses dear to Ugo, of which, in writing to Giustina Renier Michiel, he quotes the one translated by the Veronese Torelli :

“ Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her sacred bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.”

Finally he found, to his delight, another spiritual link with Thomas Gray—the mutual love of Latin literature, the noble study of Latin verse. Given the education, the mental bias and the ideas of Zanella, this similarity of interests and studies must have seemed to him to constitute a real brotherhood. Rooted in the Classics, the art of each poet followed the same fundamental rules, was depressed by the same deterrents, and moved by the same stimulants. One only needs to consider the attraction that a moral and religious character like that of the Englishman must have had for the Italian in order to understand why Zanella preferred Gray to any other of the poets who are the glory of England. Having lived in modest circumstances, he was able, in his later years, to build a little villa near Astichello, which has given the title to an exquisite little gem of poetry, and certainly he thought at that time how happy Gray would have been with a like fate—Gray who wrote to Nicholls: “ Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one’s own garden, and

sit on a bench in the open air . . . ” Higher ambitions Zanella himself had never cherished.

It was natural that he should be inclined to admire Pope as a perfect master of the school to which he, as a poet, belonged—that school which refuses to recognise poetry as real, unless combined with exquisite style and form. In “The Rape of the Lock” Zanella easily recognised a source of the “Giorno” of Giuseppe Parini, though only as regards artistic quality, for, as he himself has noted in his literary parallel, entitled “Alexander Pope and Antonio Conti,” the tone of these two poems is very different, and the reverent affection of Giacomo Zanella went out to the moral superiority of the great and proud Italian Abbot, though not without a certain intimate reservation perhaps, for, to the very pure-minded Vicencian, Giuseppe Parini was not sufficiently strong against tempting beauty, and here and there in his verses there appear too many human frailties, unimportant though they may be; but it was far worse with Pope.

He who has read the “Paralleli Letterari” of Giacomo Zanella—a real proof of his great culture—knows well what justice he rendered to the great English poets of last century, so far as their art is concerned. He admired Byron and Shelley far more than, as a priest, and a timorous one, he dared to express publicly. Of Keats he spoke more frankly, and gladly noted how this poet, although he re-evolved the world of ancient Greece, did not oppose it to Christendom, whilst Swinburne pursued another course. Whilst judging bitterly the paganism of Swinburne, he looked up to Carducci,

though he does not mention him. However, for an Italian poet, he rendered particularly meritorious homage to Byron and Shelley; of the latter's works he translated, "To a Skylark," "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," and "Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples." In a study of Shelley and Leopardi Zanella writes the following: "In one of the many prefaces to the poems of Leopardi, it is said that he opened a way that had never before been trodden. This is not true—Byron and Shelley had preceded him. These two were living in Italy when the genius of Leopardi bore its first fruits."

The exquisite ode of Zanella's "Hospices of the Sea" reflected a pale ray from "Childe Harold." When I read the invocation to the sea—

"By the imploring eyes raised heavenwards, of those  
Who, caught in thy cruel abyss, are buried alive,  
By the horror of the perishing corpses which  
Thou dost cast upon the complaining marge,—"

I cannot fail to recall the enthusiasm with which my old master quoted to me the magnificent stanzas beginning:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!"

and which afterwards magnify the awful power of the sea over man!

Of Felicia Hemans, Zanella never spoke to me so far as I remember. Nevertheless he translated at least six of her poetical compositions, one of which was "The Homes of England." I do not see any close bond between the lyrics of Hemans and those of Zanella.

What amazes me is that Zanella should not have

drawn more largely from Tennyson, of whom he only translated the idyll "Dora." It is true, however, that amongst all the poetical works of Alfred Tennyson there is nothing more akin to the genius of Giacomo Zanella than "Dora," unless it be "Enoch Arden." Less powerful than the author of "Dora," Zanella would not have created a character so profound, yet so delicately sympathetic, but few other writers were so disposed by Nature to feel the beauty of that character, and in his translation his verse runs more smoothly than ever before, while it reveals the soul of the translator almost more than that of Tennyson, who had so many other strings to his lyre.

A fresh "strain" is as productive of vigour in literature as it is in human generation. Even Giosue Carducci, the national poet *par excellence* of modern Italy, has drawn foreign blood from the veins of Victor Hugo and Heinrich Heine. No one better than Zanella could so usefully bring about an infusion of good English blood into Italian poetry. Unfortunately, not so much for himself as for our poetry, he was a priest. As a priest must shave a part of his head, so this winged poet had to clip his pinions, the strongest and most beautiful. Zanella had to keep silence over the storms of heart and mind, even over those which purify the inner nature. Had he been great and powerful enough to wield the scourge that Dante used for the glory of God and the Church, he would have been compelled to hang it up on the wall, and this he would have done, because he was first a priest and then a poet.

He did not attain to the heights of Giuseppe Parini; he would never have written "*Il Messaggio*," nor would he have wanted to. Thus it was not given to him to draw to his own poetic stream the freshest and most sparkling tributaries of foreign verse. This did not prevent his using English literature up to the measure of his ability, nor did it prevent his making known many great masters to a public which would have hesitated to accept the praises of a layman or of a romanticist, but which, on the contrary, hastened to welcome them from the lips of a priest, a devotee of classic models.

It seems fitting to me that so much in an Italian poet that is deserving of the recognition of English men of letters should be made known to an English society of literature. It has given me great pleasure to perform this humble office from a dual sense of gratitude. I feel grateful both to my beloved master and to the illustrious members of the Royal Society of Literature who have elected me as one of their colleagues.

## A JAPANESE MEDIAEVAL DRAMA.

BY MARIE C. STOPES, D.SC., PH.D., F.L.S.

[Read November 24th, 1909.]

IN the original Japanese there are 240 *Nô* plays or "lyric dramas" collected in the *Yokyoku Tsukai*, which were mainly composed in the early fifteenth century, and all prior to the sixteenth. Of these half a dozen alone have been translated into English. The texts of the old plays, the *Yokyoku* or *Utai* as they are now called in Japan, are still widely read, loved and studied by the men of culture there. Their place in Japanese literature and Japanese affections is unique. Nevertheless it is not surprising that the West knows so little of them, for they have been considered untranslatable by many, they are remote from modern lines of thought, and even from a Japanese demand much preliminary study, while the music that accompanies their representation to the untrained western ear generally seems to be, as Dickens describes it, "a discord of drums, tambourines and flutes."

As these wonderful old plays, full of poetry, pathos and indescribable charm, are so little known in the West, I need no excuse for bringing one of them before you this afternoon, but at the same time I am well aware that I need great indulgence



for the poverty and imperfections of the translation that I offer.

The lyric plays, or *Nō* dances as they are often called, are very short, each taking only about an hour to perform in all the slow dignity that is required. Since the *Nō* plays became the special recreation of the nobility in the early fifteenth century the pomp and circumstance that surrounded their performance was extreme. It required much culture, both general and in Chinese classical lore, to understand them fully, and the enjoyment of their performances was only possible to the upper classes. The interest the aristocracy took in them was not confined to on-looking. Some of the pieces are supposed to have been written by the Emperor, and the greatest men of the time were proud to act in them—both Hideoshi and Iyeyasu, two of the most renowned men in Japanese history, are reported to have acted parts in some of the *Nō* plays. Even to-day in Tokio, where still the old antipathy to the ordinary theatre exists among the better classes, I found that many of the most intellectual men in the capital were deeply interested in the *Nō*.

University professors, leading lawyers, and statesmen, men who would scorn to enter a theatre door, study the “songs” and give private recitals of them, and a few are trained sufficiently to act a complete part, “dancing” and all, in public. The training necessary for this is extraordinarily detailed, as every inflection, every movement of the body, every step and posture is most strictly prescribed, and the secret of some of the parts is in the hands of only one or two people.



It may appear to us a useless artificiality that such minutiae should be observed so strictly, but I am convinced that this is principally because we are incapable of appreciating the full meaning and suggestion of it all. The performances have an increasing power to hold and impress a sympathetic westerner, even ignorant as he must inevitably be. They transport him into a world where he can *feel* but can neither see nor understand the influences and emotions that exist in it.

For the complete performance of a piece no common theatre suffices, but a special stage is demanded, which used in the past to be erected in the Court or some nobleman's castle. To-day there are half-a-dozen places in Tokio where one can see performances from time to time. Let me describe one as it is given at one of the best houses.

By 9 o'clock in the morning many of the audience will have arrived already, men and women in dark-coloured dignified ceremonial dress, with their star-like white crest on each sleeve. The theatre has no arrangements for "foreigners," and all the seats are flat cushions on the straw matting of the theatre floor. These are arranged in groups of four or six, railed in with wooden partitions six inches high to form "boxes." The audience sits round three sides of the stage, as is shown in the diagram (see p. 4), which indicates the relative placing of the chorus, music and actors on the stage. The principal actors spend most of the time in the positions which are indicated, though they move with the action of the play.

The stage is about eighteen feet square, and stands

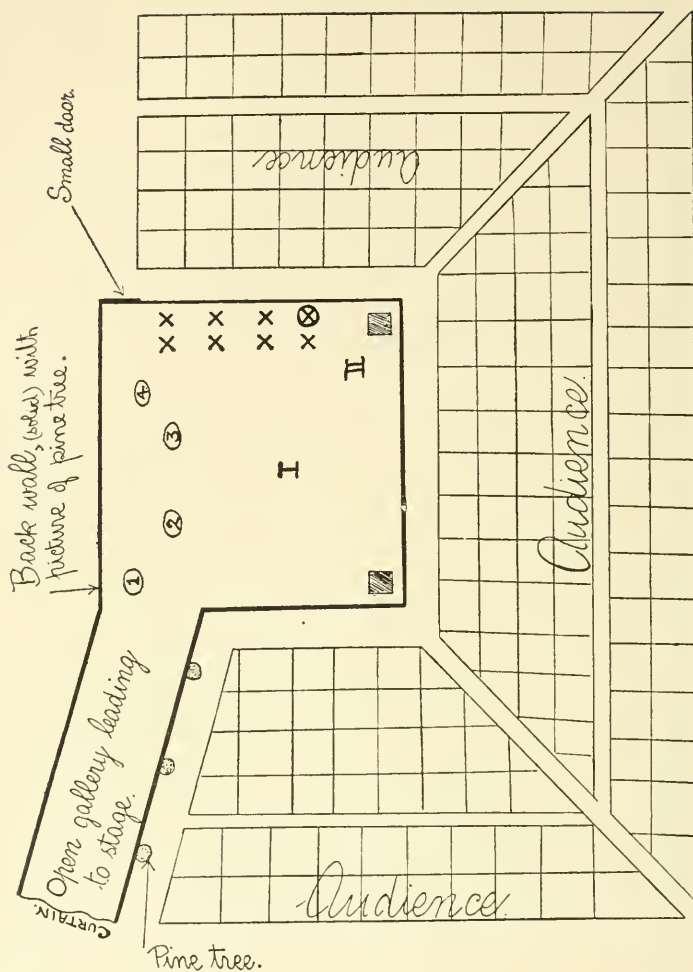


Diagram of stage arrangement in the Nô, showing also the position of the audience.

On the stage the chorus is represented by crosses, the leader of the chorus marked X.

The numbers I and II represent the positions during most of the action of the leading actors.

I represents the *shite*.

II represents the *waki*.

The encircled numbers show the positions of the musicians, who are stationary during the piece.

1, The *taiko* player.

2, The *otsuzumi* player.

3, The *kotsuzumi* player.

4, The *fue* player.

The squares at the front of the stage represent the two pillars supporting its roof.

a little above the level of the audience. It is made of very smooth boards and is peculiarly resonant, a fact which is of special importance in the "dancing," when the actor has to stamp once or twice at intervals with his soft, cotton-covered feet, and yet make a loud though deadened sound. At the front corners of the stage are two square pillars supporting the roof. The latter is shaped somewhat like a temple roof, and is distinct from that covering the surrounding audience—reminiscent perhaps of the old out-of-door performances in the temple grounds where the audiences went entirely unprotected.

Leading to the stage is a gallery nine feet wide, along which the actors pass very slowly on their way from the green-room to the stage, and pause at each of the three pine trees stationed along it. A curtain shuts the end of the gallery from the green room. All the woodwork is unpainted and unstained, though very highly polished, and there is neither scenery nor appliances to break the harmony. The three actual pine trees and a flat painted pine on the wall at the back of the stage are all the ornament there is. The tree painted on the bare boards is not realistic, but much conventionalised, with emerald green masses of foliage.

Before the play begins the chorus comes in, robed in blue or blue-grey, and enters into the colour scheme. The men sit on their heels with their legs folded straight and flat along the ground, and before them lie their fans, which remain closed unless they are singing. The chorus chants at intervals throughout the piece, sometimes informing the audience of the events supposed to be taking place, or to have

taken place, sometimes moralising on the fate or feelings of the hero, sometimes describing his emotions, sometimes even instructing him. While they are doing this their fans are raised upright, with one end touching the ground, and are laid down again directly the words are finished. The Japanese name for the chorus is *ji*, a word meaning also "ground"—the ground colour, as it were, on which the figures of the drama are painted. Chamberlain and others who have given some account of these dramas have noted the obvious comparison and contrast to the old Greek plays that is suggested by this stage and chorus.

After the chorus is seated the musicians enter with their instruments. In important dramas, with a full set of musicians, the first is the *taiko* player, who regulates the time. He plays on a flat drum set in a wooden stand on the floor, which he strikes with wooden sticks. This instrument introduces a touch of gorgeous scarlet into the colour harmony by its ornamentation of rich silk cord and tassel. The next musician holds the *ōtsuzumi*, an elongated drum, on his knee, and then follows the *kotsuzumi* or hour-glass-shaped drum held on the shoulder, and lastly the *fue* or flute. Chamberlain calls the small drums tambourines, and is followed by Dickens in this, but the name gives quite a wrong impression of the instruments, which are shaped like hour-glasses, and have a much more dignified sound than tambourines emit.

The music played by these musicians is not generally appreciated by even those Westerners who visit the *Nō* themselves, and is described as a

“discord.” This is more than an inadequate description, it is a libel. The music is not planned on our scale, but it has, to me at any rate, an effect both pleasing and, with the exception of a few notes here and there, in complete harmony with the piece as a whole, while it is distinctly stimulating to the imagination.

The actors enter the gallery, and pass with very slow, precise, and regulated steps, which have been decreed for centuries. Their costumes are completely representative of the part they are playing, and are often very elaborate, and sometimes brilliant. Only men act, and for the women’s parts they wear a mask. In every part the actors have to depend on the power of the words and the very restrained but expressive action which is allowed to create in the minds of the audience all the scenery and accessories. Sometimes an extra fan, or a bamboo pole, or an outline boat is brought onto the stage by an attendant when they are needed by the actors, but these things, too, require to have an illusion created round them if they are to seem the things they profess to be. In the art of illusion, and the power of holding the minds of the audience with so little to guide the eye, the *Nō* dramas are supreme. Archaic, primitive, one hears them called because of the absence of scenery and their childlike simplicity and need of “make believe.” But words which unaided can hold an audience, a drama which can paint the scene directly on the mind with little intervention of the eye, is surely not rightly described as primitive.

The words of the *Nō* indeed and the tones of the

chanting act powerfully on an audience if it be cultured enough to realise their import, and not on the primitive man. The words are full of subtle allusions to the classical lore, poetry and tradition of the nation, and the chant holds in it notes of pathos and music which suit the words well. There is in the whole a ring of fire and splendour, of pain and pathos which none but a cultured Japanese can fully appreciate, but which we Westerners might hear—though the sounds be muffled—if we would only incline our ears.

I have knelt for eight hours at a time at a *Nō* performance, listening to sounds which sometimes seemed to me to express more perfectly the poetry and unutterable sadness of life than any other combination of sounds man has devised, Wagner's musical dramas included.

A translation of such a subtle, complex thing as the Japanese *Nō* can hardly even be a faint re-echo of the originals. The fundamental differences of language, tradition, classical allusion, and the construction of poetry are such that no translation can retain the aroma of the Japanese text, and least of all a *literal* translation. From French or German a literal translation may have the value of accuracy even if it has not beauty of literary form. A literal translation from the Japanese makes nonsense. In turning these nonsensical sounds into the sense they covered in Japanese there is a grave temptation to add to or to take away from their original meaning or sub-meaning. Hence no two translators' efforts could ever entirely coincide even in dealing with a few lines of verse. The Chinese and Buddhistic



allusions made in the Japanese texts with just a word or incomplete phrase must be somewhat expanded if they are to convey any meaning to readers ignorant of the stories to which they refer. Then there are the "pillow words" and "pivot words," described so clearly by Chamberlain and others, which are found in all Japanese poetry, but are very much used in the *Nō*, and which lead the thought lightly from idea to idea in Japanese which would appear in English to be entirely disconnected.

Now, to come down from generalities to the particular case of the "Sumida River," the *Nō* piece which is presented to-day in English dress for the first time. It is one of the important *Nō-no-utai*, but has not yet been translated so far as I am aware. It is at the same time one of the most beautiful and pathetic, and illustrates in a number of ways the old Japanese attitude toward life. It is written in the usual mixture of "words" and "songs" which form the librettos of these dramas.

In the translation I have put the whole of the text into verse. Why did I choose to do this and render the "words" of the actors in a long-metred rhythm when Chamberlain, Aston and Dickins, the three chief translators of Japanese, all say it is prose, and give it as such in the extracts they translate from other *Nō* pieces? My principal reason is that our English prose is too prosy, and is a very different thing from the Japanese prose chants in the originals. Every syllable in Japanese ends in a vowel, which would make rhyming monotonous, so it is not used in the pieces. For the same reason prose, in Japanese, cannot have the harsh,

unregulated sounds it has in our own, for Japanese is a language of melodious words. Then, further, though the form of the phrases may be prose when written down, in the actual performance the words are chanted, and to a foreigner, and even to many Japanese, they are well nigh indistinguishable from the "songs" which are scattered between. The songs and verselets, moreover, are broken up into the prose, so that often even in written form one can hardly tell where one ends and the other begins. Taking into consideration this and the jaggedness of our tongue, I felt that English prose does not at all represent the feeling and impression of the Japanese prose in the *Nō*, and I have consequently put the prose sections into long metrical lines.

For the "songs" a shorter line seems more suitable, and fits better the words available, and these songs are made, as in the original, to vary here and there. Rhyme, of course, is not used in the Japanese, but it sometimes seems right to utilise it in the translation. Chamberlain employs it almost entirely throughout his versions of the songs in the *Nō* dramas he translates, but I found that one is liable to strain the sense a little to fit this, while further, the ring of rhyme constantly recurring in the piece does not seem to me to echo the original so truly as does the less formal versifying. Dickins's method of translation on the other hand is the literal one; he retains the Japanese number of syllables in each line and fits his English words into this. The result, however, although it has a certain swing, is hard reading, for the sentences can scarcely be described as English.

I have endeavoured to make, so far as possible, a



version which is sufficiently readable for any one to enjoy the *Nō* without having the poetic vein broken by prose or by jagged, un-English phrases which divert the interest from the theme. At the same time I feel that fidelity to the original is a first requirement, and have therefore kept as close as possible to the wording of the text. An anglicised paraphrase seems uncalled for.

The real student of Japanese literature has some excellent translations of the *Nō* in the works of Chamberlain, Brinkley, Aston and Dickins. Chamberlain translates four complete dramas, the "Robe of Feathers," the "Death Stone," "Life is a Dream," and "Nakamitsu" in his 'Classical Poetry of the Japanese.' Aston gives most of the *Nō* "Takasago," one of the most famous, in his 'History of Japanese Literature,' and Dickins also translates the same "Takasago" in his 'Primitive and Mediaeval Japanese texts.' It is particularly interesting to compare Dickins's and Aston's translations of the same drama, more especially as Dickins gives the romanised texts of the original, from which it can be inferred how much variety is possible in translating them.

Of the numerous other untranslated dramas, Professor Sakurai and I hope to translate as many as possible from time to time, and begin now with the version of the piece called "The Sumida River." Our aim is to present to the reading public of England rather than to the student versions of these old plays which are still so much loved in the East.

This drama is attributed to Motomasa, who died in 1459, and was a grandchild of Kiyotosuga, who is

generally regarded as the founder of the *Nō* proper. Hence the date of the *Nō* is about a century earlier than most of our morality plays, while they are far finer than the latter.

The plot, as in all the *Nō*, is exceedingly simple—indeed, as Aston points out, there is very little “dramatic” value in any *Nō* performance.

The story is shortly this: A woman is travelling from Kioto, spoken of as the City Royal, or the capital, to Azuma, the east of Japan, and ultimately to the Sumida river, which is the same as that now flowing through Tokio. She seeks her only child, a little boy who was kidnapped from her widowed home the previous year. While crossing the ferry she learns that the child had died on the roadside of hardship, on the very spot where the people of the district are now assembling for prayer. She is prevailed upon to join them, and late at night the child’s spirit-voice is heard, first praying and then speaking a few words to her. The play opens with the ferryman explaining who he is and how he is ferrying travellers across the river because of the universal prayer to be held in the village that night. He is supposed to be speaking to one traveller when another enters and tells of his long journey eastwards.

There are only three actors, the principal part, the *shite* in Japanese, being that of the mother; the second or *waki* is the ferryman, and the third is the traveller.

## THE SUMIDA RIVER.

A TRANSLATION OF THE JAPANESE *Nô, Sumida gawa.*BY MARIE C. STOPES, D.SC., PH.D., F.L.S.,  
Manchester University ; andJ. SAKURAI, LL.D.,  
Tokio Imperial University.

[Read November 24th, 1909.]

*Dramatis Personæ :*

The Mother.	Spirit of the Child.
The Ferryman.	The Chorus.
A Traveller.	

*Scene :* The banks of the Sumida River in the Province of Musashi,  
toward evening.*Ferryman*, speaking to a traveller who does not appear in  
the cast (words) :

I am he who plies the ferry in the province of Musashi,  
Over Sumida, the river, known to many far and wide.  
And to-day my boat must hurry with its many loads of  
people,  
For our village holds a festival of universal prayer.  
On this day both priest and layman with no thought of  
their distinction  
Will remember this great matter and assemble one and  
all.

*Traveller* (song) :

The goal of my long journey is the East,  
The goal of my long journey is the East,  
Far Azuma,\* and like its distance stretch  
My days of travel, long, in weary thought.

\* Azuma, a name for the east of Japan, really the region surround-  
ing Tokio (literally the eastern capital).

(Words)

From the capital\* I travel, I who now am speaking to you,  
And I journey on to Azuma to visit there a friend.

(Song)

Behind me rise the mountains I have passed  
Faint in the distance as the clouds and mists.  
Behind me rise the mountains I have passed  
Faint in the distance as the clouds and mists.  
O'er many a mountain path my way has lain,  
Wide province after province have I crossed.  
Before me now lies the great Sumida,  
The river of renown, and at my feet  
The waiting ferry do I now behold,  
The waiting ferry do I now behold.

(Words)

I have hurried, for already, 'tis the ferry of the river,  
And behold, the boat is leaving, I must enter it at once.  
What ho! Boatman! stay a moment. I would travel in  
your boat.

*Ferryman* (words):

Very good sir! Now at once though, may it please you  
to get in.  
Yet I first would like to ask you, what is that loud noise  
behind you,  
There behind, whence you have travelled. What a strange  
affair it is.

*Traveller* (words):

'Tis a woman who is coming from the capital and acting  
Like a mad thing—quite amusing in a funny heedless  
way.

*Ferryman* (words):

Oh in that case let us tarry till the mad thing can  
o'ertake us,  
We can stay the boat a little, for this way she'll surely  
come.

\* The old capital in the west, Kioto.

*The Mother* (song) :

While still a child remains  
No parent's heart can know  
The blackest depths of woe,  
[But they stole mine from me.]  
And now the bitter pains  
Of harsh uncertainty  
Do hourly torture me  
Where ever I may be.  
I ask all those who pass  
Along the snowy way \*  
To Azuma to say  
Where lies my little love.  
There is no news. Alas!  
No answer can I find.  
Shall I then ask the wind  
That blows unseen above?

*Chorus* :

If one but waits  
The wind vibrates  
The branches of the pine-trees till they speak.  
If one stays still  
He often will  
Have brought to him the tidings he does seek.

*The Mother* (song) :

Fleeting as are the gleaming drops of dew,  
Desolate as the moor of Makuzu  
In autumn, is this world of lost delight.

*Chorus* :

Fretted with sorrow pass her day and night.

*The Mother* (song) :

I am a woman who had lived for years  
At Kitajirakawa in the capital;

\* In the original these lines contain a series of plays on words connecting the thoughts. For example, the Japanese word *yuki* means both "snow" and "going."

When suddenly I lost my only child,  
 Lured from me by a man who kidnapped him.  
 They told me that beyond Osaka's pass,\*  
 Far to the East, to Azuma, he went.  
 And since I heard it I have felt my mind  
 Losing its hold on ordinary things,  
 Set only, full of love, upon the way  
 The child did follow. Tracing out the marks  
 Of his dear feet, I wander here and there.

*Chorus* (i) :

Thousands of miles the journey is in length,  
 Yet never does the parent's heart forget  
 The child she loves and seeks. So do we hear.

*Chorus* (ii) :

Although the tie is very sweet that binds  
 A little child to its fond parent's heart,  
 It is in nature transient, and one finds  
 When this world ends their time has come to part.†  
 Only for this world's re-births will it hold  
 Nor can outstay the future myriad worlds.  
 So like the four birds in the fable old  
 Before them cruel separation lies.‡  
 And even so this woman gives her life  
 To seek her lost child through the provinces  
 Of Shinotsuke and Musashi, till  
 She now has reached the river Sumida :  
 The end of hope to find him would for her  
 Destroy all heart to live.

*The Mother* (words) :

Pray, oh boatman, kindly let me also enter in your ferry.

*Ferryman* (words) :

Who, then, art thou ? Whither going ? And from whence  
 hast thou just come ?

\* This is not the large commercial town of the same name.

† According to the Buddhistic belief, re-incarnation in the same relations of parent and child hold only for this world.

‡ Reference to an old Chinese fable of a bird who had four young and was bitterly distressed when the time came for them to fly away.

*The Mother* (words) :

From the capital I travel, to Azuma, seeking someone.

*Ferryman* (words) (in jest) :

As thou art, then, from the city, and seem also to be mad,  
Entertain us, show us something that is curious or funny.  
If thou do'st not, I'll not let thee travel now upon this  
boat.

*The Mother* (words) :

Oh how vexing! I expected from the ferryman the  
answer,

"Enter now upon my ferry for the day is not yet done."

(Song) 'Tis often so that people from the city  
By local ferry boats are hindered sore,  
But o'er great Sumida thy ferry passes,  
And so thy words I scarcely can believe.

*Ferryman* (words) :

It is true; thou art a person from the distant City Royal  
And thy gentle nurture tallies with its reputation here.

*The Mother* (words) :

Ah! That word!\* I do remember. It was here that  
Narihira†

That the famous Narihira wrote beside this very ferry :

(Song) Bird of the Royal City—come!  
I ask of you, a boon if true,  
The name that they have given you.  
In the town the one I love  
Is she? Or is she not?

\* "That word" is the word for "reputation," which has a root the same as one used in the following famous poem which she quotes, the link between depending on one of the Japanese "pivot words."

† Narihira is one of the well-known early poets of Japan; he died in 880. Chamberlain, in his 'Classical Poetry of the Japanese,' quotes an opinion of Tsurayuki (who died in 946) on Narihira. He says: "Narihira's stanzas are so pregnant with meaning that the words suffice not to express it. He is like a closed flower that hath lost its colour, but whose fragrance yet remaineth." Narihira is noted among the classical poets for his conciseness and frequent obscurity.

*The Mother* (words) :

Pray, oh boatman, over yonder is a white bird that we  
know not

In the capital. By what name do you call it in this part ?

*Ferryman* (words) :

That bird is indeed a seagull, flying in from the wide  
ocean.

*The Mother* (words) :

They may call it gull or plover, what they wish to by  
the sea,

But when standing here by Sumida with that white bird  
before us

Why did you not name it rightly, as the bird of City  
Royal ? \*

*Ferryman* (song) :

Yes, truly, truly, I have sadly erred.

This is the place far famed for that same bird.

I had in very truth the thing forgot

And though this is the place the thought came not.

*The Mother* (song) :

The gull of the wide sea brings to thought

The waves of the evening tide.†

*Ferryman* (song) :

And the roll of the waves to our minds has brought,

The past when Narihira cried.†

*The Mother* (song) :

“ Is she or is she not ? ” To the bird he spied.

*Ferryman* (song) :

His thought was a lover parted from his side.

*The Mother* (song) :

The same thought guides me, for I seek

My loving child. To all I speak

Asking if any news there be

Of where my child lies hid from me.

\* She is vexed with him for not entering into the spirit of the place and realising the quotation she has just given.

† These lines depend on pivot words, which by playing upon the root words in the Japanese connect the ideas prettily.



*Ferryman* (song) : For a lover to pine

*The Mother* : For a child to seek

*Ferryman* Is in the same way

*Mother* : When love does speak.

*Chorus* (song) :

Oh Bird of the Royal city, come !

For I ask too, a boon of you.

In Azuma, the child I love

Is he, or is he not ?

In Azuma, the child I love

Is he, or is he not ?

Ah ! though I ask and ask, it answers not !

Vexing art thou ! Bird of the Royal City—

A country bird would'st thou be better called !

Yet this same bird comes singing from the banks

Of Horie River, where the boats race past.

That river is in Nariva, and this

The Sumida, flows down through Azuma.

When one reflects on this, how vastly far

In my lone journey do I seem to come.

That being so—lo ! Ferryman, I pray

The boat is full, but still is room for me,

So let me enter, Ferryman I say,

So let me enter, and then push away.

*Ferryman* (words) :

Such a tender hearted madthing as this woman, never  
has been !

Come aboard at once, but notice that the ferry is a  
swift one,

Take good care to step in gently [to the traveller] you  
sir too. I pray come on.

*Traveller* (words) :

May I ask, what is that yonder where the people by the  
willow

Are assembled in great numbers ? Why should they be  
waiting there ?

*Ferryman* (words):

Well, that is a public meeting for a universal prayer.

I would tell you, while we're crossing, if you'll listen to the tale,

The sad story in connection with this festival of ours.

It was last year, in the third month, on the fifteenth day I reckon,

Yes! That is so, and to-day we have the very self same day,

That a kidnapper did journey from the capital, and with him

Was a lad whom he had purchased, twelve or thirteen years of age.

He was going to the north-east, but the child was not yet hardened

And the long fatiguing journey made him very sadly ill.

It was just here by the river that he could go no step farther,

But fell down, and there remained. Oh! a heartless man was with him!

And the child in that condition by the roadside simply lying

Was abandoned by the merchant who went off to the north-east.

Then the people of the district nursed and tenderly did treat him

(Though I fancy it was really just the Karma of his past),\*

Something in his childish features and his little ways they noted,

As if he were of importance, so they watched him carefully.

Worse and worse however fared he, till the end seemed just approaching,

Then they asked him—"Who now art thou? and from whence hast thou just come?"

\* And therefore hopeless to attempt to nurse him through the illness.

And his father's surname asked I, and the province of  
his birthplace :

"In the capital my home is, and at Kitajirikawa."

So he answered ; "and my father, who is dead, was  
Yoshida.

I, his one child, had been living with my loving mother  
only,

But was kidnapped, and was taken far away, and hence  
my illness.

Truly, often am I thinking of the people in the city,  
Of their hands and feet and shadows\* even, often fondly  
thinking,

As beside the road I'm dying, where I will be buried soon.  
Just to mark the spot I pray thee, be so kind, and plant  
a willow."

Feebly spoke he, and repeated four or five times a calm  
prayer.

Then it ended. A sad story, is it not, that I have told you ?  
As I see now, in this boat, there are some people from  
the city,

Unintentioned though it may be, you will honourably  
join us,

And your lamentation offer with our prayers on this  
occasion ?

What ! The shore ! With this long story we have quickly  
come to land.

*Traveller* (words) :

Truly, here to-day I'll linger, and a prayer with you  
will say.

*Ferryman* (words) :

How now ! Why does that mad woman not come here  
from out the boat ?

\* The *shadows* of people are much more real in Japan than here.  
The shadow pictures that are continually thrown on the white paper  
screens must fill a large place in the memory of one who has lived  
in Japan.

Come, at once ! Come up, I beg you ! Yet how tender hearted is she !

Having simply heard the story she is truly shedding tears. Yet at once, I really beg you, you must come out of the boat.

*The Mother* (words) :

Pray, oh boatman, of that story, what, I beg you, is the date ?

*Ferryman* (words) :

'Twas last year, and in the third month ; and, moreover, this same day.

*Mother* (words) :

And that child, what age ?

*Ferryman* :

Twelve years.

*Mother* :

Ah—his name ?

*Ferryman* : Umewakamaru was he.

*Mother* : And his father's surname know you ?

*Ferryman* : 'Twas a certain Yoshida.

*Mother* : And since then, the parents, have they never sent to make enquiries ?

*Ferryman* : No ; no relatives enquiring ever come.

*Mother* :

But sure the mother !

*Ferryman* : It is strange beyond believing, but 'tis true—  
I answer No !

*Mother* (song) :

Alas ! Nor kith nor kin. It is too true !

His parents even did not come to you.

It must be. Yet, oh Heavens, how sad ! *That* child

Is him I seek. I, whom you now called wild.

Oh Heavens. Oh mercy. It must be a dream !

*Ferryman* (words) :

Oh, unutterable sorrow. Until now it lay outside me ;  
It was other people's business. Now you say it was *thy*  
child ?

Pitiful ! But wherefore grieveest ? He is now beyond  
recall.

Come this way and I will show thee where his grave lies.  
Now 'tis near.

This the tomb of him who left us. Offer now thy deep-  
felt prayers.

*Mother* (song) :

E'en though I feared it might be so, till now  
Hope led me on to make this journey long  
To distant, unfamiliar Azuma ;  
But at the end of the sad way I find  
Naught in this world but mark of where he lies.  
Ah ! Cruel is it !—If his fate was death—  
That he should leave his birthplace and have come  
To a road corner in strange Azuma,  
And mingled with the roadside earth to lie  
Beneath a tangled mass of springtime's weeds,  
Beneath this very ground so it doth seem.

*Chorus* (i) :

Then shown unto the mother in earth's form,  
May there appear the dear one of her world ?

*Chorus* (ii) :

The one is taken who might be of use !  
The one is taken who might be of use !  
The one whose work is over does remain,  
The mother, like a withered broom tree left,\*  
In whose mind comes and goes his likeness dear,  
As things are wont in this uncertain world.  
To man at any moment may come grief,  
Like heartless storm that shatters blooming boughs.  
The voice of such a storm has called up clouds  
That fly unsettled and have hid the moon  
That else had lit the long night of her life.  
Yea, verily how fleeting must the world  
Appear to her before us now. Alas !  
Yea, verily how fleeting must the world  
Appear to her before us now. Alas !

\* This arises as a play on the words *Hawa*, a mother, and *hawaki* a broom tree, and also refers to a legend about a broom tree which appeared and disappeared.

*Ferryman* (words) :

Now, however much thou grieveest, 'tis of no avail  
whatever ;

Join then with us in the prayer for his good in future  
worlds.

(Song) The moon has risen, and the river breeze  
Blows cool. 'Tis late already, and the gong  
Tolls out, and we should be upon our knees.

*The Mother* (song) :

But still the mother in her agony  
No prayer can voice, but only weeping lie  
Upon the ground that hides her darling joy.

*Ferryman* (words) :

Yea ! 'tis sorrowful, but others have assembled in large  
numbers,

Wilt not thou, the mother, also offer prayers on his  
behalf ?

It is *thy* prayer that his spirit surely would rejoice to  
hear.

(Song) : I place the gong\* now in the mother's hand.

*Mother* (song) :

For my child's sake, I do as I am told,  
And in my own hands will the gong hold now.

*Ferryman* (song) :

Check then thy grief and clear thy voice for prayer.

*Mother* : In unison we pray this moonlit night.

*Ferryman* : Our thoughts united, to the west† we turn.

*Mother and Ferryman* :

Thee I adore, Eternal Buddha great,  
Who still the same, for six and thirty times  
A million million worlds of Paradise ‡

\* The gong in the Buddhist shrines is struck by the one who prays.

† The west is the direction of the Buddhist heavens.

‡ The words are from the Buddhist scriptures, according to which  
there are thirty-six million million worlds, all presided over by  
emanations of the same Buddha.

For ever in the west dost permeate.  
Thee I adore, Eternal Buddha great.  
Thee I adore, Eternal Buddha great.

*Chorus :* I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.  
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.  
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.

*Mother :* And to my prayer the river Sumida  
Adds its loud voice the breeze.

*Chorus :* I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.  
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.  
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.

*The Mother :*  
If true thy name, bird of the City Royal,  
Add too thy voice, for this the city's child.

*Child\* and Chorus :*  
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.  
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.  
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.

*Mother (words) :*  
To the voice of prayer is added my child's voice. Oh !  
it was certain  
His voice was it, I do know it, and within this mound it  
seemed.

*Ferryman (words) :*  
As you say, we also heard it. And we now will cease  
our praying,  
Thou his mother art, and solely, honourably deign to  
pray.

*Mother (song) :*  
Even if nothing but his voice return,  
I would that I could hear that voice again.

*Child :* I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.  
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.  
I adore thee, oh Eternal Buddha.

\* The spirit of the child is heard with the chorus' chant.

*Chorus* (song) :

The voice is heard, and like a shadow too  
Within, can one a little form discern.

*Mother* (song) :      Is it my child ?

*Child* :                      Ah ! Mother ! Is it you ?

*Chorus* (song) :

The mutual clasp of hand in hand exchanged,  
Once more he vanished as he first had come.  
But in her thought increasingly the form  
Of his reflection did repeat itself  
As in a polished mirror, to and fro.  
While gazing at the vision came the dawn  
And dimly flushed the sky, till naught was left.  
While what appeared to be the child is now  
A mound grown thickly o'er with tangled weeds,  
It has become naught but a rushy marsh,  
A mark of what was once so very dear.  
Ah pitiful indeed is this our life.

THE END.



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## JOHN DONNE: POET AND PREACHER.

BY THE VEN. WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR, D.D.,  
Archdeacon of London.

[Read January 26th, 1910.]

To realise at the outset Donne's relation in time to his contemporaries, it should be remembered that he was nine years younger than Shakespeare, twenty-one years younger than Spenser, ten years younger than Drayton, the same age as Ben Jonson, six years older than Fletcher, eleven years older than Beaumont, and that he was thirty-five when Milton was born. He outlived Shakespeare fifteen years, Spenser thirty-two years, Drayton and he died the same year, Ben Jonson outlived him six years, Beaumont died in the same year as Shakespeare, pre-deceasing Donne by fifteen years, Fletcher died six years before him, and Milton outlived him forty-three years; George Herbert, his closest imitator, was twenty years his junior, and outlived him only two years; Drummond, of Hawthornden, twelve years his junior, outlived him eighteen years.

Donne stood quite alone amongst this galaxy of brilliant writers. He was civil to Ben Jonson, and he was friendly with George Herbert; the others he does not mention. Edmond Gosse considers this aloofness to be due to the fact that Donne was an innovator in poetry. He was repelled by the classical

sweetness, regularity, and imagery of previous facts, and aimed at something more vigorous and startling. His ruggedness was not due to ignorance or want of musical ear, for some of his lines could not be surpassed even by Milton in the exquisiteness of their beauty. "What there was to know about prosody was, we may be sure, perfectly known to Donne. But it is evident that he intentionally essayed to introduce a revolution into English versification. One of the main objections that he took to the verse of his youth was that it was so mellifluous, sinuous, and soft. A five-syllabled iambic line of Spenser or of Daniel trots along with the gentlest amble of inevitable shorts and longs. Donne thought that the line should be broken up into successive quick and slow beats. The conventional line vexed his ear with its insipidity, and it doubtless appeared to him that his great predecessors had never completely shaken off a timidity and monotony which had come down to them from Surrey and Gascoigne. It is possible that he wished to improve on the rhymed verse of Spenser, as Shakespeare had improved on the rhymed verse of Sackville."

Donne's fame and popularity suffered from his reserve and unwillingness to publish. The first poem he printed was the "Anatomy of the World," a short funeral ode on Elizabeth Drury, the daughter of his patron; the second a corresponding "Progress of the Soule," next year, on the same subject. For the most part little of his poetry was published till the posthumous edition of 1633. In spite of this reticence he enjoyed an extraordinary reputation as a poet, and it was owing to copies of

his verses handed round amongst his friends and at the Court of James I.

With regard to the reputation in which he was held in his own epoch, Drummond, of Hawthornden, records that Ben Jonson "esteemeth Jolin Donne the first poet in the world in some things." About 1619 one of the MS. copies of Donne's poems fell into the hands of Carew, then about in his twenty-fifth year. Hitherto Ben Jonson, in his lyrics, had been his model; Donne's compositions now excited his amazement and his curiosity. "For the moment," says Gosse, "the existing poetry of the country seemed to be blotted out in a mist of admiring wonder. England had 'no voice, no tune,' but what Donne supplied. . . . Carew endeavours to define the extraordinary effect of the first reading of Donne's verses. He describes rapturously—

‘the fire

That filled with spirit and heat the Delphic choir,’

at the approach of this new voice, and he proceeds with the calmness gained by some twelve years of familiarity with this extraordinary and bewildering genius, to distinguish what it was which produced on the minds of himself and others this impression of Donne's novelty and unchallenged supremacy. In the first place there was in Donne the note of revolt against the conventional imagery, diction, and order of ideas, which had belonged to the Renaissance. This new poetry was a 'fire' which purged the Muse's garden of its pedantic weeds, that is to say, of the time-honoured classical conventions (gods and goddesses, shepherds and shepherdesses, urns and

groves, founts and springs, and endless classical allusions). For servile imitation of the ancients, seen through the Italian atmosphere, Donne substituted 'fresh invention.' He 'paid the debts of the penurious bankrupt age' by exchanging for mere loans upon antiquity a new, rich, realistic poetry of endless possibilities of resource.

"What these young poets saw in Donne, and what attracted them so passionately to him, was the concentration of his intellectual personality. He broke through tradition; he began as if poetry had never been written before; he, as Carew says,

'opened us a mine  
Of rich and pregnant fancy.'

He banished the deities from his verse; not a Roundhead fiercer than he in his scorn of 'those old idols.' He wiped away 'the wrong' which the English language in its neo-pagan raptures had 'done the Greek or Latin tongue.' His gigantic fancy put such a strain upon the resources of the English language that its 'tough, thick-ribbed hoops' almost burst beneath the pressure. The earlier Elizabethan writers had been 'libertines in poetry'; Donne recalled them to law and order. This is how Carew describes the extraordinary emotion caused by the first reading of Donne's poems:

'the flame  
Of thy brave soul, that shot such light  
As burned our earth, and made our darkness bright,  
Committed holy rapes upon the will,  
Did through the eye the melting heart distil,  
And the deep knowledge of dark truths did teach.'



“Once again, Donne has—

‘drawn a line

Of masculine expression, . . .

Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,’

that is to say, the ancient poets have no advantage in originality over Donne, save the purely accidental one of having been born in an earlier age.”

I must add a brief of estimate of Donne by George Saintsbury, from an introduction to a recent edition of his poems. “There is hardly any, perhaps indeed there is not any, English author on whom it is so hard to keep the just mixture of personal appreciation and critical measure as it is on John Donne. It is almost necessary that those who do not like him should not like him at all; should be scarcely able to see how any decent and intelligent human creature can like him. It is almost as necessary that those who do like him should either like him so much as to speak unadvisedly with their lips, or else curb and restrain the expression of their love for fear that it should seem on that side idolatry. But these are not the only dangers. Donne is eminently of that kind which lends itself to sham liking, to coterie worship, to a sham enthusiasm; and here is another weapon in the hands of the infidels, and another stumbling block for the feet of the true believers. . . .”

“I am not without some apprehension that I shall be judged to have fallen a victim to my own distinction, drawn at the beginning of this (introduction), and shown myself an unreasoning lover of this astonishing poet. Yet I think I could make good my appeal in any competent critical court.

For in Donne's case the yea-nay fashion of censorship which is necessary and desirable in the case of others is quite superfluous. His faults (of taste, of metre, of obscurity, of morality) are so gross, so open, so palpable, that they hardly need the usual amount of critical comment and condemnation. But this very peculiarity of their's constantly obscures his beauties even to not unfit readers. They open him; they are shocked, or bored, or irritated, or puzzled by his occasional nastiness (for he is now and then simply and inexcusably nasty), his frequent involution and eccentricity, his not quite rare indulgence in extravagances which go near to silliness; and so they love the extraordinary beauties which lie beyond or among those faults. It is true that, as was said above, there are those, and many of them, who can never and will never like Donne. No one who thinks 'Don Quixote' merely a funny book, no one who sees in 'Aristophanes' merely a dirty-minded fellow with a knack of Greek versification, no one who thinks it impossible not to wish that Shakespeare had not written the 'Sonnets,' no one who wonders what on earth Giordano Bruno meant by 'Gli Eroici Furori,' need trouble themselves to like Donne.

"But for those who have experienced, or who at least understand the ups and downs, the ins and outs of human temperament, the alternations, not merely of passion and satiety, but of passion and laughter, of passion and melancholy reflection, of passion earthly enough and spiritual rapture almost heavenly, there is no poet, and hardly any writer like Donne. They may even be tempted to see in the strangely mixed

and flawed character of his style, an index and reflection of the variety and rapid changes of his thought and feeling. To the praise of the highest poetical art (in technique) he cannot indeed lay claim. He is of course entitled to the benefit of the pleas that it is uncertain whether he ever prepared definitely for the press a single poetical work of his; that it is certain that his maturer years regarded his youth with too much disapproval to bestow any critical care on his youthful poems; (and that almost all his poems were written before he was twenty-five). . . . But if Donne cannot receive the praise due to the accomplished poetical artist, he has that not perhaps higher, but certainly rarer, of the inspired poetical creator."

The prosaic mind of Hallam was exactly one of those which, as Saintsbury says, are bound to dislike Donne. Speaking of him as the founder of what Dr. Johnson calls the metaphysical school of poets in England, Hallam says: "Donne is the most inharmonious of our versifiers, if he can be said to have deserved such a name by lines too rugged to seem metre. Of his earlier poems many are very licentious; the later are chiefly devout. Few are good for much; the conceits have not even the merit of being intelligible; it would be difficult perhaps to select three passages which we should care to read again."

I think I shall be able to show you by the quotations which I shall have the pleasure to produce, that this judgment of Hallam's is harsh, undeserved, and unsympathetic.

But before I do that I must run briefly through

the events of his life, so that I may remind you what kind of man he was.

He was born in London in 1573, when Elizabeth had been thirteen years on the throne. His mother was daughter of John Heywood, the epigrammatist, a nephew of Sir Thomas More ; his father, a prosperous London merchant of gentle Welsh descent, died early in 1576, leaving a widow and six children. Young Donne was brought up a strict Roman Catholic. In his twelfth year he was admitted to Hart Hall, Oxford, where he began his life-long friendship with Sir Henry Wotton, afterwards the famous Provost of Eton, as well as with other distinguished men. Being a Roman he could not take a degree, and spent some time in foreign travel, during which it is thought that he got rid of his patrimony. With many other young enthusiasts he joined Essex's expedition to Cadiz in 1596, and visited other parts of Spain, the Azores, and Italy. In 1592 he was admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn. For a long time he had been doubtful about the Roman claims and tenets, and after very careful and conscientious examination he joined the Reformed Church of England. On his return from Cadiz he was appointed secretary to the Lord Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton, afterwards Earl of Ellesmere, ancestor of the Dukes of Bridgewater, the Dukes of Sutherland, and the Earls of Ellesmere. He had married a sister of Sir George More, the representative of Sir Thomas More, Donne's great-uncle, who lived at the magnificent old Elizabethan palace of Losely in Surrey, and it was in that way that the introduction came. Here Donne made the acquaint-

ance of many of the chief men of his day, especially about the Court of King James, and wrote, without printing it, the greater part of his poetry. He seems to have had in a strong degree the rare gift of personal magnetism, and his friends wrote to him in varying tones of genuine affection. His wit, beauty, and charm won him also the passionate love of his cousin, Anne, the young daughter of Sir George More, who lived with her aunt, Lady Egerton. Lady Egerton died in 1599; and, perhaps through want of supervision, the young people were secretly married at the end of 1600. When the secret came out Sir George More was violently indignant, and procured the committal to prison of his son-in-law and the two Brookes, who had been witnesses of the marriage. Nothing less would satisfy Sir George More than that the Lord Keeper should dismiss his luckless secretary from his honourable and lucrative office, and from the splendid prospects that lay before him; and thus one blind act of romantic imprudence suddenly reduced the poet to penury. He was soon set at liberty, but his career was spoilt, and he found himself, at the age of twenty-seven, with a bride of sixteen, a disgraced and needy man, with a scanty fortune, and no ostensible means of livelihood. After a while a reconciliation took place between him and his wife's family, but Sir Thomas Egerton declined to reinstate him in his office. But the aunt, Lady Egerton, had been widow of Sir John Wolley, of Pyrford, when the Lord Keeper married; and now Francis Wolley, who may have been her son, offered them a home at Pyrford, near Guildford, where they lived for the

next four years—till 1604. Donne then made an attempt to resume his footing at Court, and moved to Peckham and Mitcham. At Mitcham he had many friends, and he was in constant attendance on the chief personages who frequented the Court. His most generous patron and friend was Lucy, Countess-Dowager of Bedford, daughter of Lord Harrington, a wealthy heiress, at whose house at Twickenham Donne was a frequent visitor, meeting there a brilliant circle of wits and courtiers, such as have rarely assembled at any great salon in England. "He had also attracted the King's notice, and was kept in occasional attendance on his Majesty. The young man's musical voice, readiness of speech, and extraordinary memory, made him acceptable at the royal table, where he appears to have been called upon sometimes to read aloud, and sometimes to give his opinion on questions that arose for discussion. The King became convinced that here was a man whose gifts were such as were eminently suited for the calling of a Divine; and in answer to such applications as were made to him to bestow some civil appointment upon the young courtier, only made one reply, that Mr. Donne should receive church preferment or none at all." Donne, however, was far too conscientious to take so momentous a step in a hurry; and though he was also urged to take orders by the King's favourite chaplain, Thomas Morton, afterwards Bishop of Durham, he felt that the gay and licentious life he had led before his marriage was too fresh in men's minds to warrant such a choice.

In 1610, at the King's request, he wrote in six



weeks' time his 'Pseudo-martyr,' against those Romanists who unnecessarily made themselves quasi-martyrs, and with the object of buttressing the royal argument about the attitude of Romanists to the oath of allegiance. He also wrote many poems about this time. The poetic epistles to the Countess of Bedford, the Countess of Huntingdon, the Countess of Salisbury, and the two daughters of Robert, Lord Rich, must all be referred to this period; also the beautiful funeral elegies on Lady Markham, Lady Bedford's sister, and Mistress Bulstrode, who died in Lady Bedford's house. The exquisite poem called the "Litany," sent to Sir Henry Goodere, was of the same date as 'Pseudo-martyr.' The 'Divine Poems' and 'Holy Sonnets' had been written earlier, and sent in 1607 to Lady Magdalen Herbert, mother of the church poet.

In 1610, also, the University of Oxford conferred on Donne the degree of M.A. *honoris causâ*. Soon after this Sir Robert Drury, of Halstead, Essex, one of the richest men in England, who had a palace in the Strand, after which Drury Lane is now called, lost his only child, a daughter, in her sixteenth year. The parents were in great grief, and seem to have asked Donne to write an epitaph. He not only did so, but wrote on her the beautiful elegy called "The Anatomy of the World," one of the finest of his poems; the poem on the same subject next year was equally remarkable—"The Progress of the Soule." In November, 1611, Sir Robert and Lady Drury resolved to travel on the continent, and took Donne with them. They were

away nine months, and spent most of their time in France and Belgium. It was in Paris that Donne saw the telepathic vision of his wife with an infant in her arms, in consequence of which Sir Robert sent a servant to Drury House, where Mrs. Donne was living, who brought the news of the birth of a still-born child.

On his return to England in 1612, Donne found that Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, had risen to the chief place at Court; he placed himself under his protection, and announced his intention of at length taking orders. The same year died Henry, Prince of Wales, on whom Donne wrote a very touching elegy. Early next year, 1613, the Princess Elizabeth was married to the Elector Palatine, and Donne wrote a very musical and charming epithalamium. On January 25th, 1614, he was at length ordained, having spent the three years preceding his ordination almost exclusively in the study of divinity. It was at this time that he composed his curious poem called "Biathanatos," pronounced unique of its kind, in which he discusses whether under conceivable circumstances suicide might be excusable. In 1613 Donne had written an epithalamium on the marriage of his patron Somerset with the divorced Countess of Essex, a marriage about which there was afterwards a dreadful exposure. There is no reason to suppose that he was aware of the circumstances until they became publicly known.

After his ordination King James almost immediately made him chaplain, and commanded him to preach before the Court. A few months later



James, on a royal progress, visited Cambridge, and obtained the degree of D.D. for his new chaplain. In that first year no less than fourteen country livings were offered, but not wishing to leave London he declined them all. In 1616 he accepted the rectory of Keystone in Huntingdonshire, and in the same year the much more valuable rectory of Sevenoaks. Three months later he was elected by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn to be Divinity Reader, preaching twice a Sunday in term time. Dr. Jessop says that "he was immediately recognised as one of the most eloquent and able preachers of the day." The sermons which he delivered at Lincoln's Inn are amongst the most ingenious and thoughtful of any which have come down to us, admirably adapted to his audience, and they will always rank as amongst the noblest examples of pulpit oratory which the seventeenth century has bequeathed to posterity.

In 1617 his wife died, aged little more than thirty-two. During sixteen years she had borne him twelve children, of whom seven survived her. She was buried in old St. Clement Danes, but her monument was destroyed when the church was rebuilt. Donne threw himself more than ever into preaching, and his health suffered from his assiduous studies. In 1619 Lord Doncaster was sent on a mission to Germany and Donne went with him as his chaplain. One of his noblest and most eloquent efforts is his temporary farewell to the Benchers on this occasion. At Heidelberg he preached before the Princess Palatine. At the Hague he preached before the States-General, and they gave him the gold medal

struck six months before in honour of the Synod of Dort. In 1620 he was once more preaching at Whitehall.

In 1621 came a great recognition of his merit; the King gave him the Deanery of St. Paul's in succession to Dr. Valentine Carey, who was made Bishop of Exeter. "It was a splendid piece of preferment," says Dr. Jessop, "with a residence fit for a bishop" (on the site of the present Deanery, but on a much larger space), "and furnished with two spacious court-yards, a gate-house, porter-lodge, and a chapel, which last the new Dean lost no time in putting into complete repair." He continued to hold his preachership at Lincoln's Inn for another year. In the same year, 1622, his first printed sermon appeared, delivered at Paul's Cross to an enormous congregation, in obedience to the King's commands, in explanation of the Royal supremacy. Two months later Donne preached his glorious sermon before the Virginian Company, which had not been succeeding well commercially, but contained a minority who were animated by loftier aims, such as Lord Southampton, Sir Edwin Sandys, and Nicholas Ferrer of the famous community of Little Gidding. Donne's sermon struck a note in full sympathy with these larger views and nobler aims. It may truly be described as the first missionary exhortation printed in the English language. As a preacher at this time Donne stood almost alone. His popularity was always on the increase, he rose to every occasion, and surprised his friends, as Walton tells us, by the growth of his genius and his earnestness even to the end.

In 1623 and 1624 he was chosen Prolocutor of Convocation. In 1623 it is interesting to note that his daughter Constance married Edward Allen, Founder of Dulwich College. Left a widow three years later, she returned to her father and managed his household. In 1624 he was presented by the Earl of Kent with the Rectory of Blunham, in Bedfordshire, which he held *in commendam*, and by the Earl of Dorset with the Vicarage of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, the duties of which he performed with the most conscientious regularity up to the end. His last few years were uneventful, marked chiefly by the publication of his great sermons : one on the accession of Charles I, another on the death of George Herbert's mother, who had become Lady Danvers. He wrote a hymn, which was set to music and sung by the choir of St. Paul's. He composed verses on the death of the Marquis of Hamilton in 1625, and probably many of his devotional poems belong to these years. In 1629 he fell ill, and went to stay at his daughter Constance's house at Barking, who had married an alderman of London named Samuel Harvey. Appointed in 1631 to preach at Whitehall on Ash Wednesday, he appeared there in a most emaciated condition. His text was, "Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death." There is a tone, says Dr. Jessop, of almost awful solemnity throughout the discourse, but no sign of failing powers. Donne lingered on for five weeks, and died on March 31st of that year. Before he died he had himself painted in his shroud, and it is from that strange picture that his monument is taken, which is almost the only one that escaped the

fury of the great Fire of London in 1666, and stands in a niche in the south aisle of the choir of the new cathedral at the present day. Walton's life is full of the touching tributes of his numerous devoted friends.

Donne's poems have been divided into ten principal classes; (1) songs and sonnets; (2) marriage songs; (3) elegies; (4) divine poems; (5) letters to several personages; (6) commendatory verses; (7) funeral poems; (8) "The Anatomy of the World," with the "Progress of the Soul"; (9) satires; (10) epigrams.

It remains to give a few specimens. First, from the songs and sonnets. The thought of the first stanza of "Good-morrow" is very characteristic of Donne's originality:

"I wonder, by any troth, what thou and I  
Did, till we loved? Were we not weaned till then?  
But sucked on country pleasures, childishy?  
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?  
'Twas so; but *this*; all pleasures fancies be;  
If ever any beauty I did see  
Which I desired and got, 'twas but a dream of thee."

The following song shows him in his lightest mood:

SONG.

"Go and catch a falling star,  
Get with child a mandrake root,  
Tell me where all past years are,  
Or who cleft the devil's foot,  
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,  
Or to keep off envy's stinging,  
And find  
What wind  
Serves to advance an honest mind.

"If thou be'st born to strange sights,  
     Things invisible to see,  
 Ride ten thousand days and nights,  
     Till age snow white hairs on thee,  
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,  
 All strange wonders that befell thee,  
     And swear,  
     No where  
 Lives a woman true and fair.

"If thou find'st one, let me know ;  
     Such a pilgrimage were sweet.  
 Yet do not, I would not go,  
     Though at next door we might meet.  
 Though she were true when you met her,  
 And last till you write your letter,  
     Yet she  
     Will be  
 False, ere I come, to two or three."

In the song "Canonization," that is by love, there are several charming verses, of which this is one :

"We can die by it, if not live by love,  
     And if unfit for tomb or hearse  
     Our legend be, it will be fit for verse ;  
 And if no piece of chronicle we prove,  
     We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms ;  
     As well a well-wrought urn becomes  
 The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,  
     And by these hymns all shall approve  
     Us canonized for love ;"

Here are two exquisite stanzas from "Love's Growth"—

“And yet no greater, but more eminent,  
     Love by the spring is grown;  
     As in the firmament  
 Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown,  
 Gentle love deeds, as blossoms on a bough,  
 From love’s awaken’d root do bud out now.

“If, as in water stirr’d more circles be  
     Produced by one, love such additions take,  
     Those like so many spheres but one heaven make,  
 For they are all concentric unto thee;  
 And though each spring do add to love new heat,  
 As princes do in times of action get  
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,  
 No winter shall abate this spring’s increase.”

There is a pretty conceit in the song called “The Bait,” of which I quote four stanzas:

“Come live with me, and be my love,  
     And we will some new pleasures prove  
     Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,  
     With silken lines and silver hooks.

“There will the river whisp’ring run  
     Warm’d by thy eyes, more than the sun  
     And there th’ enamour’d fish will stay,  
     Begging themselves they may betray.

“When thou wilt swim in that live bath,  
     Each fish, which every channel hath,  
     Will amorously to thee swim,  
     Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

“For thee, thou need’st no such deceit,  
     For thou thyself art thine own bait:  
     That fish, that is not catch’d thereby  
     Alas! is wiser far than I.”

The picture from Nature in the next lines could hardly be surpassed:

“Upon this Primrose hill,  
Where, if heaven would distil  
A shower of rain, each several drop might go  
To his own primrose, and grow manna so;  
And where their form, and their infinity  
Make a terrestrial galaxy,  
As the small stars do in the sky;  
I walk to find a true love; and I see”

As a specimen of the “Marriage Songs,” I will quote the first stanza of that for Princess Elizabeth and the Count Palatine on St. Valentine’s Day, which is full of vivid observations of Nature:

“Hail Bishop Valentine, whose day this is;  
All the air is thy diocese,  
And all the chirping choristers  
And other birds are thy parishioners;  
Thou marriest every year  
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove,  
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,  
The household bird with the red stomacher;  
Thou makest the blackbird speed as soon,  
As doth the goldfinch, or the halcyon;  
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,  
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.  
This day more cheerfully than ever shine;  
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine.”

The following sonnet is one of a great number of remarkable beauty from Donne in later life and graver mood:

“Thou hast made me, and shall Thy work decay?  
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;



I run to death, and Death meets me as fast,  
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday.  
 I dare not move my dim eyes any way ;  
 Despair behind, and Death before doth cast  
 Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste  
 By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh.  
 Only 'Thou art above, and when towards Thee  
 By Thy leave I can look, I rise again ;  
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,  
 That not one hour myself I can sustain.  
 Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art  
 And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart."

The next is from the noble poem called "The Litany" :

"Hear us, O hear us, Lord ; to Thee  
 A sinner is more music, when he prays,  
 'Than spheres' or angels' praises be,  
 In panegyric alleluias ;  
     Hear us, for till Thou hear us, Lord,  
     We know not what to say ;  
 Thine ear to our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and  
     word ;  
 O Thou, who Satan heard'st in Job's sick day,  
 Hear Thyself now, for 'Thou in us dost pray."

The following lines are a fine example of one of his finest poems, "The Anatomy of the World," written on the death of Sir Thomas Drury's daughter:

"Immortal maid, who though thou wouldst refuse  
 The name of mother, be unto my Muse  
 A father, since her chaste ambition is  
 Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.  
 These hymns may work on future wits, and so  
 May great-grandchildren of thy praises grow ;



And so, though not revive, embalm and spice  
 The world, which else would putrify with vice.  
 For thus man may extend thy progeny,  
 Until man do but vanish, and not die.  
 These hymns thy issue may increase so long,  
 As till God's great Venite change the song."

And again, later on :

"Look upward ; that's towards her, whose happy state  
 We now lament not, but congratulate  
 She, to whom all this world was but a stage,  
 Where all sat hearkening how her youthful age  
 Should be employ'd, because in all she did  
 Some figure of the golden times was hid.  
 Who could not lack, whate'er this world could give,  
 Because she was the form that made it live ;  
 Nor could complain that this world was unfit  
 To be stay'd in, then when she was in it ;  
 She, that first tried indifferent desires  
 By virtue, and virtue by religious fires ;  
 She, to whose person paradise adhered,  
 As courts to princes ; she, whose eyes ensphered  
 Star-light enough to have made the South control  
 —Had she been there—the star-full Northern Pole ;  
 She, she is gone ; she's gone.

A short specimen of his satires (if there be time)  
 must end these quotations :

"Away, thou changeling motley humourist,  
 Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,  
 Consorted with these few books, let me lie  
 In prison, and here be coffin'd when I die.  
 Here are God's conduits, grave divines, and here  
 Nature's secretary, the philosopher,  
 And wily statesmen, which teach how to tie  
 The sinews of a city's mystic body ;

Here gathering chroniclers, and by them stand  
 Giddy fantastic poets of each land.  
 Shall I leave all this constant company,  
 And follow headlong, wild, uncertain thee ?  
 First, swear by thy best love, here, in earnest  
 —If thou, which lovest all, canst love any best—  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,  
 Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet;  
 Not though a captain do come in thy way  
 Bright parcel-gilt, with forty dead men's pay;  
 Not though a brisk perfumèd pert courtier  
 Deign with a nod thy courtesy to answer;  
 Nor come a velvet justice with a long  
 Great train of blue coats, twelve or fourteen strong,  
 Wilt thou grin, or fawn on him, or prepare  
 A speech to court his beauteous son and heir ? ”

Noble lines stud every page. Such is :

“ Great Destiny, the Commissary of God,”

or—

“ This soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were  
 Prisons of flesh,”

or—

“ Her pure and eloquent blood  
 Spoke in her deeds, and so distinctly wrought,  
 That one might say her body thought,”

or the description of death as—

“ A groom  
 That brings a taper to the outward room,”

or when complaining of the tyranny of love he  
 says—

“ I long to talk with some old lover's ghost  
 Who died before the God of Love was born,”

or the couplet—

“I must confess it could not choose but be  
Profane to think of anything but thee.”

Walton tells us that he was of stature moderately tall, of a straight and equally proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an inexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit, both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye showed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

He did much to contemplate—especially after he entered into his sacred calling—the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of heaven; and would often say in a kind of sacred ecstasy: “Blessed be God that He is God, only and divinely like Himself.”

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct (react) at the excesses of it. A great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

Saintsbury, summing him up, says:

“*Nos passions*, says Bossuet, *ont quelque chose d'infini*. To express infinity no doubt is a contradiction in terms. But no poet has gone nearer to the hinting and adumbration of this infinite quality of passion, and of the relapses and reactions from passion, than the author of ‘The Second Anniversary’ and ‘The Dream,’ of ‘The Relique’ and ‘The Ecstasy.’”

“And so we leave him,” says Gosse, “surely the most undulating, the most diverse of human beings. Splendid and obscure he was in the extreme versatility and passion, the profundity, the saintliness, the mystery, of his inscrutable character. No one in the history of English literature, as it seems to me, is so difficult to realise, so impossible to measure, in the vast curves of his extraordinary and contradictory features. . . . We are tempted to declare that of all great men he is the one of whom least is essentially known. Is not this perhaps the secret of his perennial fascination?”

Personally, I should be inclined to describe him as a man of immense genius, unlimited human sympathies, great poetic gifts, an imagination undaunted by the highest flights, a magnetic personal fascination, and indefatigable energy. To whatever influence he surrendered himself it absorbed him for the time. In his youth it was singing the delights of love, in manhood the pursuit of knowledge and imagination, in later years the worship of God and the teaching of religious truth; in each field alike he, in his day, had few rivals.

## MODERN FEATURES IN AN ANCIENT AUTHOR: XENOPHON.

BY W. J. COURTHOPE, C.B., D.LITT., V.P.R.S.L.

[Read February 23rd, 1910.]

THERE are certain Greek writers, and those the greatest of all, whom we regard as in a special sense the representatives of ancient civilisation. Their work was produced at the most vigorous period of Greek political life: it seems to condense into itself the essence of Greek character; on the other hand, it stands in marked contrast with some of the most characteristic features of the modern order. The form, for example, of the Attic drama, while it reflects the inmost spirit of Greek religion and morality, furnishes a very complete antithesis to the genius of poetic tragedy in the great ages of Spain and England. The solemn and tragic history of Thucydides is so completely absorbed in the contemplation of contemporary events in Greece, which look physically small by the side of modern interests, that it suggested John Bright's sneer at the size of the *Ilissus*, as an argument against classical education. The philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, spacious as it is, confines its view of ethical, political, and social matters within such strictly Greek limits that the modern metaphysicians

of Germany profess to be able to leave it out of account in their speculation. Hence, while it is to these greatest Greek writers in particular that we turn in an archaeological sense for a scientific view of ancient life as it really was, yet, in doing so, we have to get quit of our own circumstances, and, as it were, to emigrate in imagination to another sphere.

But if we regard classical literature in a spirit of humanism, the matter presents itself in a different light. The illustrious writers to whom I have alluded treated their subjects in an exclusively Greek manner; they drew a ring fence, so to speak, round Greek interests and Greek institutions, classifying the world outside under the general name of "barbarians." This they had a full right to do, for whatever of freedom, art, and philosophy illuminated the history of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., was to be found only in the city states that flourished on the shores of the Ionian and Aegean seas, and naturally the surviving monuments of that civilisation reflect mainly the life and character of the self-governed City. In our own days, however, the social interests of mankind have expanded beyond the City into the Nation, and though we shall always regard the Greeks as our masters in all that relates to art and letters, we are conscious that there is in our own society, in spite of its "barbarian" descent, a large range of modern interest and sympathy of which the greatest Greek writers knew next to nothing. The more valuable to us are the works of their immediate successors, who wrote when the Greeks

were beginning to explore the world beyond their own classic park-paling, and whose sympathetic imagination seems to provide a link of connection between the old Hellenic society and the society of Christian Europe. I desire in the present paper to ask your attention, in a way which must necessarily be rather suggestive than complete, to the character of one of the most distinguished of these more cosmopolitan Greek writers, Xenophon, and to a few features in his work, which seem to bring him nearer to our own imagination than his great contemporaries, Plato and Thucydides.

To illustrate the modern side of Xenophon's character, I will in the first place deal with him in his personal capacity, and more particularly as the friend and disciple of Socrates, in which aspect he will appear in striking contrast with Plato. The exact dates of Xenophon's birth and death are unknown, but his long life probably covered a period from about 430 B.C. to 350 B.C. During this era the city of Athens, of which he was a native, may be said, in homely phrase, to have been going downhill. We see it passing from the unconscious to the self-conscious stage of political existence. It was still a democracy, and a democracy, like ours in England, of a very conservative type. The whole people, admitted to the Ecclesia by Cleisthenes' extension of the franchise, nearly a century before the birth of Xenophon, possessed the power of deciding all issues arising out of the foreign policy of the State; and in coming to their decisions they were influenced by instincts and beliefs implanted in their minds by the still more ancient legislation of



Solon. To these time-honoured creeds the majority of the people were still devotedly attached, but there was an intellectual minority which was always inclined to question the foundations of the ancestral faith. The social atmosphere of Athens, therefore, encouraged revolution, and many of the ablest intellects in the city were endeavouring to reconstruct by analysis the basis of belief and action. Of these teachers the most eminent was Socrates. Socrates, as everyone knows, was informed by the Oracle at Delphi, much to his own surprise, that there was no one living wiser than himself. On reflection he came to the conclusion that those whom he had hitherto accounted wise were not so wise as they seemed, and in order to test his conclusions he set to work by an original method of cross-examination to inquire into the grounds of his fellow-citizens' knowledge. The result was that he found everybody, though unconscious of the fact, to be in a state of complete ignorance.

Now it may fairly be said that Socrates, as he really lived, thought, and spoke, is, to our English ideas, an almost inconceivable figure. We find it difficult to think of any attention being paid in these days to a person who should always be running round to the Stock Exchange, the Law Courts, the Lobby of the House of Commons, or Lord's Cricket Ground, asking every one he met his opinions about the Ten Commandments and the British Constitution. On the other hand, we are equally astonished at the idea of a democratic state resolving to condemn to death a person, generally acknowledged to be virtuous and well-meaning, as if he were a public



criminal. Our opinion of the Athenians rather resembles that of the Islingtonians in Goldsmith's "Elegy on a Mad Dog."

"Around, from all the neighbouring streets  
The wondering neighbours ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits  
To bite so good a man."

This is a very natural view to take, because we are in the habit of considering social life in other communities solely in the light of our own experience. But if we take the trouble to transport ourselves in imagination into the life of ancient Athens, we shall readily comprehend that the accusers of Socrates, Anytus and Meletus, were not altogether the stupid fanatics that at first sight we are apt to think them; and we shall arrive with more certainty at the conclusion I am endeavouring to put before you—namely, that of the two great disciples of Socrates, Xenophon was much nearer than Plato to our modern view of social and political morality.

For what was the charge brought against Socrates by his accusers? Plato and Xenophon both tell us it was twofold. To quote the 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon, the indictment ran: "Socrates offends against the laws by not paying respect to those gods whom the City respects, and by introducing other new deities; he also offends against the laws in corrupting the youth." I pass over the first of these charges, as being peculiar to Socrates and the City of Athens and not particularly interesting to ourselves, and come to the second, which is really

an indictment of Socrates for the use made by him of his negative methods of logic. By his own admission, Socrates' way was to convince everybody of ignorance before proceeding to supply them with a ground-work of true knowledge. Anytus said, according to Xenophon, that the effect of this was "to excite the young to despise the established form of government." Nor could this very well be denied. Since the government of Athens was by the people in their Assembly, and every man of full age was allowed to address the Assembly, it was certain that the people, moved by their orators, would pass their decrees on such intuitive principles of right conduct as they had learned from their parents. Everyone in the Assembly had been taught by his parents that the good citizen ought to be just, temperate, wise, and courageous, and everyone thought that he knew instinctively what ought to be decided about cases involving such principles; but Socrates' first step in talking to anyone who wished to take part in public affairs was to prove to him by question and answer that he knew nothing as to what in the abstract justice, temperance, wisdom, or courage really were. What was the natural consequence of such negation? "See," Anytus might have said, "the results of your teaching in those bad citizens, your pupils, Critias and Alcibiades. You first of all prove to them by cross-examination that there is no ground for the customary moral principles they have been taught; and then you teach them to argue about justice and other matters in such a way that, as is well known, Alcibiades, when he was only eighteen, was able to make an experienced

statesman like Pericles involve himself in self-contradiction.”\* Xenophon, indeed, says, in Socrates’ defence, that after he had convinced his pupils of ignorance he proceeded to build up their principles by teaching them how to form true definitions; nevertheless, he adds: “When he himself went through any subject in argument, he proceeded upon propositions of which the truth was generally acknowledged.”† “That is just what I say,” Anytus might have argued, “you first teach your pupils to question truths which are generally acknowledged, and then you make use of the very truths you have destroyed to deceive these young men with the idea that they have acquired some new truth.” And he might have gone on: “Your method of reasoning is not only useless but unfair. You take advantage of your intellectual superiority to ask questions of your pupils in such a way that their answers will bring you to the conclusion you want, however sophistical this may be.” As an example of this he might have taken the conversation which Socrates is reported by Xenophon to have held with one Euthydemus, in which conversation Socrates wished to prove that justice is conscious behaviour in conformity with the laws, and in which he conducted his argument by question and answer, thus:

*Question*: “Do you know what sort of actions are called just?”—*Answer*: “Those which the laws sanction.”

*Question*: “Those, therefore, who do what the laws sanction do what is just and what they ought?”—*Answer*: “How can it be otherwise?”

*Question*: “Those who do just things therefore are just?”—*Answer*: “I think so.”

\* ‘*Memorabilia*,’ Book i, cap. 2.

† *Ibid.*, Book iv, cap. 6.

*Question* : "Do you think that any persons yield obedience to the laws who do not know what the laws sanction?"—

*Answer* : "I do not."

If Euthydemus had not been under the spell of Socrates he clearly ought to have answered here: "Yes! many people who do not know what the law contains act unconsciously in conformity with it." Socrates, however, goes on, carrying Euthydemus still further into sophistry:

*Question* : "And do you know any persons who do other things than those that they think they ought to do?"

*Answer* : "I do not."\*

But here Euthydemus, who must have had the same experience as St. Paul, should have replied:

"Yes! almost everybody. For that which I do I allow not: for what I would that do I not; but what I hate that do I. If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. . . . But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."†

Had he answered in this way Socrates could not have come to the positive conclusion which Xenophon reports to have closed the conversation.

Finally, Anytus might fairly have argued: "You, Socrates, profess to instruct young men how to become sound politicians, but the questions you ask them about abstract justice, temperance, and the like have nothing to do with those large concrete questions of public expediency with which they will have to deal in the Assembly. How, for example, would

\* 'Memorabilia,' Book iv. cap. 6.

† Romans, Chap. vii, 15-23.

your questions teach them to weigh the arguments presented to them on either side in the debate on what should be done with the revolted population of Mitylene, when the Assembly came one day to a decision on the advice of Cleon, which they reversed next day on the advice of Diodotus?" To this Socrates could have made no reply, for the distinction between private and public justice is evident, as Burke shows in his *Speech on Conciliation with America*, where he says :

"It should seem to my way of conceiving such matters that there is a wide difference in reason and policy between the mode of proceeding on the irregular conduct of scattered individuals, or even of bands of men who disturb order within the State, and the discussions which may from time to time agitate the communities which compose a great empire. It looks to me to be narrow and pedantic to apply the ordinary ideas of criminal justice to this great public contest. I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people."

It must be acknowledged, then, that from the popular Greek point of view there was much force in Anytus' indictment against Socrates' method of negative logic. But now, if we turn to the way in which the indictment was met by Plato and Xenophon respectively, we shall see that the latter was of the two much the nearer to our own view of the subject. Socrates, as he is presented to us in the 'Dialogues' of Plato, appears almost as an incarnation of the negative principle. In the 'Apology' he is made to declare defiantly that, even if acquitted, he will persist in his habits of cross-examination, and in Plato's most brilliant dialogues, such as the 'Protagoras' and the

'Theaetetus', Socrates is above all things used as a dramatised figure for enforcing a purely negative conclusion. It is on the whole pretty safe to conclude that in these 'Dialogues' we have a dramatic version of Plato's own opinions rather than a record of the actual conversation of the man Socrates.

There were two main reasons why Plato should have deliberately developed the negative side of Socrates' teaching—one philosophical and the other artistic. As to the philosophical reason, Plato was, intellectually, a Radical reformer. By birth and temper he was an aristocrat, who greatly preferred the oligarchical form of government at Sparta to the democratic institutions of his own city. He therefore employed with zeal and enthusiasm a logical method calculated to undermine the customary beliefs which King Nomos of the Athenian democracy had implanted in the minds of his countrymen. But he was also a great artist, a man endowed in the highest degree with the genius of the poet and the dramatist; and, as the inventor of the literary form of fictitious dialogue, he perceived how necessary it was to embody his philosophical arguments in a life-like and spirited style. The conversations which Socrates actually held in the public places of Athens furnished him with the necessary ground-work of reality for his ideal dialogues, and Socrates, convicting of ignorance the self-satisfied Sophists of the time, was a figure much more interesting to the imagination than Socrates the preacher of positive philosophical truth. From the poetic point of view the 'Dialogues' of Plato will be interesting to all time, but the negative spirit



that permeated so much of the philosophy of himself and his followers is somewhat out of harmony with modern scientific methods, which, since the time of Bacon, ground themselves on positive experiment and research.

The Socrates of Xenophon appears to us in an exactly opposite and much more modern light. Xenophon was an Athenian Conservative. A lover of discipline and order, he had, no doubt, politically, a preference for the oligarchical *régime* of Sparta, but he was in favour of maintaining the established constitution of his native city\*: he recognised the value of religious education and customary morality; accordingly he was seriously impressed by the force of Anytus' attack on the subversive tendencies of Socrates' merely negative dialectic, and his defence was directed to showing that the opinions of Socrates were not really irreligious, and that his negative logic was only the first necessary step towards fortifying the minds of his young disciples with positive philosophy. "When Socrates," he says, "saw that Euthydemus"—(one of those whom he had convicted of ignorance)—"was disposed to learn, he no longer puzzled him with questions, but explained to him in the simplest and clearest manner what he ought to know, and what it would be best for him to study."† No doubt, in point of intellect, Socrates appears in the conversations recorded in Xenophon's 'Memorabilia' greatly inferior to the ideal protagonist of Plato's 'Dialogues,' but as a good man and a good citizen he conciliates our sympathies

\* As to this, see the opinion, probably Xenophon's, expressed in the treatise 'On the Government of Athens.' Section 1.

† 'Memorabilia,' Book iv, cap. 2.

more strongly. "Of those," says Xenophon, "who knew what sort of a man Socrates was, such as are lovers of virtue continue to regret him above all other men, even to the present day, as having contributed in the highest degree to their advancement in goodness."\* These are evidently the words of a man speaking from his heart about the influence which one whom he reverences as his teacher has had upon his own life; and Xenophon is himself the best proof of the beneficial effects which, in the self-conscious atmosphere of declining Athens, the teaching of Socrates could produce, when acting upon young men of good disposition. In the 'Anabasis' we constantly see the fruits of the Socratic education of the author. In particular, the piety on which Xenophon insists as, perhaps, the most prominent feature of Socrates' character, shows itself in every action of his disciple. He had been, in the first instance, directed by Socrates to consult the oracle at Delphi as to whether or not he should join the expedition of Cyrus, and he tells us very candidly how, wishing to go, he did not put the question in the form ordered by Socrates, but asked instead to which of the Gods he should pray for the success of his journey. An answer having been returned to this question, he relates how he was blamed by Socrates for not having asked whether it would be better for him to go or stay at home, but was afterwards told, as he had put the question in the way that he did, to sacrifice as the God commanded. During the retreat of the Ten Thousand, whenever Xenophon finds himself in a difficult situation he

\* 'Memorabilia.' Book iv. cap. 8.



refers the matter to the decision of the Gods. On one occasion, being in apparently desperate straits, he relates how he was encouraged by a heaven-sent dream; and when deliverance came, he tells us his first action was to pour a libation to his divine preservers. On another occasion, when the omens at the sacrifice appeared doubtful, he is careful to point out to his readers how completely the event justified him in following the line of conduct suggested by the heavenly sign. When the expedition came to a successful end and the booty was divided among the army, Xenophon devoutly dedicates a tenth part of his own share to the service of Apollo and Artemis. In all these actions we note the teaching of the master who had such implicit faith in the promptings of his own Daimon.

It is not only in the religious turn of Xenophon's thought, but in the practical qualities displayed by him as a leader of men, that we trace the beneficial effects of the Socratic teaching. A more inspiring example of unselfishness, energy, and intellectual resource than appears in Xenophon's modest narrative of his own conduct during the retreat of the Ten Thousand is not to be found in the pages of history. It is also full of traits immediately touching our own instincts of humanity. Now he appeals, like Sarpedon in the 'Iliad,' to the feeling of honour: "In the name of Heaven let us not wait for others to come and exhort us to noble deeds, but let us be ourselves the first to urge others to exert their valour." Now we see him toiling on an equality with the rank and file of the army in a crisis where the salvation of all depends upon the individual

energy put forth by each. His tender care of the disabled stragglers in desperate moments during the retreat offers an advantageous contrast to the selfish cruelty of Napoleon when he found himself embarrassed by his sick and wounded in Egypt. Above all, the practical effects of Socrates' logical teaching on a receptive mind may be observed in Xenophon's tactful handling of the retreating army. As the leader of miscellaneous "Condottieri," his difficulties even in modern times would have been great; but they were infinitely increased by the fact that his volunteer troops were members of free communities, accustomed to self-government and little amenable to discipline. Xenophon had, in fact, to govern under the most trying conditions a military democracy, and was always liable to impeachment before it both by discontented soldiers and jealous rivals. His history shows him at one time accused of wishing to sacrifice the general interests to his own ambition, by founding a military colony on the Euxine; at another he was attacked for the necessary sternness with which he enforced discipline; and on a third occasion he had to face a mutiny which, if the leaders of it had succeeded, must have placed the Ten Thousand in a position fatal to the chances of their safe return to Greece. In all these situations the habit of clear and logical thought which he had acquired from the teaching of Socrates enabled him to cope with his turbulent followers. His recorded speeches are models of dialectic, and the tact, the courtesy, and the persuasive argument by which he brought his audience to the conclusions that he desired, are admirable examples of Socratic reasoning.

And this brings me naturally to speak of the modern features of Xenophon as a historian, when compared with his great predecessor, Thucydides. Both of them relate contemporary actions in which Greeks are the protagonists; both took part in the actions which they describe; both were exiled from their country in consequence of their conduct being regarded as injurious to the State. But the temper of each is widely different. Thucydides devotes his attention entirely to the purely Greek interest of the Peloponnesian War; he describes with the philosophical air of an impartial observer the relations of the different Hellenic States to each other, the character of each community, the importance of each event in the general drift of Hellenic conflict; he never mentions himself, though we know that his exile from Athens was due to his conduct during the war. In the 'Anabasis' of Xenophon, on the contrary, we see the Greeks brought into contact with the barbarian world, while the personality of the writer is necessarily rendered prominent by the nature of the situation in which he was placed.

Hence, while the leading feature of Thucydides' history is its air of philosophic observation, the leading feature of Xenophon's is romantic picturesqueness. We get quite away from the purely classic interest of the Peloponnesian War. The characters of the leading actors in the 'Anabasis'—Cyrus, Clearchus, Cheirisophus, and others—are sketched by the pen of Xenophon in their bold human outlines, unaffected by the nice distinctions of civic intrigue which make up so much of the total effect in the portraits of Thucydides. For the

first time, too, the vast spaces of Eastern life and character are brought into relation with the life of the West. Greek and barbarian collide, not as in the history of Herodotus, where the small armies of free civic Greece are seen standing on their defence against the myriad subjects of Oriental despotism, but as the pioneers of the later movements which have carried the political aspirations, the civil arts, and the military strategy of Europe into the heart of India, China, and Japan. The experiences of the retreating Greeks among the mountains of Armenia read like an anticipation of the difficulties of our own armies on the Himalayan frontiers, and the desultory attacks of the tribesmen on the disciplined Greeks recall the difficulties of English soldiers in the Afghan War of 1879, or on the march to Chitral. The traveller in the vivid descriptions of the 'Anabasis' may march to-day in the track of the Ten Thousand from the Great Wall of Media to the fords of the River Zab; he may accompany them along the devious paths which enabled them to elude the opposition of the Kurds in the rocky passes of their mountains; he can stand with sympathy on the exact spot where Xenophon records the despair he felt at finding himself confronted with the strong lines of the enemy drawn up to bar his passage at what seemed to be the single ford of the river Kentrites: he can realise on the heights above Erzeroum the sufferings of the Greeks, smitten with snow-blindness and frost-bites as they struggled across the Armenian hills; and he can imagine the joy with which after their first glimpse of the sea from Gaur Tagh, the whole army

received at Trebizond the proposal of Antileon to finish their return to Greece on shipboard :

“For my part, my friends, I am quite exhausted with packing my kit, walking, running, carrying arms, marching in the ranks, mounting guard, and fighting; and I could wish since we have arrived at the sea, to rest from such labours, and to sail the rest of the way, arriving in Greece, like Odysseus, outstretched and asleep.”\*

Xenophon was not only a writer of romantic history, he was the inventor of historical romance. His ‘*Cyropaedia*’ scarcely makes any pretence to be really historical. Professing to relate the history of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire, it in reality presents an idealised portrait of Cyrus, the leader of the expedition of the Ten Thousand; under cover of describing the educational system of the early Persians, it gives an imaginative account of the Lacedaemonian discipline which Xenophon admired: the figure of Cyrus himself is used for the purpose of introducing that Socratic method of dialectic reasoning about social and military problems, which, as I have said, may be noted in the discourses of Xenophon to the retreating Greeks. In all these respects Xenophon’s work furnished a model to successors who, in mediaeval and modern times, have followed in his footsteps as writers of historical romance. Thus his practice of using historical personages to allegorise contemporary men was copied by Mlle. de Scudéry when she employed the figure of Cyrus to represent the great Condé, and introduced into her famous romance, under cover

\* ‘*Anabasis*,’ Book v, cap. 1.

of Persian female names, portraits of Mme. de Longueville, Mme. de Sablé, and the other noble ladies who led the fashion in the society of the Hotel Rambouillet during the wars of the Fronde. In the 'Cyropaedia' also appears the first glimpse of Love as the principal element in Romance. The affecting story of the devoted attachment between Panthea and her husband, Abradatas, no doubt gave the original hint to the numerous Greek novelists (one of whom, it may be remembered, bore the name of Xenophon) who, in the decadent days of the Roman Empire, interested their readers in the vicissitudes of faithful lovers, thereby pointing out a new path to the mediaeval *trouvères* who told the stories of Enid and Gawaine, Tristram and Iseult.

Finally we come to the very modern figure that Xenophon presents in his domestic capacity. During the retreat of the Ten Thousand the civic ties that bound him to his native city seem to have been loosened: at any rate there is no record of his having returned to Athens; but he joined Agesilaus, King of Sparta, in his campaigns against the Persians, in Asia Minor, and, apparently being attached above all things to his general, accompanied him when, at the confused battle of Coroneia, Agesilaus commanded the Lacedaemonians against a miscellaneous army of Athenians, Argives, Boeotians, and other Hellenic States. We may perhaps assume that, in consequence of his preference of military to civic considerations, he was banished from Athens, and received from the Spartans a present of an estate in Elis, near Olympia, which he occupied till the battle of Mantinea in 371 B.C. It



is certain that he was alive in 357 B.C., and many circumstances point to the fact that some of his writings were produced as late as 351 B.C., when the Greek States were feeling their first alarm at the growing power of the Macedonian Monarchy. In his retreat at Skillus he no doubt composed most of his remaining works, and his charming description of his home will commend itself to the hearts of all country-loving Englishmen, both in its religious feeling and the graceful simplicity of its style.

“The river Selinus happens to run through the estate, and another river named Selinus runs close by the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, and in both there are different kinds of fish and shell-fish.

“On the land near Skillus, too, there is hunting of all such beasts as are taken in the chase. Xenophon built also an altar and a temple with the consecrated money, and continued afterwards to make a sacrifice every year, always receiving a tenth of the produce of the seasons from the land; and all the people of the town, as well as the men and women of the neighbourhood, took part in the festival, while the goddess supplied those in tents there with barley-meal, bread, wine, sweetmeats, and a share of the victims offered from the sacred pastures, and of those caught in the chase; for the sons of Xenophon and those of other inhabitants always made a general hunt against the festival, and such of the men as were willing hunted with them; and there were caught, partly on the sacred lands, partly on Mount Pholoe, boars, and antelopes, and deer. This piece of ground lies on the road from Lacedaemon to Olympia, about twenty stadia from the Temple of Zeus at Olympia. There are within the place groves and hills covered with trees adapted for the breeding of pigs, goats, oxen, and horses, so that the beasts of those



who come to the festival are amply supplied with food. Round the Temple itself is planted a grove of cultivated trees, bearing whatever fruits are eatable in the different seasons. The edifice is similar, as far as a small can be to a great one, to that at Ephesus, and the statue is as like as a statue of cypress wood can be to a statue of gold. A pillar stands near the Temple bearing this inscription :

“This ground is sacred to Artemis. He that possesses and reaps the fruits of it is to offer every year the tenth of its produce, and to keep the Temple in repair from the residue. If anyone fail to perform these conditions, the Goddess will take notice of his neglect.”\*

Occupied in these pious duties Xenophon passed in his quiet home the simple life of a country gentleman and a sportsman, and here he seems to have composed the many surviving monuments of his varied tastes. In his ‘Oeconomicus’ he has left us the picture of an intelligent master of a Greek house and farm, which is particularly interesting, as showing how modern were the opinions he held of the relations between husband and wife, compared with those of his great countryman, Pericles. Pericles, as we see from his celebrated Funeral Oration, took the ordinary Greek view that wives should live in the inferior position assigned to them in eastern countries; and, as he showed by his own example, his sole idea of intellectual equality in the intercourse of the sexes was grounded on the irregular companionship with the class called Hetaerae. But Xenophon, through the mouth of a certain Ischomachus, whom he represents as a model Athenian gentleman, argues that husband and wife are really

\* ‘Anabasis,’ Book v, cap. 3.

on an equality with each other, though each has different duties to perform in the management of the household :

“Tell me, my dear wife,” he makes Ischomachus say in a conversation constructed on the usual Socratic lines, “have you considered with what views I married you, and with what object your parents gave you to me ? For you must see, as well as I do, that there was no lack of other persons with whom we might each have been united. But when I considered for myself, and your parents for you, whom we might choose as the best partner for a house and children, I preferred you, and your parents, as it appears, preferred me, out of those among whom it was possible to choose.”\*

And again :

“I desired my wife to consider herself the guardian of the laws established in the house, and to inspect the household arrangements whenever she thought proper, as the commander of a garrison inspects his sentinels ; to signify her approval if everything was in good condition, as the Senate signifies its approval of horses and horse soldiers ; to praise and honour the deserving like a queen, according to her means, and disgrace any one that required such treatment.”†

A glimpse like this gives us a pleasant notion of the well-ordered family at Skillus ; and equally suggestive ideas of outdoor pursuits and amusements may be found in Xenophon's Treatises on Riding and Hunting. In the latter, especially, from his habits of close observation and accurate reasoning, he has left us an account of Greek sport which may still be

\* ‘Oeconomicus,’ Cap. vii.

† *Ibid.*

read with interest by English masters of hounds. He describes with admirable minuteness the habits of hares, the manner of pursuing them, and the effect of the different seasons on the scent. He recommends names for dogs which, *mutatis mutandis*, have a curious family resemblance to those which are in use to-day. Particularly good is his description of character in the hunting habits of individual hounds.

“Of tracking the hare there are many different modes in a single pack; for some when they have found the track proceed onwards without giving tongue, so that it is not known that they are on it; others merely move their ears and keep their tails still; others keep their ears unmoved, but wag the tips of their tails. Some, again, contract their ears, and looking solemnly down on the track, pursue their way along it with their tails lowered and drawn between their legs; many do none of these things, but run madly about the track when they have fallen upon it, barking and trampling out the scent in a senseless manner. Others, after making many turnings and windings, and discovering the scent in advance of the hare, leave her behind; whenever they run upon the track they seem all abroad, and when they see the hare before them they tremble, and do not advance upon her till they see her start. Whatever dogs, again, in tracking and pursuing run forward, and keep a constant look-out for what other dogs discover, these have no confidence in themselves. Some, on the other hand, are so rash that they do not allow their wise companions to take the lead, but hinder and confuse them. Others, following eagerly a false scent, and showing great excitement at anything they find, take the lead at once, though they know very well that they are deceiving the rest; others do the same without being conscious of it.”†

† ‘Cyngeticus,’ Cap. iii.

It would be easy to multiply examples of Xenophon's modern spirit ; but time forbids, and I hope that those I have given may induce some, who perhaps only know him by name, to make the acquaintance of one of the most manly and delightful authors in the whole range of the world's literature.



## SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

BY PROFESSOR C. LLOYD MORGAN, LL.D., F.R.S.

[Read March 11th, 1910.]

I TAKE as my text a well-known saying of Coleridge's, that "the true antithesis of poetry is not prose but science." I propose to consider, not so much what Coleridge meant by this saying, as what we mean when we either accept or reject it. Nothing like an exhaustive or, indeed, an adequate discussion is possible within the time at my command. I can but attempt to present a point of view.

First, then, What is science? Of course everyone in these enlightened days knows what it is. But the trouble is that what everyone knows is apt to be vague and indefinite in outline. Dull, therefore, as it may be, difficult as it is to steer a course between the Scylla of commonplace and the Charybdis of technicality, I must indicate at some, though I trust not inordinate, length the nature of my own outlook on the field of science.

We live in a world in which many things are happening. We take note of them as they occur, and shape our behaviour in accordance with the experience we gain. I suppose science began when men tried to observe, describe, and explain them systematically. The primary end in view was the guidance of behaviour and conduct in the midst of

these events. But as time went on and knowledge grew, the observation, description, and explanation of happenings and events became an end in and for itself. Not that the practical use to which the scientific knowledge was put ceased to be of importance. What took place was rather that there arose a distinction between science itself and its application to the needs of practical life. Science and the technic arts were differentiated. If, then, we leave on one side this industrial or other such application, important as it is, we may say that it is the business of science first to observe and describe the course of events, and secondly to explain them.

Under what conditions are they to be observed and described? Obviously under many and varied conditions; but, among others, under the conditions of their sequence. Each event has a beginning and an end. We place ourselves in the position of an observer and note the exact nature of the beginning, the exact nature of the end, and the exact nature of the connected sequence between the beginning and the end. But in this complex world a number of events may be going on at once; we have therefore, so far as is possible, to disentangle the event we wish to study from all other events and fix our attention upon it; and we have to be quite sure we have in view its own proper beginning, which is essentially connected with its own proper end. When we have its own beginning we call it the cause, while we call its end the effect. It is clear that we must have the whole event, and nothing but the event, in our mind's eye. Just as everything that is relevant must be included, so, too, must



everything that is irrelevant, from the point of view under consideration, be excluded. Under these conditions we may say that science deals with causes and effects.

Well, of course everyone knows and is quite readily to repeat this formula. But not everyone understands its scientific meaning. Quite a considerable percentage of people—a percentage I will not attempt to estimate—regard the cause as something outside the events making them be what they are. That, as I conceive the matter, is *not* the scientific point of view. For science the cause is the antecedent part of the happening; the effect is the subsequent part. I omit for the sake of brevity all reference to the co-existent conditions, which have also to be taken into consideration. The state of the solar system at the present moment differs from what it was five minutes ago. Something has happened. An event or process has occurred. The planets have swept onwards in their orbits. What makes them perform their easy and orderly dance to the music of the spheres? That is not the question. As a plain matter of fact and observation certain changes do take place. As a matter of interpretation what the physicist calls the configuration at the beginning of the process, or some moment arbitrarily selected as the beginning, is the cause of the configuration at the end of the process regarded as the effect. We don't go outside the process to describe or explain it in scientific terms, save in a sense to be presently indicated.

Parenthetically I may remark that, natural processes being continuous, any given event is connected

with other preceding events and with yet other events which follow. Thus the cause of one event is the effect of some foregoing event, and its effect may be the cause of another which succeeds in due course. In this way trains of natural processes are found to be linked up in series. For science the universe is rather a vast process than a colossal thing—a process which is held to be explicable in terms of connected antecedence, co-existence, and sequence. It is the business of science to explain it. But what do we mean by explain? It is found that the beginnings and ends of events take place in accordance with definite rules. These rules are, from one point of view, simply general expressions of the fact that as a matter of observation events do occur together and run their course in certain definite ways which science may formulate. But that is not all. In accordance with these rules science frames a thought-model, or in technical phrase an ideal construction. Thus the astronomer frames an ideal construction of the solar system, the physicist conceives a thought-model of the atom, and so forth. It must be a working model, and it must express symbolically all the essential facts and nothing but the facts—at any rate must not conflict with the facts. The fascinating task on which the man of science is engaged—I mean here the real man of science who is contributing by research to the advance of knowledge—his fascinating task is the re-fashioning of thought-models, and to this end the making of new observations of his own and the collating of the observations of others. In a sense, then, we are constantly going outside the process as

actually observed ; we are bringing it into relation with the ideal construction framed for the interpretation of such processes. That is what we mean by scientific explanation. Of every particular process we ask : Within what ideal construction does it fall ? What answers to it in the scheme of thought which represents, as in a working model, the scheme of things ?

Let us here pause to take note of two essential characteristics of this method of procedure : first the detachment of the standpoint of science. By detachment I mean this : that the happenings and events are treated in and for themselves, and the ideal construction is something which we project on to the screen of the universe as interpreted. It is true that we cannot have observations without an observer, nor reasonings concerning them without a rational being. But science eliminates as far as possible all special idiosyncrasies of the particular observer and reasoner, and presents the results reached by his observations and his constructive thought as disclosing the real nature of the phenomenal universe, with all its varied events and happenings. How these events appeal to us, stir us, move us, affect us emotionally, stimulate our pity or wonder, our likings and dislikings, our sorrow or laughter, our love or hate—all this is wholly outside the interpretation of these events by science. Science views them so far as is possible in complete detachment from all these very real human interests. Obviously I don't mean that we should study or can study any branch of science without feeling interested in it—for after all even the student of science is also a

human being. But I say that scientific results, when they are reached and when they are understood, are in a sense independent of our interest. There are the facts, and there is the interpretation in terms of ideal construction: if you are interested in them so much the better for you; but it doesn't alter either the facts or the reasonings. The appeal to your interest is another story.

The second point to notice is this: that when science has dispassionately explained an event in terms of connected antecedence, co-existence, and sequence—in terms of the beginning and the end, and the connection between them—in terms, too, of the appropriate ideal construction, its interpretation is done. No doubt a number of other questions may be asked. How is it that there is a system of Nature with its series of events? How come there to be general rules of sequence or laws of Nature? What is, or ought to be, our attitude towards them and towards some power, which, as we may believe, brings them into being and controls them? There are many such questions—real and vital questions, for man. But they are not scientific questions, at any rate not questions for empirical science. They may be philosophical questions, or metaphysical questions, or theological questions, or (to employ the least inadequate term) metempirical questions; but they are not scientific questions. Empirical science as such has no concern with them; they belong to a different branch of human inquiry.

Now in such a great and complex universe as that in which we live, where there are such a vast number of multifarious events with which we have

to deal, and where the events are connected and related in such various ways, men of science have to divide themselves up into groups, each of which studies some particular class of events, or some particular kind of connection or relationship among the events. Stress may be laid either on the connections and relationships themselves as they obtain in events of many different kinds, or upon the events themselves, within which there obtain relationships of several diverse orders. Thus the members of one group of men of science, the mathematicians, select the numerical and quantitative relationships and devise the best methods of dealing with them. These relationships are common to all kinds of events. Others select for study the physical or chemical relationships which characterise certain kinds of events. On the other hand, the astronomers deal with the events themselves—events of a particular kind—those which take place, let us say, in the solar system; the geologists study those events which occur, or have occurred, during the changes of the earth's surface, and the crust of the earth which lies beneath it; the biologists select as their field of study the events of animal or plant life, and so on. Thus we get the sciences, or the branches of science, divided into relationship-sciences and event-sciences. They are mutually dependent, though in different degrees. The biologist, for example, in his study of the processes of living organisms as an event-science, has to utilise the conclusions reached by physicists and chemists in their relationship-sciences, while the chemists and physicists have to utilise the results of that

wider and more abstract relationship-science, mathematics. Each branch of science has to develop the best possible method, whether it be for interpreting a sequence of events or for elucidating a set of relationships—the best method from its own special standpoint. The term “science,” therefore, covers not only a body of results, but also the method, or group of methods, by which these results are reached—not only an interpretation of Nature but a method of investigation.

The next question is this: What are we to understand by events, or happenings, or occurrences, or processes, and are there any such happenings (to select one of these words) which are not included within the field of scientific investigation? I think that we must reply that everything that happens in this universe may be regarded as an event or occurrence or process, and that nothing which can be empirically interpreted in terms of connected antecedence, co-existence, and sequence is outside the scope of scientific method. A timid lad comes in with blanched cheeks and says he has seen a ghost. Is this a matter for scientific investigation? Unquestionably it is. First, there has been a series of mental happenings, which psychology endeavours to investigate in accordance with its methods and in relation to its ideal construction. There has been a mental process that had a beginning and an end which were in some way connected and related. Psychology as a science deals with mental processes in terms of antecedence, co-existence, and sequence. Secondly, there has been a physiological process which resulted in the blanched face and twitching



mouth. Thirdly, something occurred, we will assume, in the lane down which the lad passed, which he rightly or wrongly interpreted as a ghostly apparition. If there was such a happening, science may investigate it and may reach its own interpretation, to be compared with that of the lad. It is part of the business of science to bring mental happenings into relation with bodily happenings and with happenings outside the body in the surrounding world.

Now suppose that you read a poem, are interested in it, are moved by it, and express a judgment of its excellence. Is that a matter for scientific investigation? Why not? There is a mental process with beginning and end, with a mode of development which involves certain psychological relationships. This process may be compared with other such processes, and the particular case may be explained in reference to the general rules which hold good in such cases. But just here I anticipate a note of protest. It will be said that when we inquire into the worth and value of the judgment we enter a different universe of discourse. No doubt, it will be urged, the psychologist may attempt to indicate certain antecedent conditions which serve to make the judgment what it is—inherited aptitudes, a liberal education, and so forth. In doing this, however, you are dealing with the genesis of the judgment as a mere psychological fact. You do not afford a criterion for the estimation of its value and worth. To this the man of science will make answer: Why should we not describe and compare worth-judgments and



ascertain their relationships, just as we compare any other facts and processes? Why should we not frame an ideal construction in the science of aesthetics just in the same way as we do in physics? For the good and sufficient reason that in such cases the facts are not only facts, perhaps we may say, with assured confidence, not chiefly facts, but also values. But is not this also true of physics? When we compare the weight of a cubic inch of aluminium with that of a cubic inch of lead, the facts are not only facts, but also values—values in terms of weight. What, after all, are values but compared relations? and why should aesthetic values be excluded from the purview of a relationship science? Because the values are of a wholly different order. From the standpoint of physical science the weight values are just properties of the aluminium or the lead under the conditions of the earth's attraction. They link up with other physical values by which they may be checked under the conditions of experiment and observation. But the value or worth of a poem lies not so much in the poem as in its appeal to you, or me, or somebody. It links up, indeed, with other such values; but there is no common standard of valuation which can be fixed in the same definite and detached way as the standard weight of a pound avoirdupois.

I should weary you if I carried further, as I might, this discussion. My own opinion is that what may be termed values of appeal, in aesthetics and ethics, for example, do afford material for scientific study, but only on the condition that the investigation is conducted from the point of view of an independent

observer standing outside them, who must preserve his attitude of scientific detachment and must study them as dispassionately and coolly as he studies any other happenings or relationships in the universe of thought and things. But here we come upon the distinction which I conceive to be real and fundamental. It is the distinction between felt experience and knowledge about it. In the latter we are centres of projection from which emanate ideal constructions and scientific treatises. In the former we are centres of influence—influencing and being influenced. Is there not a vast difference—a difference *toto coelo*—between living and conducting a biological research on life-processes, between feeling and pursuing a psychological investigation of the feelings, between the glow of moral satisfaction or the numbing ache of remorse and an ethical disquisition on their nature and origin, between the appreciation of a beautiful poem, a noble cathedral, a great picture, a rich symphony, and a discussion of aesthetic principles. Whether aesthetics and ethics may claim the rank of branches of science or not, they endeavour to develop systematic knowledge of certain modes of human experience; and there is all the difference in the world between having an experience such as a thrill of genuine appreciation and knowing anything or even everything about it.

I must now apologise for bringing three little bits of coal to Newcastle, and quoting two familiar sonnets and a short prose extract as pegs on which to hang some further remarks—as texts for the second part of my discourse. I give the two sonnets first without comment.

## NIGHT AND DEATH.

“Mysterious night ! When our first parent knew  
Thee from report Divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this wondrous frame,  
This gorgeous canopy of light and blue ?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame  
Hesperus, with the host of heaven came ;  
And, lo ! creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O sun ? or who could find  
Whilst tree and leaf and insect stood revealed  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?  
Why should we then shun Death with anxious strife,  
If Light can so deceive, wherefore not Life ? ”

## THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

“Taddeo Gaddi built me. I am old,  
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone  
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own  
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold  
Beneath me as it struggles, I behold  
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown  
My kindred and companions. Me alone  
It moveth not, but is by me controlled.  
I can remember when the Medici  
Were driven from Florence ; longer still ago  
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.  
Florence adorns me with her jewelry ;  
And when I think that Michael Angelo  
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.”

Now in these two sonnets the form and the method of treatment are not the form or method characteristic of science. The purpose is not the explanation

of events under the canons of scientific exposition. Each makes a direct appeal to us—to which we may or may not respond—an appeal through the mode of expression, an appeal through the form of thought, an appeal to which we must, if we appreciate the sonnet, vitally respond in some fashion. A human being is telling us something of his mind and heart, so that the movements of our minds and the beat of our hearts may answer to his. So far from there being any effort to assume an attitude of detachment from what is set before us, man speaks to man, relying upon a kindred nature. Blanco White, in what has been termed “his one immortal sonnet,” reminds us that in the glare of sunlight all the starry heavens are hidden from view, and he asks whether in the glare of life much may not be hidden which the darkness of death will reveal. Is he dealing with light and life in their detachment from human needs and aspirations as in a paragraph in a book on optics or one from a treatise on biology? Far from it. Just in its supreme human interest lies the power of the sonnet’s appeal. Longfellow sketches some of the episodes of history which the Old Bridge at Florence has witnessed. Is it his purpose to teach us history? By no means. But he does want us to *feel* the abiding influence of history, which has touched even the stones of the Old Bridge at Florence. But do the stones really feel? Can they glory in the fact that Michael Angelo has leaned on them? Perchance not. The sonnet is an example, not of scientific interpretation, but of that kind of literature which is called poetry.

My prose quotation is from Ruskin, where he

tells of the influence on Turner of the subdued tints of a Swiss landscape :

“He took pleasure in them,” we are told, “because he had been bred among English fields and hills ; because the gentleness of a great race was in his heart, and its power of thought in his brain ; because he knew the stories of the Alps, and of the cities at their feet ; because he had read the Homeric legends of the clouds and beheld the gods of dawn and the givers of dew to the fields ; because he knew the faces of the crags and the imagery of the passionate mountains, as a man knows the face of his friend ; because he had in him the wonder and sorrow concerning life and death, which are the inheritance of the Gothic soul from the days of its first sea kings ; and also the compassion and the joy that are woven into the innermost fibre of every great imaginative Spirit, born now in countries that have lived by the Christian faith with any courage or truth.”

In this passage, then, we are told that Turner took pleasure in and was influenced by Alpine scenery, *because* he had been bred among English fields and hills, and *because* the gentleness of a great race was in his heart, and its power of thought in his brain. This is followed up by other clauses, each beginning with the same word. And yet do we not feel that the main purpose of the passage is literary and not scientific ? The form and structure of the passage are literary. The appeal is literary. Ruskin's aim is to help us to appreciate Turner and his work. In each clause he wants *us* to feel the influences which affected the artist. He wants *us* to appreciate the imagery of the passionate mountains, and the wonder and sorrow concerning life

and death, the scientific relevance of which to Swiss scenery is not obvious. He says in effect: "You won't even understand the appeal of scenery to Turner unless you realise in imagination what Turner was as a man. My object is to call up the appropriate mental attitude." In and through this appeal to our appreciation by reference to certain values which he must make us feel—not only understand, mark you, but feel in the innermost fibres of our mental being—in order that we may admire Turner's work, Ruskin was using the methods of the man of letters rather than those of the man of science.

Now I shall not be so unwise as to attempt a definition of literature. I merely venture to contend that it is always intrinsically and essentially an appeal from man to man. Of course, viewed from without, as aesthetics endeavours to view it, the appeal is under certain canons regarding matter and form of thought, feeling, and expression. But literature, as embodied in the strong, free, independent man of letters, as it pulses in the give and take of its inner life, snaps its fingers at the canons. The man of letters just makes his appeal and presses it home in any way which shall be effective. It is sometimes urged that it must be an appeal to our sense of beauty. Unquestionably it often is such an appeal. But does this important appeal exhaust the field? Is there not literature that appeals to our sense of the weird, the ridiculous, the humorous, the funny—even the nonsensical? May we not say that the appeal of literature is to the whole wide gamut of the emotions? And why the emotions



only? What about the intellect and the will? Is not great literature splendidly intellectual? Assuredly it is, though perhaps we may say that it is not so much *to* the intellect as *through* the intellect to the whole being. It is richly intellectual, but it is never narrowly intellectualistic. Science and some forms of philosophy are intellectualistic—not literature; just as theology is intellectualistic—not religion.

Literature, like science, employs the method of ideal construction. Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is assuredly a product of ideal construction. But the office of the man of letters is different from that of the man of science. Both employ imagination; and the product of the imagination is in each case an embodiment of more or less abstract conceptions. The man of science utilises imagination to illustrate his conceptions in concrete form. His imaginative embodiment is always a transcription or symbolisation of empirically observed or observable facts—facts as they are in the phenomenal world. It is conditioned by the stern realities of the universe so far as these may be ascertained. The imaginative embodiment of the man of letters is not so conditioned. The conditions imposed on him are not those of brute fact but those of his art. It may no doubt be urged that great literature is true to Nature; but it is Nature as transformed by the human mind, not Nature as transcribed in scientific interpretation. Literature makes its appeal through the medium of an ideal construction framed and fashioned by the creative artist to this very end; whereas the purpose of the ideal construction of



science is to elucidate the phenomena of the universe.

If we contend that literature always involves a personal appeal, and urge that it is always an appeal to some phase of the man's whole being—of his experience and not an isolated section of that experience—it is obvious that some branch of scientific literature may make such an appeal. But the primary purpose of the man of science, as such, is not to appeal but to interpret, though no doubt as man and writer he may also wish to make a personal appeal. Take up a scientific treatise in which evaporation is discussed, the facts described, the relationships disclosed, an explanation discovered. The aim is to develop a scheme of interpretation—to frame an adequate ideal construction. The conditions of acceptance are that the interpretation and explanation shall be consonant with the whole body of scientific doctrine. We may say that the treatment is admirable both in substance and in form, and that it affords a thrill of appreciative satisfaction. Well and good. But this was not the primary purpose of the man of science as such. His scientific aim was to explain. It may chance that he is an artist as well. Every worthy man of science is an artist whose art-work is the interpretation of Nature, and as artist he makes his appeal. As man of science his purpose is to explain, not to afford personal satisfaction or to evoke sympathy. Indeed, in a sense as man of science, he bids us resolutely exclude all wider emotional appeal. "Feel as much as you please," he says in effect, "but you must not let your feelings warp your judgment." That, surely,

is part of the intellectualistic attitude of science. And now having laid aside the treatise on evaporation, read just a little sentence translated from a Persian poet :

“The sun sinks down in the ocean and azure-hued vapours arise. It is Nature’s incense of devotion perfuming the heavens.”

Is that the purely intellectualistic attitude from the standpoint of scientific detachment? Are the conditions of acceptance strictly logical? Is the primary aim explanation under the same canons? I think not. This little fragment of literature makes different fibres of my mental being tingle. The appreciation is of a different order from that of solely intellectual satisfaction.

But after all, it may be said, there is a literature of science, as well as what may be termed the literature of broader and wider appeal, of which we may take poetry as an example. There are, however, distinguishing features in method. While both science and poetry depend on the existing mental background of those to whom they severally appeal—depend, to vary the analogy, upon the soil in which their germinal ideas are sown—they depend thereon in markedly different degrees. Furthermore, in an adequate treatise on science it is expected of the author to supply to a very large extent the background in which his conceptions are set or to furnish references to accredited sources of information. He has not only to give us his thought, but to exhibit with due diligence and care its relationships, and indicate its exact position in the scheme of scientific

knowledge. Not to do so is to fail in the art of scientific exposition. With the poet it is different. It is no part of his function to supply the mental background. That you must bring for yourself to the study and appreciation of his work. And the fuller and richer your background the more sympathetically will you respond to the poet's appeal. Hence the fact that it is suggestive rather than expository.

“What does it all mean, poet? Well  
Your brains beat into rhythm, *you tell*  
*What we felt only,*”

as Browning says. How much is condensed in those six little words; or again, in the four words to which these two lines lead up—

“But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear,  
The rest may reason and welcome; *'tis we musicians*  
*know.*”

How suggestive is Tennyson's line—

“Heaven and earth are threads of the same loom.”

So subtle and even elusive is the suggestiveness of poetry, from the merely intellectualistic standpoint, as to give rise to the paradox which Mr. Crothers felicitously expresses when he says: “To understand poetry is a vain ambition. That which we fully understand is the part that is *not* poetry. It is that which passes the understanding which has the secret in itself.”

I must again draw attention to the distinction, which I regard as fundamental, between the life of

experience as it is felt to be coursing within us, and an explanation, necessarily in intellectualistic terms, as set forth in the ideal constructions of those branches of science which are called psychology and aesthetics. The influence of literature on the inner life is one thing; the interpretation of the facts, even in terms of value, is another thing. The distinction is a real and valid one, though it is difficult to render articulate. I can only appeal to experience. Take music for example. Is there a difference between the influence of music, when you actually hear and are stirred by it, on the form and flow of your experience, and a discussion of the tonal and harmonic relationships or a disquisition on the aesthetic principles involved? Or take science. Is there a difference between the science itself as a dispassionate, as far as possible an impersonal and detached interpretation of phenomena, and the influence of that interpretation upon the deeper currents of our mental being?

De Quincey drew the distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The former is relatively impersonal, the latter is never impersonal; its power lies in its human appeal. I suppose we may take a scientific treatise as an example of the literature of knowledge. Its characteristic excellences are perfect lucidity of statement, skilful marshalling of the facts, logical coherence, soundness of generalisation, a body of doctrine which is true to all the essential facts and serves as a means of interpreting them. Now this affords an appeal to the intellect by a man who has the gift of exposition.

It carries with it intellectual satisfaction, which is a mode not only of knowledge but also of feeling. The man of science, through the literature of knowledge, becomes so far a man of letters; but his appeal is to us as desirous of scientific knowledge. Professor Huxley thus contributed liberally to the literature of knowledge, but he was also a man of letters in a much wider sense. He contributed to the literature of power. I take it that, as man of letters in this more catholic acceptation, he stands or falls by his masterly 'Essays.' Some of them are mainly expository and scientific. But is it this that has given them a place in English literature? I think not. Their chief, their vital bearing, is on the influence of science on human thought and on the attitude we should assume towards the universe. The burden of his message is that the advent of science must change our whole outlook on Nature, on life, on education, and on religion; and not only our outlook, our vital income from these sources. He frankly and fearlessly preached Agnosticism. He was not merely concerned in describing facts and formulating explanations, the validity of which was to be determined by the recognised canons of scientific interpretation; he was not only a maker of scientific knowledge to be criticised and accepted or rejected by students of science. This, no doubt, was part of his purpose. But the wider purpose which lay behind this, and which runs through the whole series of 'Essays,' regarded as a whole, is an appeal through science to men and women to modify their whole conception of the universe—not only as a product of the intellect, but also as an influence on

life and conduct. This it is which raises Huxley's 'Essays' to the level of the literature of power. They make an appeal not only to men of science as such, but to all thoughtful people, *as men*. That is why they have to be reckoned with by all who would understand and appreciate and assess at their true value the currents of human thought in the latter half of the nineteenth century. We may or may not agree with the doctrine they preach, but if we take it into consideration at all it does not leave us unaffected; it is not meant to leave us unaffected, nor are we only affected with a glow of purely intellectual satisfaction, such as Euclid's 'Elements,' or Newton's 'Principia,' or even Darwin's 'Origin of Species' call forth in those who are adequately instructed and read these great works in a scientific spirit. They affect us in deeper manner; they call forth a more whole-hearted response, they evoke a more strenuous attitude; we must either accept with glad acclaim or reject with resentment and wrath. This is not something that only contributes to our knowledge and to the satisfaction which knowledge brings. It is something that affects our very life, as it underlies the threefold expression of mental being, thought, emotion, and the exercise of will. Therefore it belongs to the literature of power.

It would seem, then, that the making of science is one thing; and this in its spirit and purpose is antithetical to literature; that the presentation of science in papers and treatises is another thing; and this, if the form of presentation is appropriate to the end in view, may contribute to the literature of knowledge: and that the utilisation of the results

of science for the purpose of influencing in some way men's whole lives, and the modes of mental being that underlie thought, emotion, and action is yet a third thing; and that this (again if the form of presentation and appeal be appropriate to the end in view) may contribute to the literature of power. If by science we understand the first thing (the making of science), it does seem to be antithetical to literature in its method of dealing with facts, in the detachment of the results it attains, in the impersonal attitude towards the facts and results which it constantly strives to maintain.

It must be remembered, however, that neither science nor the literature of appeal can claim a monopoly of any group of natural phenomena—of any happenings or kind of happenings in this universe. It is not in their subject-matter that literature and science differ. It is in their attitude, and spirit, and purpose. And while science must nicely discriminate and, so to speak, distribute cause and effect, literature, and especially poetry, is not so bound, and is thus more naïve and unsophisticated in its treatment. Coleridge speaks—

“Of those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars  
That give away their motion to the stars.”

What could be truer than this from the point of view of direct observation! And yet how glibly might a smug science-student scoff at the topsyturvydom of his notion. Give away their motion to the stars, forsooth—the stars, the emblems of fixity and immobility. I am tempted to give one more



example of the difference of attitude I have in mind, taken from Keats' 'Hyperion':

"In pale and silver silence they remained  
Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,  
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,  
All the sad spaces of oblivion,  
And every gulf and every chasm old,  
And every height and every sullen depth,  
Voiceless or hoarse with loud tormented streams,  
And all the everlasting cataracts,  
And all the headlong torrents far and near,  
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade  
Now saw the light and made it terrible."

The man of science would say that light revealed the terror of the place; but how effective in its boldness is the poet's thought and expression. The crags and chasms—

"Now saw the light and made it terrible."

Is that unscientific? Should we not rather say that it has not, and is not meant to have, any reference at all to scientific interpretation and explanation. It belongs to a wholly different universe of discourse. The aim of Keats was not to explain, but to paint a word-picture which should appeal to us, stir us, move us. Of course it may have no effect upon us, save that of producing a sense of irritation. We must have a receptive imagination of the right sort to clasp hands with the creative imagination of the poet. If we are thoroughly and completely commonplace, a dozen expressions in the passage from Keats will simply annoy us—"pale and silver silence," for example, or "sad spaces of oblivion." The com-

pletely commonplace person may shudder and have a bad feeling of goose-flesh when he reads (if he think it worth while to do so) Lowell's lines—

“ the rich buttercup,  
Its tiny polished urn holds up  
Filled with ripe summer to the edge.”

The flower, he will say, isn't a bit like an urn—either a sepulchral urn or a tea-urn. You can't talk (if you want to talk common sense) of a ripe summer, though you may speak of summer as the condition under which pumpkins or gooseberries ripen. And how can you possibly fill the flower to the edge with ripe summer? You can't pour ripe summer from a jug as you fill the tea-urn with boiling water—and so forth. One hears commonplace folk say things scarcely less absurd than these—just because they *are* commonplace, and glory in the fact. They may be worthy people and do excellent work in this varied world—but literary appreciation is not their province—of which they are mightily proud.

But I must now draw to a conclusion. Coleridge said that the true antithesis to poetry is not prose but science. What, then, is the nature of the antithesis between literature and science? I have endeavoured to sketch out briefly what is the aim and purpose of science—to afford a rational interpretation of the happenings of the universe, or of some restricted corner of the universe, in terms of connected antecedence, co-existence, and sequence. In the treatment of science the intellectual faculties are employed under certain limited and restricted

conditions, within which its methods are circumscribed. It excludes all reference to value and worth other than that for its own specific purpose of a particular kind of rational interpretation. It is intellectualistic to the core. It is in large measure—and perhaps we may say, in accordance with its ideal, completely impersonal. Now the appeal of literature is never impersonal. It may be splendidly intellectual but it is never exclusively intellectualistic. Value and worth for other ends than interpretation by the pure cold reason are constantly present, and the value and worth are felt not analytically discussed. Insistence on the importance of literary form—form of thought and form of expression—does but emphasise the appeal to something in our nature, other than, wider than, deeper than scientific apprehension and comprehension. In the appeal of literature man as man, in one or more of his many varied moods and aspirations—especially those which are primitive and deep-seated—is always central. That I suppose is the force of the good old-fashioned word, “humanities.” Science projects upon the universe an intellectualistic interpretation: it happens to be man’s interpretation; but that is in a sense incidental. So far as possible science renders the interpretation impersonal. Literature reverses the process. At large, and in its whole sweep, it gives adequate expression to the appeal of the universe to man in all the rich variety of his nature. Man is always explicitly or by implication central.

The antithesis, then, which, with Coleridge’s *dictum* as my text, I have striven to make clear, is

that between the projection of an intellectualistic interpretation on to surrounding Nature, and a literary presentation of some influence of Nature in its bearing upon man's life as the central focus of such influence. Need I ask, in conclusion, to which category the star-reference of Robert Browning or the sea-reference of Walt Whitman belong?

MY STAR.

“All that I know  
Of a certain star  
Is, it can throw  
(Like the angled spar),  
Now a dart of red,  
Now a dart of blue ;  
Till my friends have said  
They would fain see, too,

My star that dartles the red and the blue !  
Then it stops like a bird ; like a flower, hangs furled :  
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.  
What matters to me if their star is a world ?  
Mine has opened its soul to me ; therefore I love it.”

Thus Browning. And thus Walt Whitman :

“Had I the choice to tally greatest bards,  
To limn their portraits, beautiful, and emulate at will  
Homer with all his wars and warriors, Hector, Achilles,  
Ajax,  
Or Shakespeare's woe-estrangéd Hamlet, Lear,  
Othello,

Tennyson's fair ladies—

Metre or wit the best, or choice conceit to wield in  
perfect rhyme, delight of singers ;  
These, these, O Sea ! all these I'd gladly barter  
Would you the undulation of one wave, its trick to  
me transfer,  
Or breathe one breath of yours upon my verse,  
And leave its odour there.”



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# ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE

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## CHARTER OF INCORPORATION.

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GEORGE THE FOURTH, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith: To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting.

WHEREAS the Right Reverend Father in God, our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Thomas, by Divine permission Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and others of our loving subjects, have under our Royal Patronage formed themselves into a Society for the advancement of Literature, by the publication of Inedited Remains of Ancient Literature, and of such works as may be of great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually claims the attention of publishers—by the promotion of Discoveries in Literature—by endeavours to fix the standard, as far as is practicable, and to preserve the purity of the English Language, by the critical improvement of English Lexicography—by the reading, at Public Meetings, of interesting Papers on History, Philosophy, Poetry, Philology, and the Arts;

and the publication of such of those Papers as shall be approved of—by the assigning of Honorary Rewards to works of great literary merit, and to important Discoveries in Literature—and by establishing a correspondence with learned men in foreign countries, for the purpose of literary inquiry and information; and have subscribed and collected considerable sums of money for these purposes: And We have been besought to grant to them, and to those who shall hereafter become Fellows of the same Society, our Royal Charter of Incorporation, for the purposes aforesaid: NOW KNOW YE that We, being desirous of encouraging a design so laudable and salutary, of our especial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, have willed, granted, and declared, and do by these presents, for us, our heirs and successors, will, grant, and declare, that the said Thomas Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and such others of our loving subjects as have formed themselves into, and are now Fellows of, the said Society, or who shall at any time hereafter become Fellows thereof, according to such regulations or bye-laws as shall be hereafter framed or enacted, shall, by virtue of these presents, be the Fellows of, and form one body politic and corporate, for the purposes aforesaid, by the name of “THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM”; by which name they shall have perpetual succession, and a common seal, with full power and authority to alter, vary, break, and renew the same, at their discretion; and by the same name to sue and be sued, implead and be impleaded, answer and be

answered unto, in every Court of us, our heirs and successors; and be for ever able and capable in the law, to purchase, receive, possess, and enjoy to them and their successors, any goods and chattels whatsoever, and also be able and capable in the law (notwithstanding the statutes of mortmain), to take, purchase, possess, hold, and enjoy to them and their successors, a Hall or College, and any messuages, lands, tenements, or hereditaments whatsoever, the yearly value of which, including the site of the said Hall or College, shall not exceed in the whole the sum of one thousand pounds, computing the same respectively at the rack-rent which might have been had or gotten for the same respectively at the time of the purchase or acquisition thereof; and to act in all the concerns of the said body politic and corporate for the purposes aforesaid, as fully and effectually to all intents, effects, constructions, and purposes whatsoever, as any other of our liege subjects, or any other body politic or corporate in our United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, not being under any disability, might do in their respective concerns. And We do hereby grant our especial licence and authority unto all and every person and persons, bodies politic and corporate (otherwise competent), to grant, sell, alien, and convey in mortmain, unto and to the use of the said Society, and their successors, any messuages, lands, tenements, or hereditaments, not exceeding such annual value as aforesaid. And our will and pleasure is, and We further grant and declare, that there shall be a General Meeting of the Fellows of the said body

politic and corporate, to be held from time to time, as hereinafter mentioned, and that there shall always be a Council, to direct and manage the concerns of the said body politic and corporate; and that the General Meetings and the Council shall have the entire direction and management of the same, in the manner, and subject to the regulations, hereinafter mentioned. But our will and pleasure is, that at all General Meetings, and Meetings of the Council, the majority of the Fellows present, and having a right to vote thereat respectively, shall decide upon the matters propounded at such Meetings, the person presiding therein having, in case of an equality of numbers, a second or casting vote. And We do hereby also will, grant, and declare, that the Council shall consist of a President, ten Vice-Presidents, and not more than sixteen, nor less than five, other Members, to be elected out of the Fellows of the said body politic and corporate; and that the first Members of the Council, exclusive of the President, shall be elected within six calendar months after the date of this our Charter; and that the said Thomas Lord Bishop of Salisbury shall be the first President of the said body politic and corporate. And We do hereby further will, grant, and declare, that it shall be lawful for the Fellows of the said body politic and corporate, hereby established, to hold General Meetings once in the year, or oftener, for the purposes hereinafter mentioned (viz.): That the General Meeting shall choose the President, Vice-Presidents, and other Members of the Council; that the General Meetings

shall make and establish such bye-laws as they shall deem to be useful and necessary for the regulation of the said body politic and corporate, for the Admission of Fellows, for the management of the estates, goods, and business of the said body politic and corporate, and for fixing and determining the manner of electing the President, Vice-Presidents, and other Members of the Council, and the period of their continuance in office; as also of electing and appointing a Treasurer, two Auditors, a Librarian, and two Secretaries, and such other officers, attendants, and servants, as shall be deemed necessary, or useful, for the said body politic and corporate; and such bye-laws from time to time shall or may alter, vary or revoke, and shall or may make such new and other bye-laws as they shall think most useful and expedient, so that the same be not repugnant to these presents, or to the laws and statutes of this our Realm; and shall and may also enter into any resolution, and make any regulation, respecting any of the affairs and concerns of the said body politic and corporate, that shall be thought necessary and proper. And We further will, grant, and declare, that the Council shall have the sole management of the income and funds of the said body politic and corporate, and also the entire management and superintendence of all the other affairs and concerns thereof: and shall or may, but not inconsistently with, or contrary to the provisions of this our Charter, or any existing bye-law, or the laws and statutes of this our Realm, do all such acts and deeds as shall appear to them necessary or

essential to be done, for the purpose of carrying into effect the objects and views of the said body politic and corporate. And We further will, grant, and declare, that the whole property of the said body politic and corporate shall be vested, and We do hereby vest the same, solely and absolutely in the Fellows thereof, and that they shall have full power and authority to sell, alienate, charge or otherwise dispose of the same, as they shall think proper; but that no sale, mortgage, incumbrance, or other disposition of any messuages, lands, tenements or hereditaments, belonging to the said body politic and corporate, shall be made, except with the approbation and concurrence of a General Meeting. And We lastly declare it to be our Royal will and pleasure, that no resolution, or bye-law, shall on any account or pretence whatsoever be made by the said body politic and corporate in opposition to the general scope, true intent, and meaning of this our Charter, or the laws or statutes of our Realm; and that if any such rule or bye-law shall be made, the same shall be absolutely null and void, to all intents, effects, constructions, and purposes whatsoever. In witness whereof We have caused these our Letters to be made Patent. Witness Ourself at our Palace at Westminster, this fifteenth day of September, in the sixth year of our reign.

SCOTT.

By Writ of Privy Seal.



## CONSTITUTION—BYE-LAWS.

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### OBJECT, AS RECITED IN THE CHARTER.

THE advancement of Literature, by the publication of Inedited Remains of Ancient Literature, and of such works as may be of great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually claims the attention of publishers:—By the promotion of Discoveries in Literature:—By endeavours to fix the standard, as far as is practicable, and to preserve the purity of the English language, by the critical improvement of English Lexicography:—By the reading, at Public Meetings, of interesting Papers on History, Philosophy, Poetry, Philology, and the Arts; and the publication of such of those Papers as shall be approved of:—By the assigning of Honorary Rewards to works of great literary merit, and to important Discoveries in Literature:—And, by establishing a correspondence with learned men in foreign countries, for the purpose of literary inquiry and information.

### PLAN PROPOSED FOR EFFECTING THE FORE-GOING OBJECT.

*First*,—To promote, by assistance from its funds or otherwise, the publication, and, in some cases, the

translation of valuable Manuscripts, discovered in any public or private collection.

*Secondly*,—To encourage such discoveries by all suitable means.

*Thirdly*,—To promote the publication of works of great intrinsic value, but not of so popular a character as to induce the risk of individual expense.

*Fourthly*,—To read, at its Public Meetings, such Papers upon subjects of General Literature as shall have been first approved by the Council of the Society; from which Papers a selection shall be made, to be printed in the Transactions of the Society.

*Fifthly*,—To adjudge Honorary Rewards to persons who shall have rendered any eminent service to Literature, or produced any work highly distinguished for learning or genius; provided always, that such work contain nothing hostile to religion or morality.

*Sixthly*,—To establish correspondence with learned men in foreign countries, for the purpose of literary inquiry and information.

## POWERS AND PRIVILEGES CONFERRED BY THE CHARTER.

The Society to form one Body Politic and Corporate,  
by the name of

“THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE OF THE UNITED  
KINGDOM”;

and by such name to have

Perpetual Succession;

A Common Seal;

Power to sue and be sued;

Power to purchase, receive, possess, and enjoy, any goods and chattels whatsoever; and also be able and capable in the law, to take, purchase, possess, hold, and enjoy, a Hall, or College, and any messuages, lands, tenements, or hereditaments whatsoever; the yearly value of which, including the site of the said Hall or College, not to exceed, in the whole, the sum of £1000.

Authority to all and every person and persons to grant, sell, alien, and convey in mortmain, to the said Society, any messuages, lands, tenements, or hereditaments, not exceeding such annual value as aforesaid.

The whole property of the Society vested absolutely in the Fellows thereof, with full power to sell, charge, or dispose of the same as they shall think proper; but no sale, mortgage, incumbrance, or other disposition of any messuages, lands, tenements, or hereditaments of

the Society shall be made, except with the approbation and concurrence of a General Meeting.

## FUNDAMENTAL LAWS PRESCRIBED BY THE CHARTER.

### GENERAL MEETINGS.

To be held once in the year, or oftener.

*Questions at such Meetings, and also in Council, to be determined by a Majority of the Fellows present;—the person presiding having, in case of an equality of numbers, a second or casting vote.*

To choose the President, Vice-Presidents, and Council.

To make Bye-Laws, comprising the following objects:—

- I. The Regulation of the Society.
- II. The Admission of Fellows.
- III. The Management of the estates, goods, and business of the Society.
- IV. Fixing and determining the manner of electing the President, Vice-Presidents, and other Members of the Council, and the period of their continuance in office.
- V. Electing and appointing a Treasurer, two Auditors, a Librarian, and two Secretaries, and such other Officers, Attendants, and Servants, as shall be deemed necessary or useful.

To alter, vary, or revoke such Bye-Laws, and to make such new and other Bye-Laws, as they shall think most useful and expedient; so that the same be not repugnant to the Charter, or to the laws and statutes of the kingdom.

Also, to enter into any Resolution, and make any Regulation respecting any of the affairs and concerns of the said Society, that shall be thought necessary and proper.

#### COUNCIL.

To consist of a President, ten Vice-Presidents, and not more than sixteen, nor less than five, other Members.

To have the sole management of the Income and Funds of the Society, and the entire management and superintendence of all the other affairs and concerns thereof; to deal with recommendations of the Academic Committee; and do all such acts and deeds as shall appear to them necessary or essential to be done for the purpose of carrying into effect the objects and views of the Society.

#### BYE-LAWS.

I.—*For the Regulation of the Proceedings at General, Ordinary, and Extraordinary Meetings of the Society and of the Council.*

#### PRESIDENT.

1. The President shall preside at all General, Ordinary, Extraordinary and Special Meetings of the Society

and of the Council. In the absence of the President, a Vice-President or other Member of the Council shall preside in his place. The Chairman for the time being shall have the same powers and authority as the President, and shall be empowered to represent the President, if necessary, until the next Meeting, and to see that the decisions of the Society or of the Council are carried into effect, and to report the same at the following Meeting.

#### DUTIES OF THE PRESIDENT.

2. The President shall govern the Society by and with the advice of the Council ; shall regulate the proceedings, put questions, and check irregularities, and execute or provide for the due execution of the statutes and bye-laws of the Society.

#### GENERAL MEETINGS.

3. The Anniversary Meeting of the Society shall be on *the last Wednesday* in May, when the Report of the Council on the state of the Society shall be read ; the Medals (if any) announced, or delivered by the President as previously adjudged ; the Council and Officers for the ensuing year elected, and any other business recommended by the Council discussed and decided upon. Every Fellow shall have the right to move resolutions at the General Anniversary Meeting, provided that copies of such resolutions have been sent to the Secretary for submission to the Council, at least one month before the date of the said Meeting.

4. At the two Ordinary Meetings of the Society next preceding the day of the Anniversary, the President shall give notice of the day and time when such elections shall take place.

5. In these elections the persons who shall have the greatest number of votes shall be declared duly elected; and if any doubt or difficulty shall happen in relation thereto, or to the particular manner of voting, the same shall be determined by the President and majority of the Council for the preceding year then present.

6. In all elections, in case of an equality of votes, the President or Chairman for the time being shall have the casting vote.

7. Every Fellow of the Society residing within the United Kingdom shall be summoned to the Anniversary Meeting, in the name of the President, by the Secretary, a week at least before the said Meeting.

8. Any vacancy in the Presidency occurring between the Anniversary Elections shall be filled up by the Council, and the President so elected shall hold office until the next Anniversary Meeting.

9. All vacancies among the Officers of the Society, during the same period, shall be provisionally filled up by the Council.

10. The President and Council shall have power to summon at any time an Extraordinary General Meeting, the same notice being given as for a General Annual



Meeting. At the General Meetings of the Society no Stranger shall be admitted.

11. A list of deaths, or an obituary of the Fellows of the Society, and a list of newly-elected Fellows, shall be made out annually, previously to each Anniversary Meeting of the Society, and shall be read at such Anniversary.

#### ORDINARY MEETINGS.

12. The Ordinary Meetings of the Society shall be held on every *fourth Wednesday* from and in the month of October, to the month of May in each year, both inclusive, or at such other times as the Council may direct.

13. Whenever such day of Meeting shall fall in the weeks of Christmas, Easter, or Whitsuntide, the Meeting shall be postponed to the *Wednesday* in the week next ensuing.

14. The hour of Meeting shall be such as the Council may direct.

15. Every Fellow shall be entitled to introduce two Visitors at any Ordinary Meeting. The President for the time being shall be at liberty to admit at his own option any number of Visitors without limitation.

#### COUNCIL.

16. In the Council are vested the superintendence and management of the Funds of the Society; the

adjudication of the Honorary Rewards (if any); the election of Fellows, of Honorary Fellows, and of Honorary Foreign Correspondents; the selection of Papers to be read at the Meetings, or published in the Transactions of the Society; and the management of all the affairs and concerns of the Society. When the Council shall so direct, the Seal of the Society shall be affixed to all documents requiring it, by the Secretary in the presence of the President, or of the acting Chairman (see Rule 1), or of any three Members of the Council.

17. The Council shall meet once in every month during the Session, at such time as it may determine or as the President may appoint. Upon a requisition, in writing, of any *three* Members of the Council, specifying the object, directed to the Secretary, a Special Meeting of the *Council* shall be summoned.

18. Five Members of the Council shall constitute a *quorum*.

19. All the Members of the Council shall be summoned not less than five days before the date of meeting, by notice signed by the Secretary, to attend each and every Meeting thereof.

20. All questions before the Council shall be determined by a majority of votes; the President for the time being shall, in addition to his own vote, have, in case of an equality of numbers, a *second* or casting vote.

21. All Officers of the Society, and the Council, shall be elected from the Fellows.

## II.—*Admission of Fellows.*

1. Members of the Royal Family, upon signifying their wish to become Fellows, shall be admitted without ballot, upon entering their names in the Book or Record of Signatures.

2. Each and every Fellow shall, prior to admission, pay the fee of Three Guineas, unless the same shall, for good and sufficient reasons, have been specially remitted by the Council.

3. Every Candidate, in order to be elected a Fellow, must be proposed and recommended by *three* Fellows, at least, of the Society, who shall deliver to the Secretary a paper signed by themselves according to *Form I.*

See page 2

4. The paper or certificate thus attested shall be read at a Meeting of the Council, and then suspended in the library of the Society till the day of election.

5. The election of Fellows shall be by ballot at an Ordinary or Special Council Meeting. The Council shall not proceed to an election until seven Members be present; each black ball shall count as three, and no candidate shall be declared elected unless a clear majority is obtained.

6. Upon the admission of every Fellow, provided that he or she has duly made his or her first payment, within six weeks of the date of election, and subscribed

the Form required (*See Form II.*), the President for the time being shall take him or her by the hand and say: "A. B., I do, by the authority and in the name of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom, admit you a Fellow thereof."

7. The annual subscription of every Fellow of the Society shall not *be less* than *Two Guineas*, to be paid in advance. If any Fellow of the Society shall desire to compound for his Annual Subscriptions in future, such composition shall be calculated at *fifteen years'* purchase, *exclusive* of the admission fee aforesaid, and of the annual subscriptions then due theretofore paid or thereafter to be paid. No Fellow whose annual subscription for the current year is unpaid shall be entitled to vote at any Meeting.

8. Due notice of their elections shall be sent immediately to such persons as have been elected.

9. A newly-elected Fellow, unable to attend in person to be admitted according to these Laws, shall, upon transmission of his or her Annual Subscription, or the Composition in lieu of the same, and on having subscribed the form required [*No. II.*], be forthwith incorporated a Fellow of the Society. See page 27.

10. The Annual Subscriptions become due on the 1st of January.

11. When the subscription of any Fellow shall be in arrear for the space of twelve months his or her name shall be *suspended* in a List of Persons in arrear in the

Society's library, and notice thereof shall be sent by the Secretary, requiring him or her forthwith to pay such arrears; and if he or she do not pay the same before the Anniversary Meeting, such Fellow shall thereupon cease to be a Fellow of the Society, and his or her name shall be erased from the list of Fellows.

12. Any five Fellows of the Society may move the Council to call a General Meeting for the *expulsion* of any Fellow, but no Fellow shall be expelled unless due notice of such motion shall have been given to *every* Fellow of the Society resident within the United Kingdom, *two* months, at least, *before* the General Meeting to be specially summoned for that purpose, and unless full two-thirds of such Meeting shall concur in voting for his *expulsion*.

#### ACADEMIC COMMITTEE.

13. The Academic Committee shall consist of not more than forty members, all of whom shall be Ordinary or Honorary Fellows of the Society. The first thirty shall be elected by the General Anniversary Meeting. All subsequent nominations shall be by co-optation of the then existing Committee, but so that their number shall never exceed forty. Where a member nominated for the Academic Committee is not already a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature he shall first be elected an Honorary Fellow by the Council.

14. That for the better carrying out of the objects of

the Society as enumerated in the Charter the province and duties of the Academic Committee shall be (*inter alia*) :

(a) To take all possible measures to maintain the purity of the English Language, and to hold up a standard of good taste in style ;

(b) To encourage fellowship and co-operation among those who are disinterestedly striving for the perfection of English Literature ;

(c) By "Discourses of Reception" and "Obituary Addresses" to mark the current of literary history in this country ;

(d) To designate from time to time persons to become recipients of the medals of the Society ;

(e) To make Awards of Merit to particular literary works.

15. All Honorary Fellows of the Society shall have the privilege of attending the Ordinary Meetings and the Annual General Meetings of the Society, but without the right of voting.

III.—*Manner of electing the President, Vice-Presidents, and Council, and determining the period of their continuing in office.*

1. The President, Vice-Presidents, and other Members of Council, shall be elected by ballot at each General Annual Meeting.

2. The President, eight of the Vice-Presidents, and twelve of the other Members of Council, shall be re-eligible for the ensuing year.

IV.—*Manner of electing Treasurer, Auditors, Librarian, Secretaries, and other Officers, and their Duties.*

1. The Treasurer, Auditors, Librarian, Secretaries, and other Officers shall be elected at each Annual General Meeting, and shall be re-eligible to their several Offices.

TREASURER.

2. The Treasurer shall receive and pay into the Bank in the name of the Society all sums of money accruing to the funds thereof, and shall thereout pay all claims due upon such funds.

3. No money or funds belonging to the Society shall be drawn out of the Bank, or dealt with, but in pursuance of a vote of the Council.

AUDITORS.

4. The two Auditors shall not be Members of Council. It shall be their duty to examine the Society's accounts, and make a Report on the same to the Council before the Annual Meeting in each year.

LIBRARIAN.

5. All printed books, manuscripts, maps, prints, drawings, and other archives, the property of the



Society, are to be in the custody of the Librarian in trust for the Members thereof.

6. At the close of each Session the Secretaries shall deliver at once to the Librarian all Papers (letters excepted), of whatsoever sort or kind, to be by him registered and placed among the Archives of the Society.

7. The Librarian shall be answerable for all such Archives, shall preserve the same, and make or cause to be made proper Catalogues of reference, and produce any such Papers and things as aforesaid when required so to do by any Fellow.

8. Whenever any Fellow of the Society shall wish to borrow any printed book or paper, the property of the Society, the Librarian shall use his discretion in lending the same, and, on delivery of such book or paper, shall take a receipt in writing for the same in a Register to be kept for such purpose: the said book or paper shall be returned to the Librarian within two calendar months, unless he shall have given permission for its retention for a further period. On the return of such book or paper the Librarian shall make an entry thereof in the register. Every Fellow borrowing any book or paper shall make good the same to the Society in case of loss or injury thereto, by procuring at his own expense another copy thereof.

9. The Librarian shall lay the Register Book on the table of the Council at every Meeting, and be liable for

the book or paper removed in so far as he shall have failed to exercise due diligence in respect thereof.

10. The Librarian shall immediately acknowledge the receipt of all Presents to the Society's Library, and enter the same in the proper Register under the appropriate heading and number, and shall forthwith lay before the Council and the Ordinary Meetings all the said newly-presented books, maps, and other things, and likewise report the state of the Archives to the Council and at the Annual General Meeting.

#### SECRETARIES.

11. The Secretary shall attend all the Meetings of the Society and Council; and when the Chair shall have been taken, shall read the Minutes of the preceding Meeting, and afterwards minute down the business and orders of the present Meeting; and shall read all *letters or papers* deemed proper by the Council to be communicated to the Society. He shall have the custody of the letters, to be produced when required, but at the end of the Session he shall deliver the papers to the Librarian.

12. The Secretary shall issue all notices of Meetings, prepare lists of Members in arrear of payment, and report the same annually to the Treasurer.

13. The Secretary shall prepare an Annual Report of the state of the Society, and superintend through

the press all the papers or volumes of Transactions printed by order of the Society.

14. In the absence of the Secretary the Foreign Secretary shall have authority to act on his behalf. The Foreign Secretary shall occupy himself with and endeavour to promote the interests of the Society in Foreign countries and in the Colonies and Dependencies. He shall communicate to the Council all letters received in his department, and shall prepare an annual report to the Council of his proceedings, and such report shall be laid before the Anniversary Meeting.

#### V.—*Miscellaneous Regulations—Committees.*

1. Whenever a Committee is appointed for any purpose of the Society, a notice of its appointment shall be sent to each of the Members of such Committee by the Secretary.

#### MOTIONS.

2. All motions, made either in the Council, or at the Ordinary or General Meetings of the Society, shall be in writing, and be signed by the Mover and Seconder.

#### PAPERS.

3. All Papers presented or recommended for reading at the Ordinary Meetings of the Society shall be submitted to the Committee of Papers, which shall consist of *not less than* five Members, to be appointed at one

of the first Meetings of the Council at the commencement of each Session.

4. No Paper shall be read at the Ordinary Meetings of the Society till it shall have been approved by the Council, on the report of the Committee of Papers.

5. All persons who shall communicate any Papers to the Society, which shall be approved as aforesaid, shall have the privilege of reading their own Papers.

6. The Author of any Paper read before the Society, and printed in its Transactions, shall receive twenty-five copies of such paper.

7. Papers read before the Society and printed in its Transactions shall be the property of the Society; and any Author desiring to reprint his Paper, or any part thereof, shall apply to the Council for permission to do so.

#### TRANSACTIONS.

8. A new part of the Transactions of the Society shall be printed at least once in every Session, and be ready for delivery to the Members at the General Annual Meeting, or as soon after as may be possible.

9. A copy of every new Part or Volume of the Transactions of the Society shall be delivered to each Fellow who has compounded or paid up his Annual Subscriptions; and to each Honorary Fellow, and to such learned bodies as may from time to time be selected by the Council.

## FORM I.

A. B. [*here state the Christian name, surname, rank, profession, qualification, and usual place of residence of the Candidate*] being desirous of admission into the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom, we the undersigned, propose and recommend him or her as a proper person to become a Fellow thereof.

Witness our hands, this            day of            19

{ From personal  
knowledge.

## FORM II.

I, the undersigned, being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom do hereby promise that I will be governed by the Regulations of the said Society, as they are now formed, or as they may be hereafter altered, amended, or enlarged ; and that I will endeavour to advance the objects of the said Society.

Provided that, whenever I shall signify in writing to the Society, in the manner prescribed by them, that I am desirous of withdrawing my name therefrom, I shall (after payment of any Annual Contribution which may be due by me at that period) be free from this obligation.

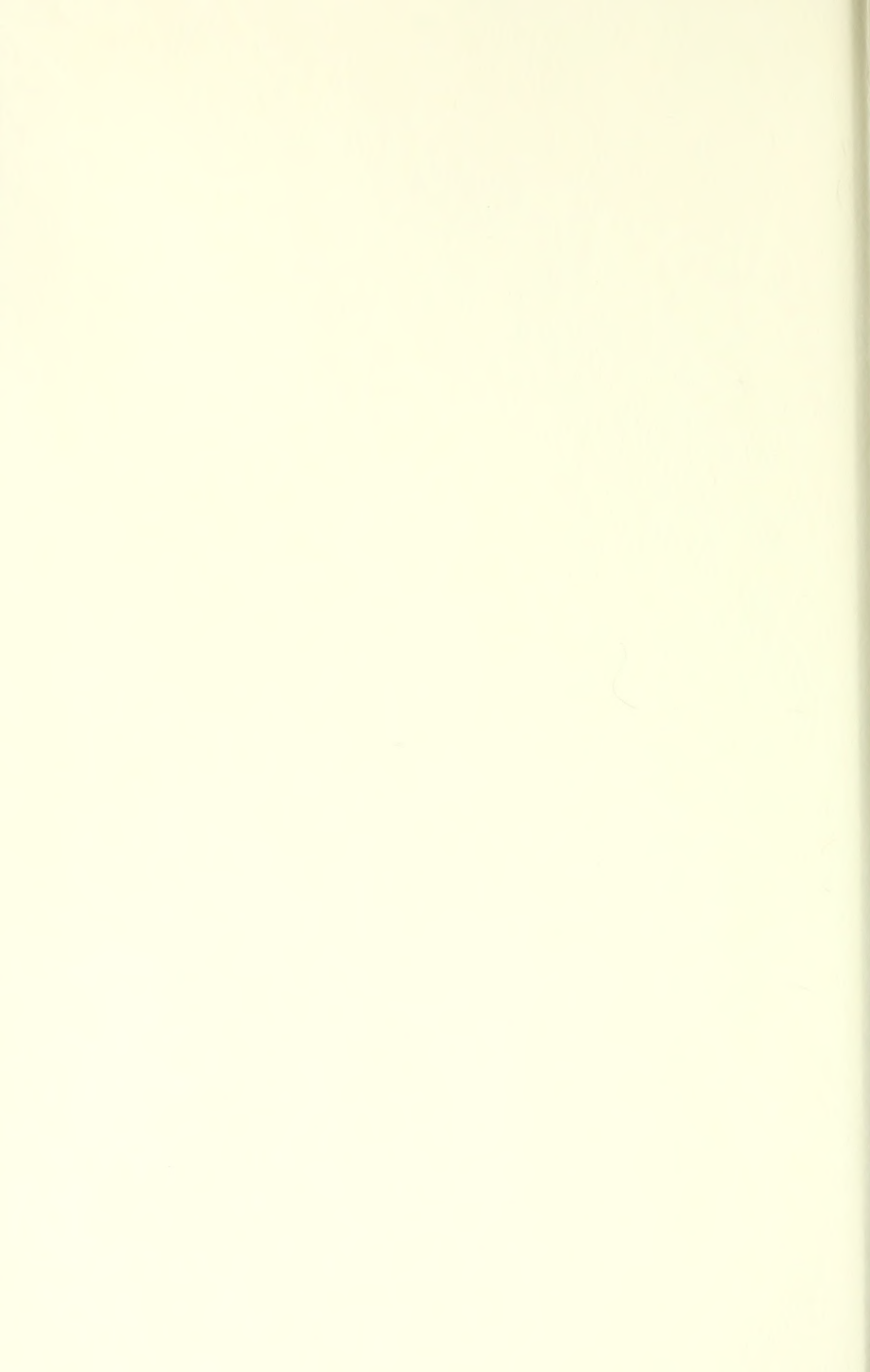












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